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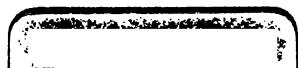
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# THE CHRISTIAN'S SPIRITUAL SONG BOOK.

CONTAINING

UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED SPIRITUAL SONGS  
ADAPTED TO POPULAR TUNES,  
SUITED FOR REVIVAL MEETINGS, OPEN-AIR SERVICES, INFANT  
AND SABBATH SCHOOLS, TESTOTAL MEETINGS,  
ETC., ETC.

BY THE REV. JOHN STAMP,

EDITOR OF "THE MESSENGER OF MERCY,"  
"THE METHODIST REVIVALIST," "LOCAL PREACHER'S COMPANION,"  
"LONG-PLEDGE TESTOTALLER," ETC.

"Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ th' Eternal King;  
Sing till you feel your hearts  
Ascending with your tongues—  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires your songs."

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND  
WESTBROOK AND ISAAC, NORTHAMPTON.

1845.

147 2 649.





# DEDICATION.

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TO

THE REV. JOHN CLIFFE,

LATE OF AMERICA,

WHOSE SPIRITUAL AND LIVELY SINGING HAS BEEN BLESSED

TO THE SALVATION OF THOUSANDS,

THIS COLLECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE COMPILER.

*Teetotal Cottage, Manchester,  
January 17, 1845.*



## P R E F A C E .

"WHY should the devil have the best tunes?" was oft the language of the Wesleys, of Rowland Hill, George Whitfield, Hugh Bourne, and other champions of the cross. Every person is aware of the almost omnipotent influence of national ballads on national morals, and thus on the formation of national character. "Hence," said a daring sinner, "I care not a straw who makes the laws of a nation, if I may but make the ballads." And perhaps it is not too much to say, that when the Angel of Doom shall read the history of ballads, it will be seen that they have corrupted the morals, polluted the hearts, and damned the souls of millions. The first race of Methodists gave a mighty check to profane song singing in the following manner:--Whenever they found that the devil had got a tune that seemed to charm the people, some one immediately composed a hymn, or spiritual song, to that tune, and thus cheated Satan out of both tune and singers: and thousands in later times have imitated these fathers of Methodism in this respect, with glorious success. Witness Edward Brookes, Esq., George Nicholson, Charles Richardson, Rev. — Mortimer, Edward Brown, John Cliffe, the Primitive Methodists, Revivalists, Ann Carr, R. Winfield, &c., &c.

In this place an important question will naturally arise—Have the ballads become popular from the beauty and simplicity of the airs to which they have been set, or otherwise? We boldly answer—While we believe that thousands of our youth are polluted by the influence of the jerry-shop, play-house, infidelity, and of bad example, that they would prefer an obscene song, with any tune, to even the holy psalms of David, or the next-to-inspired hymns of Wesley, Watts, or Montgomery; yet, at the same time, we have no hesitation in saying that it has been the tunes, rather than the words, that have drawn away so many of our Sabbath scholars; and it is from this that we infer a salutary tendency of an attempt to redeem our best popular air

adapting them to the songs of Zion. We have long listened to all that has been advanced against the introduction of song tunes into the worship of God; and all that we mean to say in reply, in this place, shall be in the language of an old divine:—"Why, there are only seven or eight notes to all the tunes in the world, and they all belong to Jesus Christ; so that, if the devil wants any fresh ones, he must make them." The plain fact is, psalm or hymn tunes (so called) can be adapted to any song of the same metre. Witness the "Old Hundred," which is oft sung in the most filthy obscene song in the devil's book. But shall the church of Christ abandon its claims to so good and solemn a tune on that account? No!

We are not pleading for the introduction of those light songs and tunes with a view to supersede those of Charles Wesley or Dr Watts. No, no, no! All that we ask is, let them be judiciously introduced into our infant and Sabbath schools, family worship, protracted and revival meetings, love feasts, prayer meetings, open air services, class meetings, tea meetings, &c., &c., and we have no fear but they will be attended with the blessing of God. We have known thousands attracted to the house of the Lord by such singing, and what is far better, attracted to the cross. It will be quite soon enough to vindicate the use of song tunes in the worship of God when any Christian shall bring a scriptural or common sense objection against it.

*"If we don't use such tunes to advantage, the devil will."*—Rev. J. M.

"While lukewarm ministers are stopping warm-hearted young Christians from singing song tunes in the house of the Lord, the children of this world, who are wiser than the children of light, use them to fill the tap-room, theatre, jerry shop, &c."—Rev. J. C.

"Brother Cliffe converts more sinners by his lively singing, than some fifty of us do by our preaching."—*An American Minister.*

"I have known the ranters enter a town at a time when the place has been nearly flooded with political and infidel excitement—and with their lively singing sweep the whole place."—Rev. G. H.

"I have attended feasts, pleasure fairs, horse-racings, &c., with a band of lively singers, and have often succeeded in drawing hundreds of the young from Satan's sports."—Rev. J. S.

"It is foolishness to say that singing song tunes in the house of God will revive old feelings; it will raise feelings of holy gratitude to think that we are not singing the tunes to the devil's songs. Let thousands of converted souls, who now sing Zion's songs to those tunes, testify to the truth of this assertion."—Rev. J. C.

"Look at the teetotallers, how they have succeeded in taking tunes from Bacchus, and will any one say that the singing such tunes is a temptation to them to go back to drink again?"—Rev. F. B.

"I long to see the devil a bankrupt for good tunes."—Rev. G. P.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than give the following from the Rev. R. Chester's Penny Selection of Revival Hymns.

WESLEY'S DIRECTIONS FOR CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.  
(ABRIDGED.)

"That this part of divine worship may be more acceptable to God, as well as more profitable to yourself and others, be careful to observe the following directions:—

"1. Sing *all*. See that you join with the congregation as frequently as you can. Let not a slight degree of weakness or weariness hinder you. If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find a blessing.

"2. Sing *lustily*, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sung the songs of Satan.

"3. Sing *modestly*. Do not bawl, so as to be heard above, or distinctly from, the rest of the congregation; that you may not destroy the harmony; but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear, melodious sound.

"4. Sing *in time*. Whatever time is sung, be sure to keep with it. Do not run before, nor stay behind it; but attend closely to the leading voices, and move therewith as exactly as you can: and take care you sing not too slow. This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy; and it is high time to drive it out from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.

"5. Above all, sing *spiritually*. Have an eye to God in every word you sing. Aim at pleasing him more than yourself, or any other creature. In order to this, attend strictly to the sense of what you sing; and see that your heart is not carried away with the sound, but offered to God continually; so shall your singing be such as the Lord will approve of here, and reward when he cometh in the clouds of heaven.—*See Works*, vol. xiv., p. 358.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

"Singing, to be suitable, must include every variety of manner: slow and solemn—soft and gentle—sweet and warbling—quick and lively—sprightly and energetic—loud and rapid: each in turn, and mingled and modified, according to time, place, and occasion. Singing is for the worship of God; or the benefit of man; or both. Let the aim always be, not show, but effect. Whether the lines be praise or prayer, warning, invitation, instruction, exhortation, encouragement, or consolation, try to sing them with effect. But there can be little or no effect where there is sameness. Sameness effectually destroys effect. A solemn tune takes most effect where there is usually the most sprightly singing, and vice versa. The same tunes should be sung much quicker in a class-meeting or a small prayer-meeting than in a large congregation; much quicker on a week-night than at a Sabbath evening service. A skill variety is the very life and soul of singing."

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

(From the 'Revivalist,' 1837.)

"A revival of religion is always a revival of singing.\* It was so at the Reformation. But congregational singing was no invention of the reformers.

"It was the renewal, Mr. Latrobe remarks, of a practice adopted in the earlier ages of the church, which had, indeed, decayed amid the general corruption, but which was ever renewed with the least semblance of real religion. Thus the Albigenses, during the hottest season of their persecutions, are represented as cheering themselves, in the very prospect of death, with singing the psalms and hymns of their church. In the same manner, the disciples of Wickliffe and John Huss cherished psalmody, as richly conducing to godliness. The Bohemian brethren published a hymn book with notes, from which it is evident, that 'the melodies therein used originated in the chants to which the ancient Latin hymns of the church were sung.' The reformers of the succeeding century, Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, Beza, Knox, and Zuinglius, equally encouraged congregational psalmody. Among these, however, Luther stands pre-eminent. He was a man of great musical talent, fostered by the opportunities afforded him in the Romish church, of which he seems to have availed himself with the same largeness of soul which characterised his actions in a more important field of labour. The high estimation in which he held music, was the result of a cultivated taste and an accurate knowledge of mankind. 'I verily think,' said he, 'and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music.' 'We know that music is intolerable to demons.' With this idea, therefore, we need not wonder that he made it a prominent feature in his public services. The tunes introduced by him were of the same choral stamp as those of the United Brethren.

"In England, already in the reign of Henry VIII., psalms were much sung by all who loved the Reformation. Some poets, such as the times afforded, translated David's psalms into verse; and it was a sign by which men's affections to that work were everywhere measured, whether they used to sing these or not. A clause in the Act of Uniformity, 1548, authorised this practice: 'Provided also, that it shall be lawful for all men, as well in churches, chapels, oratories, or other places, to use, openly, any psalm or prayer, taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service, or any part thereof, mentioned in the said book.' The general practice 'was, to sing before and after morning and evening prayer, and also before and after the sermon.' When Sternhold's psalms, which had been at first 'composed for

\* Rev. W. C. Miller, Wesleyan minister, converted thousands with his *lively singing*; and all his hymns go in song tunes.

his own solace,' were completed by Hopkins and others, this clause in the act gave authority for the public use in their church. The allowance permitted to this version was, in the opinion of Heylin, 'rather a connivance than an approbation, no such allowance being anywhere found by such as have been most industrious and concerned in the search.' So great was the zeal with which the reformers cultivated psalmody, that psalms and hymns are termed, by Burney, the opera songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the year 1651, Roger Ascham thus writes from Augsburg:—'Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city, is but a trifle.' According to Beza, the Huguenots, at Paris, assembled in the Prez aux Chères, 'and did nothing for many nights but go about in great numbers singing psalms,' joined by the King and Queen of Navarre. About the same time writes Bishop Jewel to Peter Martyr:—'A change now appears visible among the people; which nothing promotes more than the inviting them to sing psalms. This was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself, not only through the city, but in the neighbouring place; sometimes, at Paul's Cross, there will be six thousand people singing together.'\*

"NOTE FROM TODD.

"Almost every nation—perhaps all nations—have national airs by which the love of country is deepened, and a national feeling is created and maintained. The popular air, 'Yankee Doodle,' will, probably, create an American feeling as long as our nation exists; and the airs, 'God save the King,' and 'Rule Britannia,' will never cease to call the heart of the Briton to his own glorious isle. The soldier from Switzerland and from the highlands of Scotland will weep at the national airs which call their hearts home to the place of their birth and childhood."

\* It is the settled intention of the compiler of this book to send companies of Christian men and women to all parts of the nation, to sing these "Spiritual Songs," and sell the book.



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# THE

## CHRISTIAN'S SPIRITUAL SONG BOOK.

1. *The Christian Soldier.*  
Tune—"Scots wha ha'."
- 1 **SOLDIERS** of the cross, arise!  
Lo! your Leader from the skies  
Waves before you glory's prize,  
The prize of victory.  
Seize your armour—gird it on;  
The battle's yours—it will be won;  
Though fierce the strife, 't will soon  
be done:  
Then struggle manfully.
- 2 Jesus conquered when he fell,  
Met and vanquished earth and hell;  
Now he leads you on to swell  
The triumphs of his cross.  
Though all earth and hell appear,  
Who will doubt, or who can fear?  
'God our strength and shield' is  
near;  
We cannot lose our cause.
- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your Leader trod;  
You soon shall see his face.  
Soon, your enemies all slain,  
The crown of glory you shall gain,  
And walk among the glorious train  
Who shout their Saviour's  
praise.
2. *The Penitent.*  
C. M.
- 1 **I'LL** go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go:  
I am resolved to try;  
For, if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.
- 5 But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die (delightful thought!)  
As sinner never died.
3. *Sound the Loud Timbrel.*
- 1 **SOUND** the loud timbrel o'er  
Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people  
are free.  
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is  
broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all  
splendid and brave.  
How vain was their boasting! the  
Lord hath but spoken,  
And chariots and horsemen are sunk  
in the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's  
dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people  
are free.

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;  
His breath was our arrow, his word was our sword.  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,  
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

4. *Going to Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 COME, let us go to heaven; the way,  
Like darkness, opens into day,  
When from the turning point of night  
Breaks forth the beam of morning light.
- 2 Come, let us go to heaven; our Guide  
Is Christ who lived, is Christ who died,  
And rose again; his staff and rod,  
Through life and death, will lead to God.
- 3 Come, let us go to heaven; forsake Sin, earth, and hell, and gladly take  
His easy yoke, his welcome load,  
And brave the dangers of the road.
- 4 Come, let us go to heaven; and press  
On through the howling wilderness;  
Yet fear not, little flock, tho' foes  
Without, within, your course oppose.
- 5 Come, let us go to heaven; no power,  
Not Satan raging to devour,  
Nor all his hosts can harm, for ye,  
Through Christ, shall more than conquerors be.
- 6 Come, let us go to heaven, and meet  
Once and for ever at his feet;  
Yea, in his kingdom, as his own,  
Sit down with him upon his throne.
- 7 Can such things be? They *are*, are *sure*  
To all who to the end endure;  
While unbelief cries, Can they be?  
Come, let us go to heaven and see.

## 5.

7s. 6's.

- 1 WHEN souls are first converted,  
They mount on wings above;  
The world thinks they're distracted,  
Because they're filled with love.  
They fly from every evil,  
They trust in God alone,  
They long to get to heaven,  
Their most desired home.
- 2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Beset them on each hand,  
Bestrew their paths with evil,  
Debar them from that land;  
But Jesus still invites you,  
'Come follow, follow me,  
And I will fight your battles  
And gain your liberty.'
- 3 Oh, why are you dismayed?  
The Saviour now inquires,  
When we are getting ready,  
And just are going to rise;  
To rise above, triumphing,  
In that bright world of joy,  
Where all things are provided,  
There's nothing to annoy.
- 4 In hopes of that bright morning  
When all the saints get home,  
When we arrive at heaven,  
Our most desired home—  
I'll try to live a Christian  
While here below I stay;  
I'll watch and I'll be sober,  
I'll watch and try to pray.

## 6.

*The Pilgrim.*

- 1 COME, listening angels, attend  
while I sing  
The wonders of Jesus my conquer-  
ing king;  
Great things for my soul he surely  
has done,  
All glory to God for the gift of his  
Son.
- 2 I wander'd in darkness, a stranger  
to God,  
Neglected his calls, and despised  
his word;  
In romances and novels I thought  
I should gain  
Some knowledge of pleasure, and  
honour obtain.

3 At length the gospel trumpet did  
 sound in my ears,  
 And thunders from heaven awaken'd  
 my fears;  
 The tears of repentance then freely  
 did run,  
 For alighting the Saviour, alas! I'm  
 undone.

4 One evening, while musing, these  
 words came with power:—  
 'Oh do not be troubled, nor doubt  
 any more;  
 Believe in the word, believe also in me,  
 In my Father's house there's a man-  
 sion for thee.'

5 'Tis the voice of my Saviour, my  
 soul then did cry,  
 On Calvary he suffer'd, and for me  
 did die;  
 His five bleeding wounds are now  
 pleading for me,  
 He offers me pardon, he bids me be  
 free.

6 My soul is now anchor'd in the  
 fountain of love,  
 My heart and my treasure 's in  
 heaven above;  
 Through grace I'm determin'd I  
 ne'er will give o'er  
 Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's  
 blest shore.

# 7. *Sweet Home.* C. M.

1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!  
 When will the moment come,  
 When I shall lay my armour by,  
 And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
 This world 's a wilderness of woe—  
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
 He bade me cease to roam,  
 And fly for succour to his breast,  
 And he 'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,  
 Where foes in fury roam;  
 But, ah! my passport was not seal'd,  
 I could not yet go home.

5 When, by afflictions sharply tried,  
 I view the gaping tomb,  
 Although I dread death's chilling  
 flood,  
 Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round & round  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave the unhallow'd  
 ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

8. *The humble & confident Christian.*  
 Tune—"A Hunting we will go."  
*"I can do all things through Christ  
 which strengtheneth me."--Phil. iv. 13.*

## FIRST PART.

1 DISTRESS'D by sad, tempestuous  
 storms,  
 Jesus, I look to thee;  
 Thou art the strength of helpless  
 worms,  
 Thy strength impart to me.

2 Oh let thy special aid be given,  
 May I thy goodness see;  
 All might is thine in earth & heaven,  
 Then, Jesus, strengthen me.

3 I pass through this dark vale of tears,  
 Still hanging upon thee;  
 But I shall faint 'mid doubts & fears  
 Unless thou strengthen me.

4 Satan will certain conquest gain,  
 And have ascendancy;  
 My carnal heart will yield to sin  
 Unless thou strengthen me.

5 I cannot in the trying hour  
 Resist the enemy;  
 Weakness itself I own my power,  
 Unless thou strengthen me.

6 I cannot bear the cross below  
 With pure fidelity,  
 Except thou dost thy aid bestow,  
 Unless thou strengthen me.

7 Frail and defenceless I remain,  
 I'm nothing but for thee;  
 My works are dead, my efforts vain,  
 Unless thou strengthen me.

## SECOND PART.

8 But if, dear Jesus, thou art nigh,  
 In each extremity,  
 My adversaries I defy,  
 While thou art strength'ning me.

9 I can defy each subtle foe,  
 And fight and make them flee;  
 All things are possible I know,  
 While Jesus strengthens me.

10 I can hold on the heavenly way,  
 With joy, and even glee;  
 And as I travel, sing the lay  
 Of Jesus strength'ning me.



- 11 Believe, and love, and bid adieu  
To dark mortality;  
Watch, sing, and pray, and all  
things do  
While Jesus strengthens me.
- 12 And at the glorious rising morn,  
When from corruption free,  
I'll hail the day that I was born,  
While Jesus strengthens me.
- 13 And through eternity's vast day  
I shall in glory be,  
When this vain world is past away,  
Thro' Jesus strength'ning me.
- 14 There I, in never-ending lays,  
In sweet felicity,  
Shall high aspire in love and praise,  
For Jesus strength'ning me.

J. H.

9. *The Pilgrim's Grave; or Lines on the Death of the late Mrs Stamp.*  
Tune—"Weep not for me."

- 1 SOFT! the weary saint is sleeping,  
Down in the grave;  
Now no more her frailties weeping,  
Down in the grave;  
Pangs of earth are gone for ever;  
Hearts that faint, and lips that  
quiver,  
Tears and sighs await her, never!  
Down in the grave.
- 2 Soon I may, I must be lying,  
Down in the grave,  
Worms will on this flesh be preying,  
Down in the grave:  
If, my God, thy presence stay me,  
Death itself shall not dismay me;  
Then, I will not fear to lay me  
Down in the grave.
- 3 When I tread the dwelling dreary,  
Down in the grave,  
Where from sorrows rest the weary,  
Down in the grave;  
'Tis the path to life and glory,  
Tro'd by babes and patriarchs hoary;  
There lay Jesus, gash'd and gory,  
Down in the grave.
- 4 When I hear the archangel's thunder,  
Down in the grave,  
Then, my bands shall burst asunder,  
Down in the grave;  
Then, my voice with rapture swelling  
Shall of Jesu's love be telling,  
When I leave my dreary dwelling,  
Down in the grave.

- 5 Then, I never more shall lay me  
Down in the grave;  
Time itself no more decay me,  
Down in the grave;  
When I 've done with Death's dark  
river,  
And my tears are dried for ever,  
I shall sleep no more, no never!  
Down in the grave.

10. *The Parting Hymn.*

- 1 BRETHREN and sisters, we must  
part,  
And to our callings go;  
O let us all keep one in heart,  
Whilst we remain below.

Chorus.

- When the last trumpet it shall sound,  
We 're marching to Emmanuel's  
ground;  
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,  
And never, never, part again.
- 2 We may but meet a few times more,  
But let us meet above,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
In that bright world of love.
- 3 We shall, with Christ in Paradise,  
To endless ages dwell,  
Then let us pray both night and day;  
So now, dear friends, farewell.

11. *The Jubilee.*  
Tune—"Land of Pleasure."

- 1 THE gospel trumpet 's sounding,  
To every nation far and near;  
Then while its note 's resounding,  
Oh, thoughtless sinner, come and  
hear;  
It offers a salvation  
For all men present, full and free;  
Accept its invitation,  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 O come, poor hell-bound captive,  
Escape at once to Calvary's hill;  
Earth's toys are all deceptive,  
And never can thy spirit fill.  
O flee to Christ thy Saviour;  
He now is saying, 'Come to me,'  
Haste to enjoy his favour,  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Thy foes in chains would hold thee,  
And keep thee from the cleansing  
blood;

But Jesus cries, 'Behold me,  
I only am the way to God;  
For thee, for thee, I suffer,  
O look upon the blood-stain'd tree;  
Thy liberty I offer,  
It is the year of Jubilee.'

4 Millions his grace have tasted,  
And pardon at his hands receiv'd;  
Have on his mercy feasted,  
As soon as they in him believed.  
But still he's good and gracious,  
Approach, and urge it as thy plea;  
His blood is efficacious,  
It is the year of Jubilee.

5 He'll guide thee through the wilderness,  
And save thee in each dangerous hour;  
And, by his blood and righteousness,  
Protect thee from the tempter's power.  
Then, by his love surrounded,  
Thy breast-plate, shield, and buckler he,  
Thou canst not be confounded,  
It is the year of Jubilee.

6 When passing Jordan's river,  
Thou shalt on him alone depend;  
He'll lift thee up for ever,  
And be thy never-failing friend.  
With saints thou shalt adore him,  
From every pain and sorrow free,  
And cast thy crown before him,  
And sing the year of Jubilee.

JOHN STAMP.

12. *The Penitent.*  
*Tune—"Redemption."*

1 SAVIOUR of sinners, lend thine ear,  
Accept the mourner's plea;  
And, list'ning to my feeble prayer,  
Descend and pardon me.  
I'm sunk in sin, beset with grief,  
Condemned by thy decree,  
Thou, only thou, canst give relief,  
O Jesus, pardon me!

*Chorus*—Oh! the blood of Jesus!  
The atoning blood of Jesus!  
The precious blood of Jesus  
Can cleanse and pardon me.

2 Thy bloody cross and garments stain'd,  
Augment my misery;

I cry distressed, by love constrain'd,  
O Jesus, pardon me!  
Beneath thy cross I'll urge my cry,  
Until my soul is free;  
Both night and day I'll groan and sigh,

O Jesus, pardon me!  
*Chorus*—Oh! the blood, &c.

3 Manasseh, Saul, and Magdalen,  
Were pardon'd, Lord, by thee;  
Saviour of guilty, dying men,  
Oh haste and pardon me.  
Remove my load, and break my chain,  
Oh give me liberty;  
Oh ease me of my guilt and pain;  
This moment pardon me.

*Chorus*—Oh! the blood, &c.

4 'Tis done, 'tis done, I do believe,  
I feel my soul is free;  
Thy great salvation I receive:  
Yes, thou hast pardon'd me.  
And when I reach the realms above,  
Where I thy face shall see,  
I'll sing of that redeeming love  
Which saved and pardon'd me.

*Chorus*—Oh! the blood, &c.

JOHN STAMP.

13. *The Christian Soldier.*  
*Tune—"Will you go?"*

1 YE valiant soldiers of the cross,  
March along;  
All earthly things account but loss;  
March along.  
In all your uniform appear;  
In faith the blood-stain'd banner bear;  
The hosts of hell you need not fear:  
March along.

2 Clothed in the panoply divine,  
March along.  
The ranks of Jesu's army join;  
March along.  
Oh gird your sword upon your thigh,  
Through Christ your every foe defy:  
Hark! don't you hear the Captain cry,  
March along!

3 Although the hosts of hell contend,  
March along;  
For Jesus Christ will be your friend;  
March along.  
Put on your helmet, bear your shield,  
And boldly rush into the field;  
Conquer'd at last, your foes shall yield:  
March along.

- 4 Tho' hard and fierce may be the fight,  
     Stand fast and keep your armour bright;  
 Your Captain's Jesus Christ the Lord;  
 He bears his sharp & flaming sword;  
 Regard his voice, obey his word:  
     March along.
- 5 The trumpet sounds to arms, to arms;  
 Then scorn to dread the war's alarms;  
 Your enemies must all retreat;  
 The vict'ry you will soon complete,  
 Then rise to yonder glorious seat:  
     March along.
- 6 Hark! hark! I hear the orders given;  
 Your General calls you home to heaven;  
 There you shall pace the golden street,  
 And ground your arms at Jesu's feet,  
 The song of victory e'er repeat:  
     March along.  
 JOHN STAMP.
14. *Salvation.*  
*Tune—"Land of Canaan."*
- 1 COME, sinners, haste to Jesu's side;  
 He gives the invitation;  
 Go plunge beneath the purple tide,  
 That you may have salvation.  
*Chorus—*Salvation! salvation! he offers you salvation;  
 From sin—the guilt, the power, the pain—  
 A free and full salvation.
- 2 You're sunk in sin, condemned to death  
 Where pain has no cessation;  
 A gulf of dark despair beneath:  
 But you may have salvation.
- 3 The Saviour waits to snatch the heart  
 From sin's intoxication;  
 Poor sinner, haste and do thy part:  
 Accept this great salvation.
- 4 Repent, believe the gospel now,  
 Regard its proclamation:  
*The Saviour's fulness you may know,  
 And realise salvation.*
- 5 O let not Satan lure thy soul  
 From Calvary's crimson station;  
 'Tis there the pard'ning flood doth roll,  
 And there is thy salvation.
- 6 His grace is flowing, like a stream,  
 For all in every nation;  
 A guilty world it does redeem,  
 And offers each salvation.
- 7 Soon we shall reach yon blissful plain,  
 Where, wrapped in exultation,  
 We'll praise the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Who purchased our salvation.  
 JOHN STAMP.
- 15 *Separation.*  
*Tune—"Tired Soldier."*
- 1 BRETHREN and sisters in the Lord,  
 In spite of hell press on,  
 Till Jesus speaks the cheering word,  
 'Servants of God—well done!'  
 From toils and dangers soon you'll rise,  
 To Canaan's dazzling plain,  
 And join the ransom'd in the skies,  
 And never part again.  
*Chorus.*  
 Part, part again; we shall never part again.
- 2 Millions have cross'd death's rolling flood,  
 And crowns of life they wear;  
 With garments washed in Jesu's blood,  
 They in his sight appear.  
 See! see! they walk the golden street,  
 Oh! what a countless train!  
 They cast their crowns at Jesu's feet,  
 They'll never part again.
- 3 United with the blood-bought throng,  
 We'll shout, Redeeming grace;  
 And sing the new eternal song  
 In heaven our dwelling-place.  
 We'll see the Lamb in his own light—  
 The Lamb on Calvary slain,  
 And wear our spotless robes of white,  
 And never part again.

When we've cross'd bold Jordan's flood,  
and reached fair Zion's shore,  
'll stand before the throne of God,  
and shout 'Our conflict's o'er.'  
'll chant the Saviour's dying  
love,  
beyond life's stormy main;  
we shall meet in heaven above,  
and never part again.  
On all the ransom'd host shall  
meet  
before the sapphire throne:  
I take their high exalted seat,  
Which they through faith have  
won.  
On, by grace I'll meet you there,  
and in his kingdom reign; [bear,  
r palms of victory then we'll  
and never part again.

JOHN STAMP.

*The Pilgrim's Home.*

*Tune—"Sweet Home."*

WHEN clad in the garments of  
sorrow and pain,  
and wandering distressed in  
temptation's domain,  
when pressed by rude foes from my  
Saviour to roam,  
how I desire to enter my home.

*Chorus.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
assist me, my Saviour, in seeking  
my home.  
The world is delusive, its charms  
soon must fade,  
vortex of trifles, where trials in-  
vade;  
while these combine to invest  
me with gloom,  
the Christian is cheered with the  
prospect of home.  
When tempests and dangers with  
fury molest,  
and fearful emotions are tossing  
the breast,  
the love of my Saviour disperses  
the gloom,  
and fear is dispelled by the vision  
of home.  
The beamings of love my spirit  
shall cheer,  
all chase all my gloom and dispel  
all my fear;

And joy shall support, while con-  
tinuing to roam,  
On the road which will lead to my  
heavenly home.

5 While sickness assails, and death  
is in view,  
Ere I sink in his arms and bid  
earth adieu,  
The smiles of his grace the path  
shall illumine,  
And light up the passage which  
leads to my home.

6 And when I arrive at the port of  
repose,  
Released from afflictions, distresses,  
and woes,  
My praises shall echo through  
glory's high dome,  
And I'll never more leave my eter-  
nal sweet home.

JOHN STAMP.

*17. The Power of Faith.*

*Tune—"Poor Mary Ann."*

1 TREMBLING souls who pant for  
pardon;—Only believe;  
Groaning 'neath a heavy burden;—  
Only believe;  
God the Father's good & gracious,  
Jesu's blood is efficacious,  
Thou may'st feel the Spirit precious;  
—Only believe.

2 Jesus gives the invitation;—Only  
believe;  
He will grant thee full salvation;—  
Only believe;  
Richly flows a crimson river,  
'Twill thy helpless soul deliver,  
Wash away thy guilt for ever;—  
Only believe.

3 Ready now he stands to save thee;  
Only believe;  
From thy guilt he will relieve thee;  
—Only believe;  
Now thy soul upon him venture,  
In the purple current enter;  
All thy bliss in him shall centre;—  
Only believe.

4 Let not worldly charms deceive  
thee;—Only believe;  
Fear not, tho' they try to grieve thee;  
—Only believe;  
From their practice, rule, and spirit,  
Turn—depend on Jesu's merit;  
Happiness thou may'st inherit—  
Only believe.

5 Peace in Jesus art thou craving?—  
Only believe;  
Faith, exerted, must prove saving;  
Only believe;  
Tho' thy sins may be oppressing,  
Jesus' grace will prove caressing;  
He will give the saving blessing;—  
Only believe.

6 Dost thou pant for full salvation?  
—Only believe;  
Now's thy day of visitation;—Only  
believe;  
Many are this blessing gaining,  
Still there's virtue yet remaining;  
Why of inbred sin complaining?—  
Only believe.

7 In temptation's darkest hour,—  
Only believe,  
Christ will thwart the tempter's  
power,—Only believe.  
Tossed upon the wave of sorrow,  
Consolation each may borrow,  
Looking for a peaceful morrow.—  
Only believe.

8 Wouldst thou reach the heavenly  
Zion?—Only believe;  
Faithful he whom we rely on;—  
Only believe;  
Millions he has safely guided,  
Who in him alone confided,  
There each care shall be subsided  
—Only believe.

JOHN STAMP.

18. *Saints in Glory.*  
Tune—"Holy War."

1 WE'RE on our journey home—  
To the sky.  
We're on our journey home,  
Tho' here awhile we roam,  
Yet Jesus bids us come—To the sky.

2 Then let's pursue our way—To the  
sky.  
Then let's pursue our way,  
Each moment watch and pray,  
And live from day to day—For the  
sky.

3 Our journey soon will end—In the  
sky.  
Our journey soon will end,  
And we to heaven ascend,  
To dwell with Christ our friend—  
In the sky.

4 Our conquering palms we'll wave—  
In the sky.  
Our conquering palms we'll wave,  
To him who died to save,  
And triumph o'er the grave—In  
the sky.

5 We'll join the blood-wash'd throng  
—In the sky.  
We'll join the blood-wash'd throng,  
To chant redemption's song,  
And roll the theme along—In the  
sky.

6 We'll wear our robes of white—In  
the sky.  
We'll wear our robes of white,  
With saints and seraphs bright;  
And walk the plains of light—In  
the sky.

7 There we His face shall see—In  
the sky.  
There we His face shall see,  
And shout the victory,  
Through all eternity—In the sky.  
JOHN STAMP.

19. *The Spiritual Mariner.*  
Tune—"Gospel Ship."

1 FROM this world of vain delusion,  
Bound to Canaan's happy plain;  
Where no sorrow or confusion,  
E'er molests the soul again.

*Chorus.*

Blow, ye gentle gales of heaven,  
Waft us over life's rough main;  
Till of every sorrow riven,  
We the port of peace obtain.

2 Jesus guards us on the ocean,  
Bears the bark thro' every storm;  
Watching every rising motion,  
Calms the breast in each alarm.

3 Rocks beset us, foes surround us,  
Many a gaping wave appears,  
Pirates threat'ning to confound us,  
Yet the Lord dispels our fears.

4 Fiercely heaves the stormy billow,  
Tossing winds the bark assail;  
On Christ's bosom, as our pillow,  
We recline amidst the gale.

5 Still tho' waves may dash with fury,  
Wisely is our bark secur'd;  
Storms shall ne'er the vessel bury,  
All is by the Lord insur'd.

- 6 Soon we'll gain the port of pleasure,  
Shout all storms and tempests o'er;  
Wrapp'd in glory without measure,  
Praise our Captain evermore.

JOHN STAMP.

20. *Zion's Pilgrim.**Tune—"Sweet hope of glory."*

- 1 BY faith we march the heavenly  
road,  
Which leads to Zion's holy hill;  
And, ransomed by the Saviour's  
blood,  
His fulness doth our spirits fill.

*Chorus.*

- O let's pursue our heavenly way,  
Until we dwell in endless day.
- 2 Our glorious Zion we shall gain,  
And songs of praise our tongues  
employ;  
We'll join with yonder dazzling  
train,  
While crowned with everlasting  
joy.
- 3 That is our sacred land of peace,  
Where no distressing tempests  
roar;  
Where we obtain a full release,  
Where pain and sorrow's known  
no more.
- 4 That is our rightful home above,  
A home of purer joys than this;  
Where all are bound by ties of love,  
A scene of praise, delight, and  
bliss.
- 5 That is our everlasting rest,  
Where care can ne'er its torrents  
roll;  
Where nothing can disturb the  
breast;  
Immortal pleasures feast the soul.
- 6 O let us hasten to the place,  
And rest not till we reach the  
plain;  
Till we, through free and sovereign  
grace,  
Are rais'd with Christ, our king,  
to reign.

JOHN STAMP.

21. *The Name of Jesus.**Tune—"Canaan."*

- 1 HOW sweet to praise the Saviour's  
name;  
It fills the soul with pleasure,

To speak the honours of the Lamb,  
He is the Christian's treasure.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, my Jesus; I love the name of  
Jesus;

No other name is half so dear  
To me as that of Jesus.

- 2 In him I full salvation have,  
This makes me sing his praises;  
He lives a guilty world to save  
From sin and death's dark mazes.
- 3 We'll sing his praise, extol his  
love,  
And shout redemption's story;  
And with the blood-wash'd throng  
above,  
We'll ever give him glory.
- 4 When mourning on account of  
guilt,  
And sunk in deep distresses,  
To ease us he his blood hath spilt,  
And now his grace caresses.
- 5 When sorrow's waves around us roll,  
And enemies annoy us;  
He shall support and shield the soul,  
And they shall ne'er destroy us.
- 6 In death we will his love adore,  
And, on his arm depending,  
We'll rise to praise him evermore,  
In glorious bliss unending.

JOHN STAMP.

22. *The Hiding Place.**Tune—"Noah's Ark."*

- 1 NO refuge can earth or its trifles  
afford,  
Our refuge is found in our excel-  
lent Lord;  
Though long we had slighted his  
mercy and grace,  
He, He is our refuge, our safe  
hiding place.

*Chorus.*

Glory be to Jesus; there's no  
rock like Jesus;  
Come sinners, come sinners, to  
this refuge haste,  
And you'll find for your spirits a  
safe hiding place.

- 2 The world's fleeting phantoms my  
soul had allured,  
My spirit's affections to them we  
secured;

# THE CHRISTIAN'S

No danger I knew in my revelling  
 race,  
 Nor sought in the Saviour a safe  
 hiding place.

*Chorus*—Glory be to Jesus, &c.

3 At length in my madness, I felt an  
 arrest,  
 And fearful anxiety troubled my  
 breast:

The Spirit soon led me my steps to  
 retrace,

And taught me I needed a safe  
 hiding place.

*Chorus*—Glory be to Jesus, &c.

4 He led me to Jesus, as man's only  
 friend,  
 And bid me on him to believe and  
 depend;

He quickly permitted a sight of his  
 face,

I ran to his side for a safe hiding  
 place.

*Chorus*—Glory be to Jesus, &c.

5 Should storms beat around me they  
 cannot alarm,

'Tis Jesus caresses, and shields me  
 from harm:

I'm a stranger to fear, while trust-  
 ing his grace,

I'm secure, none can injure in this  
 hiding place.

*Chorus*—Glory be to Jesus, &c.

6 A few more distresses and all will  
 be o'er,

I then shall require a shelter no  
 more;

I shall rise to the haven of mercy  
 and grace,

And dwell with my Saviour, my  
 safe hiding place.

*Chorus*—Glory be to Jesus, &c.

JOHN STAMP.

## 23. *The Pilgrim's Song.* *Tune*—"Gospel News."

1 MY soul is now cemented  
 To Jesus as my friend,  
 As soon as I repented,  
 He bade my sorrows end;  
 And though I had offended  
 And sinned against his word,  
 His mercy was extended,  
 Its shelter to afford.

2 My sins are all forgiven,  
 Which did as mountains rise,  
 And I've a hope of heaven,  
 A home beyond the skies;

My grief is turned to pleasure,  
 My curse to Jesu's love;

I'll claim him as my treasure,  
 Till borne to realms above.

3 I'm toss'd on life's rough ocean  
 By many a threatening wave;  
 Which fills with sad emotion,  
 But Jesus lives to save;

He's promised to surround me,  
 And guide me safe to shore,

Where foes can ne'er confound me,  
 And tempests toss no more.

4 And on his firm veracity,  
 My soul unshaken rests,

In sorrow and prosperity,  
 Rejoicing or distress;

My Saviour will not leave me,  
 On him I dare recline;

To glory he'll receive me,  
 With all his saints to join.

JOHN STAMP.

## 24. *Gospel News.* *Tune*—"Will you go?"

1 HOW oft the sound our ears  
 assails—What's the news?  
 Its echo bounds o'er hill and dale—  
 What's the news?

The best of tidings I make known,  
 The Lord of glory left his throne,

And to our lower world came down  
 —That's the news.

2 He came redemption to procure,  
 He came salvation to insure;

For this he suffered grief and pain,  
 For this on Calvary he was slain,

For this he left the tomb again.—  
 That's the news.

3 His wings of mercy o'er us brood,  
 Our foes are by his power subdued;  
 He conquer'd all the hosts of hell;  
 The glorious truth I love to tell,

My Saviour hath done all things  
 well.—

That's the news.

4 My sins they all are wash'd away,  
 And I am bound for endless day;  
 My soul is happy in his love;  
 His every promise true I prove,

And soon I hope to reign above.—  
 That's the news.

*n ye, O turn ye, for why  
will ye die?"*

*ye, O turn ye, for why  
you die, [so nigh?  
in great mercy is coming  
s invites you, the Spirit  
Come, [you home.  
s are waiting to welcome*

*the delusion, that while  
delay,*

*'ts may grow better by  
ing away;  
etched, come starving,  
e just as you be,  
ams of salvation are flow-  
so free.*

*Christ is ready your souls  
ceive,*

*you question, if you will  
ve?*

*our burden, why will you  
come?  
e bids welcome; he bids  
come home.*

*in pleasures, what can  
obtain,  
your affliction, or banish  
r pain?*

*o your spirit when sum-  
d to die, [high?  
u to mansions of glory on*

*you be starving and feed-  
on air? [to spare;  
ercy in Jesus, enough and  
are doubting, make trial  
see,  
that his mercy is bound-  
and free.*

*e us your hand, and the  
our your heart,  
ng in Heaven, we never  
l part;*

*we leave you? why will  
not come?  
rney together, and soon  
t home.*

*zing to Glory.*

*for eternal worlds we  
r,*

*e calm, and skies are clear,  
n lively exercise,  
hills of Canaan rise :*

*The soul for joy then claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world, adieu.*

*2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
Each landmark on the distant shore;  
The trees of life, the pastures green,  
The golden streets, the crystal  
stream;*

*Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world, adieu.*

*3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
More eager all her powers expand:  
With steady helm, and free bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the veil:  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And her celestial sonnet sings,  
Glory to God!*

## 27.

P. M.

*1 TO heaven I'm bound with pros-  
perous gales,*

*My bark by grace doth safely steer,  
And going under gospel sails,  
Celestial prospects bright appear;  
To sound her ground my faith now  
springs,*

*And to her Author thus she sings,  
'Thy will be done.'*

*2 As bearing up to gain the port,  
A blood-stain'd cross and heaven  
in view,*

*A Saviour's wounds my harbour—  
fort—*

*The beacon—to my vessel true;  
Again my faith her soundings tries,  
And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,  
'A blessed hope.'*

*3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,  
With transport I behold the place  
Where dwells my friend, my Saviour  
dear,*

*And long with joy to see his face.  
Once more my faith now tries her  
ground,*

*And thus re-echoes back the sound,  
'Christ is my rock.'*

*4 When to her berth my bark draws  
nigh,*

*And I have done with sails & tide,  
'Strong is my cable,' then I'll cry,  
My anchor's sure—I safely ride.  
No more my soul need try her ground  
Safe at her moorings she is found  
And 'all is well'*



28.

C. M. D.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.  
Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.  
Then will he own my worthless name,  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

29.

7's and 6's.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing on his wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through;—  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
*His praise shall tune my voice;*  
*For while in him confiding*  
*I cannot but rejoice.*

30.

7's and 5's.

- 1 SERVANTS of the living God,  
When the paths of sin ye trod,  
Grace restrain'd the angry rod;  
Bless Messiah's name.  
Satan's bondmen once ye were,  
Willing captives in his snare,  
Till with mighty arm made bare,  
Christ your rescue came.

- 2 Now the fight of faith begin:  
Be no more the slaves of sin;  
Strive the victor's palm to win,  
Trusting in the Lord.  
Gird ye on the armour bright,  
Warriors of the King of light,  
Never yield, nor lose by flight  
Your divine reward.

- 3 Fear not, though a feeble band,  
Marching through a hostile land;  
Guided by a mighty hand,  
Ye shall win the day.  
Faithful to your banner be,  
Ever fighting manfully,  
Laurels shall be won by thee,  
Fading not away.

- 4 Sinners long estranged from God,  
Paths of sorrow ye have trod,  
Oft have felt the avenging rod,  
Peace have never known:  
Give to Christ the glory due,  
Be his soldiers faithful, true—  
Then he will award to you  
An immortal crown.

31.

*Sweet Hope.*

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that  
binds  
Our glowing hearts in one;  
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds  
To harmony divine.

*Chorus.*

It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
That Jesu's grace has given;  
The hope when days and years are  
past  
We all shall meet in heaven.  
We all shall meet in heaven at last,  
We all shall meet in heaven—  
The hope when days and years are  
past  
We all shall meet in heaven.

ough the northern wintry  
st  
awl around thy cot !  
ugh beneath a southern sun  
thy distant lot !

*Thorus*—It is the hope, &c.

rmah's shore, from Afric's  
and,  
ndia's burning plain,  
ope, from Columbia's land,  
shall meet again.

*Thorus*—It is the hope, &c.

ing look, no parting sigh,  
ure meeting knows ;  
ndship beams from every

pe immortal grows.

*Thorus*—It is the hope, &c.

*Dying Parent's Address to  
Orphan.* 7's and 6's.

any have deserted,  
from their Saviour fled,  
the humble-hearted  
me to him have sped.  
he not address you,  
sing accents say—  
ng now to bless you,  
ill you go away ?

n angels visit  
ortals here below,  
eparted spirits  
mourning kindred know ?  
not be permitted  
nds kind to come ?  
see them fitted  
ir eternal home ?

his may be doubtful,  
thing sure we know—  
s meets the faithful,  
hey in secret go.  
n bow before him,  
your heart in prayer ;  
rs past adore him ;  
rd will meet you there.

ot persecution ;  
aviour suffered pain,  
through tribulation  
gdom must obtain.  
for peace and pardon  
h faith in Jesus' blood,  
oves your burden,  
gs you near to God.

5 Oh cast the world behind you,  
With all its flattering charms ;  
Though sinners may despise you,  
Oh fly to Jesus' arms ;  
Nor from those arms be parted,  
Whate'er the effort cost—  
The soul must be converted,  
Or else for ever lost.

6 To Jesus, then, I leave you—  
To Christ, the sinner's friend—  
Believing he 'll receive you,  
And save you to the end ;  
In judgment hope to meet you,  
Where sin and sorrow cease,  
On Canaan's banks to greet you,  
In boundless realms of bliss.

### 33. *Wake, Isles of the South.* P. M.

1 **W**AKE, isles of the south !  
Your redemption is near ;  
No longer repose  
In the borders of gloom ;  
The strength of his chosen  
In love will appear,  
And light shall arise  
On the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that gird ye,  
The wild waves that roar,  
The zephyrs that play  
Where the ocean storms cease,  
Shall bear the rich freight  
To your desolate shore,  
Shall waft the glad tidings  
Of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit  
In the regions of night,  
The lands of despair,  
To oblivion a prey,  
The morning will open  
With healing and light—  
The young star of Bethlehem  
Will ripen to-day.

4 The altar and idol  
In dust overthrown,  
The incense forbid  
That was hallowed with blood.  
The priest of Melchizedec  
There shall atone,  
And the shrines of Attool  
Be sacred to God.

5 The heathen will hasten  
To welcome the time,  
The day-spring, the prophet  
In vision once saw—

When the beams of Messiah  
Will 'lumine each cline  
And the isles of the ocean  
Shall wait for his law.

### 34. *On Thibet's Snow-capt Mountains. 7's and 6's.*

1 **O**N Thibet's snow-capt mountains,  
O'er Afric's burning sand,  
Where roll the crystal fountains  
Adown Hawaii's strand—  
In every distant nation,  
The mighty globe around,  
The heralds of salvation  
The gospel trumpet sound.

2 In golden armour blazing,  
They press their onward way,  
And, high in air upraising,  
The glorious cross display;  
Away their weapons hurling,  
The warring nations cease,  
And hail with joy, unfurling  
The banneret of peace.

3 Where Sin hath fix'd her dwelling,  
Where Death the tyrant reigns,  
The heavenly notes are swelling  
In loudest, sweetest strains;  
They breathe—the bones are shaken,  
And, clothed with flesh, arise—  
They bid the dead awaken  
To glory in the skies.

4 What, though hell's fiery regions  
Pour forth their dread array!  
Look up! angelic legions  
Attend you on your way.  
March on, ye sons of heaven!  
This precious promise sing—  
'The heathen shall be given  
To Christ our glorious king.'

### 35. *Heathens' Prospect. P. M.*

1 **C**HRIStIANS, see the orient  
morning  
Breaks along the heathen sky!  
Lo! the expected day is dawning,  
Glorious dayspring from on high.  
Alleluia, alleluia, hail the  
dayspring from on high.

2 Heathens at the sight are singing,  
Morning wakes the grateful lays;  
Precious offerings they are bringing,  
*First-fruits of more perfect praise.*  
Alleluia, &c.

3 Zion's sun, salvation beaming,  
Gilding now the radiant hills,  
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming  
All the world thy glory fills.  
Alleluia, &c.

4 Then the vallies and the mountains,  
Breaking forth in joy, shall sing!  
Then the living crystal fountains  
From their thirsty ground shall  
spring! Alleluia, &c.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,  
Roses shall the deserts cheer;  
Then the dumb shall tune their  
voices,  
Blind shall see, and deaf shall  
hear.  
Alleluia, &c.

6 Lord of every tribe and nation,  
Spread thy truth from pole to  
pole;  
Spread the light of thy salvation,  
Till it shines in every soul.  
Alleluia, &c.

### 36. *Chorus. P. M.*

1 **O**THERE will be mourning, mourn-  
ing, mourning, mourning,  
O there will be mourning, at the  
judgment seat of Christ;  
Parents and children there will part,  
Parents and children there will part,  
Parents and children there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning, &c.,  
Wives and husbands there will part,  
Wives and husbands there will part,  
Wives and husbands there will part,  
Will to part meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.,  
Brothers and sisters there will part,  
Brothers and sisters there will part,  
Brothers and sisters there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.

4 O there will be mourning, &c.,  
Friends and neighbours there will  
part,  
Friends and neighbours there will  
part,  
Friends and neighbours there will  
part,  
Will part to meet no more.

will be mourning, &c.,  
 and people there will part,  
 and people there will part,  
 and people there will part,  
 to meet no more.

will be mourning, &c.,  
 and sinners there will meet,  
 and sinners there will meet,  
 and sinners there will meet,  
 to part no more.

will be shouting, &c.,  
 and angels there will meet,  
 and angels there will meet,  
 and angels there will meet,  
 to part no more.

## P. M.

my way to Zion,  
 bid the world farewell ;  
 O my fellow travellers,  
 O of earth or hell ;  
 Satan's army rages,  
 and his host combine,  
 to capture doth engage us  
 in strength of grace divine.

the gospel trumpet,  
 to the nations call ;  
 it has me commission'd  
 for he died for all.

by his grace and prove him,  
 shall the gift obtain ;  
 not send you empty,  
 but you come in vain.

you want a witness,  
 have one just at hand,  
 who has experienc'd  
 the glories of that land.  
 unto my Saviour,  
 you shall taste his love ;  
 better than all earthly joys,  
 coming from above.

look up and see him smile,  
 with the blessing sends :  
 in thinking, all the while,  
 will my journey end ?  
 hope 'twill not be long  
 he shall come again ;  
 he will join the holy throng,  
 in his kingdom reign.  
 the joys of that heavenly place  
 tongue cannot describe,  
 as within me,  
 God by faith applied.

It comes in copious showers,  
 Our bodies can't contain ;  
 It fills our ransom'd powers,  
 And soon we'll drink again.

6 The glories of that kingdom  
 I've oftentimes felt before :  
 But what I feel is just a taste,  
 That makes me long for more.  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd fly and be at rest :  
 Then would I soar to worlds on high  
 And be for ever blest.

7 Oh could I gain my heav'nly home,  
 And ne'er return again,  
 I should not think those seasons long  
 That I had suffer'd pain.  
 The sons of Zion marching home,  
 Along the heav'nly street :  
 There we will hail them as they come,  
 And fall at Jesus' feet.

## 38.

## Salvation.

11's.

- 1 SALVATION to Jesus, he's Zion's  
 bright king ;  
 O God with thy praises let all the  
 earth ring ;  
 We hear from the east, from the  
 west, south, and north,  
 To conquer the nations, the Lord's  
 going forth.
- 2 Salvation to Jesus, let all the world  
 know,  
 He died to redeem us from sorrow  
 and woe ;  
 He rose to declare our justified state ;  
 Come seek this salvation before it's  
 too late.
- 3 Salvation to Jesus, he's now gone  
 above,  
 Where he will prepare for us man-  
 sions of love :  
 He has sent down the Comforter into  
 the world,  
 And causes salvation from Zion to  
 roll.
- 4 Salvation to Jesus, his mercy  
 abounds,  
 And sinners take shelter in his pre-  
 cious wounds ;  
 They are crying—and turning, and  
 coming to God,  
 And finding redemption in Jesus'  
 blood.

5 Salvation to Jesus, my soul is alive,  
His word is now spreading, his  
work doth revive:  
O God, shake the nations until they  
submit,  
And bow down with pleasure at  
Jesus's feet.

6 Salvation to Jesus, my soul's in a  
flame,  
I rise in sweet rapture at the sound  
of his name;  
Shout, all the creation below and  
above,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

7 Salvation to Jesus, my soul's all on  
fire,  
I feel I am rising, but want to be  
higher;  
O angels! O angels! come lend me  
your wings,  
And I'll fly to my Jesus, the King  
of all kings.

8 Salvation to Jesus, he 'll quickly  
appear,  
In bright shining glory he's now  
drawing near;  
I'm going, my brethren, to meet him  
above, [love]  
Where I shall eternally feast on his

9 Salvation to Jesus shall there be my  
song,  
I'll meet all my brethren amid the  
bright throng;  
With loud hallelujahs all heaven  
shall ring,  
Salvation, salvation! to Jesus my  
King.

### 39. *Land of Pleasure.* P. M.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,  
Where streams of joy for ever  
roll;  
'Tis there I have my treasure,  
And there I hope to rest my soul.  
Long darkness dwelt around me,  
With scarce one single cheering  
ray;  
But since my Saviour's found me,  
A light has shone around my way.

2 *On earth I am a stranger,  
Whilst passing through this vale  
of woe;*

And oh, how oft times danger  
Attends the path whereon I go.  
But Jesus Christ is with me,  
And gently takes me by the hand;  
He says, 'I'll never leave thee,  
But bring thee to the promis'd  
land.'

3 And on his word and power  
With steadfast faith I can rely,  
That in my latest hour  
He will not leave me when I die.  
When the pains of death are rending  
This tabernacle made of clay,  
His angels are attending  
To waft my soul to endless day.

4 So now I 'll bid you all adieu!  
My weeping relatives and friends,  
But soon I hope to meet with you  
In glorious bliss that never ends.  
And when in heaven appearing,  
With rapture we'll each other  
greet,  
And palms of victory bearing,  
We'll cast our crowns at Jesus'  
feet!

### 40. *Hymn for a Revival.* Tune—"Saw ye my Saviour?"

1 **J**ESUS revive us, Jesus revive us,  
Thou who wast nail'd to the tree;  
Display thy mighty power,  
Save souls this blessed hour,  
And the glory we'll render to thee.

2 Trouble the sinner, trouble the  
sinner,  
Show him the state he is in;  
And as thou passest by,  
Thy precious blood apply,  
And deliver from bondage and sin.

3 Comfort the mourner, comfort the  
mourner,  
Who trembles and cries unto thee;  
Thy saving health display,  
Take all his sins away,  
And the glory we'll render to thee.

4 Save the backslider, save the back-  
slider,  
Destroy unbelief in his soul;  
May he on thee believe,  
And the witness now receive,  
That his spirit again is made whole.

Bless the believer, bless the believer,  
Save him from indwelling sin;  
Thy perfect love impart  
To every waiting heart,  
And stamp thine own image within.

Thine is the glory, thine is the glory,  
We'll praise thee again and again;  
'Tis meet and right to sing  
To Immanuel our king,  
Hallelujah! Amen and amen.

1. *For a Missionary on leaving  
his Native Country.* P. M.

YES, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well,  
Friends, connexions, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home, thy joys are passing lovely,  
Joys no stranger heart can tell,  
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,  
Can I, can I, say farewell?

Can I leave thee  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath bell;  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure.

Can I say at last farewell?  
Can I leave you

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I loved so well;  
Far away ye billows bear me,  
Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell!

In the deserts let me labour,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How he died, the blessed Saviour,  
To redeem a world from hell.

Let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell!

Bear me on, thou restless ocean!  
Let the winds my canvas swell;  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,

While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I leave thee,  
Native land, farewell! farewell!

42. *Sweet Home.*  
P. M.

1 SWEET home! happy rest of the  
heart I now sing,  
How charming the solace this  
blessing doth bring;  
Kind father and mother forbid me  
to roam,  
Invite to their bosoms and welcome  
me home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Kind heaven protect me, and fit  
me for home.

2 But a dwelling divine there is found  
here below,  
The purest, most happy, that mortals  
can know;  
The church with affection invites  
me to come,  
Communion with saints is a banquet  
at home,  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in  
glory, at home.

3 Yet ah! the best home is imperfect  
on earth,  
For trials attend us through life,  
from our birth;  
But heaven is a home where no  
changes are known,  
There God and his children are  
always at home!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
May the spirit of Jesus fit me for  
home.

43. *The Fountain.*  
10, 11.

1 THE fountain of Christ assist me  
to sing,  
The blood of our Priest, our crucified  
King,  
Which perfectly cleanses from sin  
and from filth,  
And richly dispenses salvation and  
health.

*Chorus.*

For God in that day of his anger  
did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore  
them away.

2 This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart,  
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd  
from his heart;  
With blood and with water, the first  
to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter, the fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is such, as thousands can tell,  
The moment we touch its streams we are well;  
All waters besides them are full of the curse,  
For all that have tried them, they only get worse.

4 This fountain, sick soul, recovers thee quite,  
Bathe here and be whole, wash here and be white;  
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,  
The fountain of Jesus will rid thee of all.

5 This fountain from guilt, not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;  
But if guilt removed return and remain,  
Its power may be proved again and again.

6 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all  
That long to be heal'd, the great and the small;  
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led,  
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear,  
The poorer the wretch the welcomer here;  
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare,  
You can't come too filthy, come just as you are.

#### 44. *The Marriage of Cana.* 10, 11.

1 COME thou who didst turn the water to wine,  
And fill with thy love this poor heart of wine;

I am not contented with what's gone past,  
I know by experience the best wine runs last.

#### *Chorus.*

Hallelujah to Jesus! who died on a tree,  
And purchased this wine of kingdom for me.

2 Thou know'st I desire thy fullness to prove,  
The height and the depth of dying love;  
My sins, which were many, behold thee are cast,  
But still I want cleansing, the best wine runs last.

3 Thou, Lord, art the source; channel, thy Son,  
Through him by the Spirit to doth it run;  
By faith we receive it, how sweet to the taste;  
And now it is flowing, the best wine runs last.

4 In Christ we believe his blood applied,  
Then onward we press to be sanctified;  
This is the best blessing of all what are past,  
But glory is promis'd, the best wine runs last.

#### 45. *Faith viewing the Crown.* D. C. M.

1 SAYS faith, Look yonder, there's my crown,  
Laid up in heaven above;  
Says hope, Anon it shall be mine  
I long to wear 't, says love.  
Desire says, What? is there crown?  
Then to that place I'll flee,  
Through Christ I'll claim it as my own,  
My rest I fain would see.

2 Then faith, he takes a pleasing view  
Hope waits, love sits and sings  
Desire, she flutters to be gone,  
But patience clips her wings.  
But stop! says patience, wait awhile  
The crown 's for those that fight  
The prize for those that run the race  
By faith, and not by sight.

then knocks at duty's door;  
 to obedience cries,  
 'e will with all our power,  
 hen shall faith arise.  
 ys works, ashamed westand,  
 erit we obtain;  
 th and love joined hand in  
 and,  
 must the entrance gain.  
 ith to works, Now children  
 ear,  
 mother, love, and me,  
 ead and useless must appear,  
 out your company.  
 ith and works join hand in  
 and,  
 love united too,  
 el to the godly land,  
 id this world adieu.

*Present Salvation.* P. M.

*me—"Mercy's Free."*

Jesus is the Son of God;

I believe, I believe!

the world he shed his blood,

I believe, I believe!

mb of God for us was slain;

l for me and rose again,

ent above all height to reign,

I believe, I believe!

Christ can all things can do,

I believe, I believe!

can form the heart anew,

I believe, I believe!

ubts and fears he can dispel,

ae the mighty host of hell,

ing us all with him to dwell,

I believe, I believe!

our backslidings heal,

I believe, I believe!

ke the hardest hearts to feel,

I believe, I believe!

rs, on the Saviour call,

ter whether great or small,

can save you one and all;

I believe, I believe!

an make the wounded whole,

I believe, I believe!

can sanctify the soul,

I believe, I believe!

us when, and told us how,

his footstool let us bow,

can sanctify us now:

I believe, I believe!

47. *'I will tell you what God hath done for my soul.'* D. C. M.

1 THUS far, through heaven's blessing,

A worthless worm is brought,  
 With wonder still increasing,  
 To see what God hath wrought.

2 I've slighted offered mercy,  
 And sinned against my God;  
 But Jesus Christ has washed me  
 In his atoning blood.

3 Our ministers came preaching  
 God's ever blessed word,  
 And by their powerful teaching,  
 It was, I found the Lord.

4 In earnest they were praying,  
 That I might grace receive,  
 And all the time kept saying,  
 'Believe in Christ, believe.'

5 All hell seemed loosed upon me,  
 I cried, What must I do?  
 They said, Keep trusting in him,  
 And he will bring you through.

6 My faith at this kept rising,  
 I cried, I do believe;  
 And oh, what light and comfort  
 Just then did I receive.

7 Then up I got, and shouted,  
 All glory to the Lamb,  
 My foes for me are routed,  
 Hosanna to his name.

8 My sins are all forgiven,  
 I've felt his blood applied;  
 And I shall get to heaven,  
 If I in him abide.

48. *Soldier's Hymn.*  
 D. C. M.

1 COME on, ye valiant soldiers,  
 The promised land 's in view,  
 And Christ your conquering captain  
 Shall safely bring you through.  
 The conflict 's almost over,  
 The battle 's nearly won;  
 You 'll soon behold your Saviour,  
 Around his dazzling throne.

2 Though here we are but strangers,  
 And wanderers to and fro,  
 Exposed to numerous dangers,  
 And conflicts not a few;  
 The Master soon will call us,  
 And take his exiles home,  
 At his right hand he 'll seat us,  
 For still he says there 's room



3 Shout, shout, oh! shout his praises,  
 Ye ransomed sons of men,  
 Until the distant breezes  
 Respond his praise again;  
 Till every distant nation  
 Shall teach the heavenly sound,  
 And fill the wide creation  
 With blessings all around.

*Chorus.*

O that will be joyful,  
 Joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 When we meet to part no more,  
 Meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's peaceful shore,  
 We then shall meet, we then shall  
 meet,  
 Shall meet to part no more.

49. *Calvary's Cross.*  
 L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous  
 cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory  
 died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.  
*Chorus*—Come to Jesus.

2 See! from his head, his hands, his  
 feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled  
 down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a  
 crown?  
 He will save you.

3 Were the whole realm of nature  
 mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.  
 I believe it just now.

50. *Oh how he Loves.* P. M.  
*Tune*—"Poor Mary Ann."

1 THERE is a friend above all others,  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 And his love exceeds a brother's;  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
 This day kind, the next bereave us,  
 But this friend will ne'er deceive us;  
 Oh! how he loves.

2 Love this friend who longs to save  
 thee,

Oh! how he loves.  
 As thou lov'st he will not leave thee,  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Though 'tis sin that pains and  
 grieves thee,  
 Unbelief and trials tease thee,  
 Jesus will from all release thee;  
 Oh! how he loves.

3 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know  
 him,

Oh! how he loves,  
 Give thyself entirely to him;  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Think no more, then, of to-morrow,  
 Take his easy yoke and follow,  
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow;  
 Oh! how he loves.

51. *Oh how he Loves* (continued).  
 P. M.

1 STILL for thee this friend is plead-  
 ing,

Oh! how he loves.  
 And with God is interceding,  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Hark! his groans, his tears, his  
 sighing,

Boundless love and mercy crying,  
 Tho' from him thou still art flying;  
 Oh! how he loves.

2 All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Backward shall thy foes be driven;  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide  
 thee,

Safe to glory he will guide thee;  
 Oh! how he loves.

3 Soon we shall behold his glory,  
 Oh! how he loves.  
 Cast our glittering crowns before  
 him,

Oh! how he loves,  
 Join among the countless number,  
 Roll along his praise like thunder,  
 And for ever gaze and wonder.  
 Oh! how he loves.

52. 6 lines 7a.

1 COME, thou soul-transporting  
 spirit,  
 Visit this benighted place,

ashed, through Jesu's merit,  
s of sovereign, saving grace.  
ny Lord, no more delay,  
y Saviour, come away.

g for the sad condition  
ile degenerate race,  
subjects now petition  
ne plenitude of grace.  
ny Lord, no more delay,  
y Saviour, come away.

a meet in hope believing,  
present, glorious shower,  
feel we 're now receiving,  
nd gladness, love and power.  
my Lord, no more delay,  
y Saviour, come away.

power like lightning enter  
dark unhallowed breast,  
the gloom unto its centre,  
bring in the heavenly rest.  
my Lord, no more delay,  
y Saviour, come away.

JOHN STAMP.

*the Ship Safety, bound for  
Canaan. P. M.*

3, all my dear brethren,  
o 've entered on board,  
tness'd free pardon by faith  
n the Lord;  
tossed on the ocean, don't  
ear, he hath said,  
e of good cheer, and be not  
afraid.'

ind and the tide may beat  
ard on each side,  
Christ speaks a calm, the  
roud waves soon subside;  
t-brave all dangers, no fears  
an evade,  
Lord he protects us, so be  
not afraid.

rils of sea, the rocks, waves,  
nd wind,  
ouds, storms, and tempests  
may prove most unkind;  
rist still upholds us, on him  
elp is laid,  
er stands ready, so be not  
afraid.

darkness surrounded, by ter-  
ror distress,  
arful and weak, when such  
angers infest;

With toiling and rowing, strength  
almost decay'd,  
The promise still stands, so be not  
afraid.

- 5 Christ, then, is our pilot, our com-  
pass his word,  
All storms we defy, while we sail  
with the Lord;  
No foes need attack us, they cannot  
invade,  
While the Lord says, 'I am here,  
come be not afraid.'

CLARK.

54.

6 lines 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN soldiers, now arise,  
Join the fight, your captain  
cries,  
Gird on all your glitt'ring arms,  
Trumpets sound their dread alarms.

*Chorus.*

Tread the power of Satan down,  
He that conquers wins a crown.

- 2 Hope 's your helmet, faith 's your  
shield,  
Learn your heavenly arms to wield,  
Christ, your captain, leads the way,  
Quickly you shall win the day.  
3 What, though earth and hell oppose,  
Give no quarter to your foes:  
Still the glorious war pursue,  
Jesus conquered, so must you.  
4 Fight your way to Canaan's shore,  
Then your fightings will be o'er,  
There you shall with Jesus meet,  
And lay your armour at his feet.

55.

*Good Night.*

C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu,  
adieu,  
Still in God's ways delight,  
And grace and peace shall be with  
you:  
Good night, good night, good  
night.  
2 Though in this world our foes are  
strong,  
And would our souls affright,  
Yet God will never leave his own.  
Good night, good night, &c  
night.

- 3 Urge on your journey to the end,  
Turn not to left or right;  
In Christ you 'll find a constant  
friend,  
Good night, good night, good  
night.
- 4 And when his banners are unfurled,  
The signal for our flight,  
We each will say to this vain world,  
Good night, good night, good  
night.
- 5 And when we meet in heaven above,  
With joy we 'll all unite,  
To sing of Christ's redeeming love,  
And never say good night.

56. *Noah's Ark.*  
10s and 11s.

- 1 **Y**OU all are invited with Christ  
to embark  
On board his rich ship, the ancient  
Noah's ark,  
Which was launched at Eden, has  
long been at sea,  
And comes into harbour for you  
and for me.

*Chorus.*

- All glory to Jesus, who died on the  
tree,  
And launched this vessel of mercy  
for me.
- 2 I enter'd on board her, for who  
could delay,  
Where so many could sing, could  
praise, and could pray?  
Our captain is Jesus, his mercy is  
great;  
Our labour is heavenly, our bounty  
is sweet.
- 3 Thrice blessed be he who launched  
her at first,  
And rigg'd her, and stor'd her, on  
purpose for us;  
God's love, so amazing, is still her  
main sail;  
She's plank'd with salvation quite  
down to the keel.
- 4 Provision on board, and clothing  
great store,  
(Provided by wisdom, design'd for  
the poor);  
*The robes of salvation, with which  
our great Lord  
Will clothe all your souls when  
you're entered on board.*

- 5 This vessel was built and com-  
pleted by grace,  
Was fitted and stor'd for burthen  
and chase;  
From her bow to her stern she's  
strongly secured,  
Her cargo is wealthy, and wisely  
insur'd.
- 6 The winds and the waves he still  
holds in his hand,  
And likewise her foes are all at his  
command;  
Near six thousand years she's been  
cruising the main,  
And mann'd with the ransomed she  
harbours again.
- 7 Our Captain we 'll praise, who took  
us on board,  
In safety we are if we sail with the  
Lord;  
Bound to the fair haven, our port  
we shall gain,  
In spite of all dangers in crossing  
the main.

57. *'Yet there is Room.'*  
P. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH millions have entered  
the mansions of bliss,  
And millions still hasten to that  
blessed home,  
What truth more delightful and  
cheering than this!—  
The Saviour invites you, 'and yet  
there is room.'
- Chorus.*  
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus; oh,  
come, sinners, come;  
The church bids you welcome, and  
yet there is room.
- 2 The kind invitation, oh! will you  
despise,  
And choose your abode in the  
regions of woe?  
Stay, sinner, a moment, time ra-  
pidly flies!  
Consider the pains which await  
you below!
- 3 Oh! have you not heard that on  
Calvary bled  
One victim who only for sin  
could atone?  
Then trust in the blood which so  
freely he shed,  
And thou shalt be saved by its  
merits alone.

lusion, and banish de-  
 — from heaven and hap-  
 as room;  
 are open, its mansions  
 air,  
 our invites you, 'and yet  
 is room.'

*maries encouraged and  
 exhorted.*

the Saviour's grace pro-  
 m,  
 red men of God;  
 h, through Immanuel's  
 ,  
 I bought with blood.

lelujah to the Lamb,  
 o died on Mount Calvary,  
 lelujah, hallelujah,  
 lelujah, amen.

ugh your arduous track  
 lie  
 regions dark as death!  
 igh, your faith and zeal  
 y,  
 set your path;

determined courage go,  
 ed with power divine,  
 will needful aid bestow,  
 our labours shine.

s called you to the war  
 ompense your pains;  
 isiah's conquering car,  
 as shall sink to plains.

oach the hosts of hell  
 eir strong holds are  
 en;  
 s superstition's spell,  
 n falls from heaven.

, though earth and hell  
 se,  
 d your Master's cause;  
 hat e'en your mighty foes  
 v before his cross.

*God is Love. P. M.  
 me—Mercy's Free.*

ny soul, arise and sing,  
 d is love, God is love,  
 of my conquering King,  
 d is love, God is love.

He left his Father's throne on high,  
 And laid his dazzling glory by,  
 To save a world condemned to die.  
 God is love, God is love.

2 In Bethlehem the Saviour's born;  
 Let every nation bless the morn;  
 This precious gift the Father gave,  
 And Jesus came the world to save;  
 Redemption through his blood we  
 have.

3 He groaned upon the accursed tree  
 To purchase life for you and me;  
 When hung between the earth and  
 skies,  
 'T is finished, our Immanuel cries,  
 Then bows his sacred head, and dies.

4 He rose triumphant from the dead,  
 And bruises now the serpent's head.  
 With garments stained he mounted  
 high  
 To God's right hand, no more to die,  
 And now he pleads above the sky.

5 We soon shall see him face to face,  
 And shout the triumphs of his grace;  
 Yes, we shall join the blood-washed  
 throng  
 To waft the pleasing theme along,  
 While angels swell the glorious song.

6 Our tears will there be wiped away,  
 In regions of eternal day;  
 A palm of victory we shall bear,  
 And in his kingdom have a share,  
 And through eternity declare,  
 God is love, God is love.  
 JOHN STAMP.

## 60.

P. M.

1 COME, brethren and sisters, let's  
 join heart and hand,  
 Our Jesus will lead us to the pro-  
 mised land; [be sure,  
 Our bread shall be given, our water  
 By faith in his promise our souls  
 are secure.

*Chorus.*

Press forward, press forward, the  
 prize is in view,  
 A crown of bright glory is waiting  
 for you.

2 Our weakness he'll strengthen, and  
 darkness make light,  
 If under his banner we faithfully  
 fight;

Our Jesus we 'll follow, his word  
we 'll obey,  
The world and the devil before him  
give way.

3 When passing the valley no evil  
we 'll fear,  
Our Jesus's presence shall be with  
us there;  
He 'll lead us to mansions of glory  
above,  
And then we shall bathe in the  
ocean of love.

4 When landed in glory, his face we  
shall see,  
Who died on Mount Calvary for you  
and for me;  
We 'll then give all glory to Father  
and Son,  
United in Spirit, three persons in one.  
ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

### 61. *Babylon's Fallen.* P. M.

1 HAIL the day, so long expected,  
Hail the year of full release;  
Zion's walls are now erected,  
And the watchmen live in peace.  
From the distant courts of Zion  
The shrill trumpets loudly roar,  
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—  
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

2 Hark, and hear the people crying,  
See the city disappear,  
Trade and traffic all is dying,  
Lo, they sink to rise no more;  
Merchants who have bought her  
traffic,  
Crying, from a distant shore,  
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—  
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,  
What is this that's come to pass?  
Murmuring like some distant thun-  
der,

Crying, Oh! alas! alas!  
Swell the sounds, ye kings and nobles,  
Priests and people, rich and poor.  
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

4 Lo! her captains are returning,  
Up to Zion see them fly;  
While the heavenly host, rejoicing,  
Shout and echo through the sky.

See the ancients of the city  
Terrified at the uproar;  
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—  
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

5 Tune your harps, ye heavenly choir  
Shout, ye followers of the Lamb  
See the city all on fire,  
Clap your hands and blow the  
flame.

Now 's the day of compensation,  
Hope and mercy now is o'er;  
Babylon's fallen, fallen, fallen—  
Babylon's fallen to rise no more.

### 62. *Repentance.* P. M.

1 WITH a sorrow for sin,  
Let us repentance begin,  
Then conversion of course will draw  
nigh;  
But till washed in the blood  
Of a crucified God,  
We shall never be ready to die.

2 And that we may succeed,  
Let us run with all speed  
To a Saviour who will not deny;  
Let us tell him in brief,  
That of sinners we 're chief,  
But we long to be ready to die.

3 We 've his word and his oath,  
And his blood seal'd them both,  
And we know the Almighty can't lie,  
That if we don't delay,  
But believe, watch, and pray,  
He will soon make us ready to die.

4 When our race it is run,  
When the battle is won,  
We to mansions of glory shall fly;  
There eternally praise  
The blest Ancient of days,  
For his love made us ready to die.

### 63. 4 lines 7s.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God your maker asks you why;  
He who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

#### *Chorus.*

O turn, sinners, turn,  
While the Lord gives you time;  
O turn, sinners, turn,  
And go to heaven with me.

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God the Spirit asks you why;  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
- 3 See the suffering God appears,  
 Jesus weeps, believe his tears,  
 Mingled with his blood they cry,  
 Why will ye for ever die?

64. *Come and Welcome.*  
 P.M.

FROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious sounds I hear,  
 Bursting on my ravished ear:  
 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?

On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owns the ransom paid.  
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

- 3 Spread for thee, the festive board,  
 See with richest dainties stor'd;  
 To the Father's bosom press'd,  
 Yet again a child confessed,  
 Never from his house to roam:  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

- 4 Soon the days of life shall end,  
 Lo! I come, your Saviour, friend;  
 Safe your spirits to convey  
 To the realms of endless day.  
 Up to thy eternal home,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

65. *The Crucifixion.*  
 P.M.

- 1 THE Son of Man they did betray,  
 He was condemned and led away;

Think, O my soul, that mournful day,  
 Look on Mount Calvary!  
 Behold him lamb-like led along,  
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,  
 Accused by each lying tongue,  
 And thus the Lamb of God was hung  
 Upon the shameful tree.

- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,  
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,  
 From every wound a stream of blood  
 Came trickling down again:

His bitter groans all nature shook,  
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,  
 The sleeping saints their graves forsook,  
 The spiteful Jews around him mocked,  
 And laughed at his pain.

- 3 Thus hung between the earth and skies,  
 Behold him tremble as he dies;

Oh, sinner, hear his mournful cries,  
 Behold his torturing pain:  
 The mourning sun withdrew his light,  
 Blush'd and refused to own the sight,  
 All azure clothed in robes of night,  
 All nature mourned and stood affright,

When Christ the Lord was slain.

- 4 Ye men and angels, hear the Son,  
 He cries for help, and there is none,  
 He treads the wine-press all alone,  
 His garments stained with blood;  
 In lamentation hear him cry,  
 'Eli lama Sabachthani!'  
 Though death may close his languid eyes,

He soon would mount above the skies,  
 The conquering Son of God.

- 5 See Jews and Romans in a band,  
 The Lord of Life they thus do brand,  
 Saying, If thou'rt come to save our land,

Now try thyself to free.  
 A soldier pierc'd him when he died,  
 And healing streams flow'd from his side,  
 And thus the Lord was crucified,  
 Stern justice now is satisfied,  
 Sinners, for you and me.

- 6 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid,

The great atonement now is made,  
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,  
 For you he spilt his blood;  
 For you his tender heart did move,  
 For you he left his courts above,  
 That you the length and breadth might prove,  
 The depth and height of perfect love,

In Christ your smiling God.



- 5 Bid all the Jews arise,  
And all the Gentiles come,  
He beckons from the skies,  
Return, ye wanderers, home:  
Prisoners, assert your liberty,  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 6 Soon we shall mount on high,  
Beyond the swelling flood,  
And join in yonder sky  
The army bought with blood:  
To sing through all eternity,  
The glorious year of Jubilee.
- JOHN STAMP.

68. *The Great Wonder.*  
P. M.

- 1 I OFT am led to wonder and wonder  
o'er again: [endless pain;  
I wonder I am saved from wrath and  
I wonder at God's mercy, his kind  
protecting care,  
I wonder I, a sinner, the Lord  
should please to spare.
- 2 How wonderfully pleasing the wonders  
of free grace,  
A wonder sure of wonders to Adam's  
fallen race; [should provide,  
A wonder God so richly for sinners  
A wonderful salvation, that none  
may be denied.
- 3 How wonderful that Jesus should  
leave his Father's throne,  
And to a world of sinners his mercy  
here make known;  
The more I'm led to wonder my  
wonders still increase,  
I wonder that my Saviour should  
die to give me peace.
- 4 The hosts above will wonder if I  
should there arrive,  
And I myself shall wonder to see  
myself alive;  
A wonder then in heaven to all I  
there shall be, [be unto me.  
But still the greatest wonder it will

69. *Our Zion yet shall rise.*  
D. C. M.

- 1 COME, friends, let's lift our voices  
to Christ our heavenly king,  
And while our heart rejoices, his  
praises let us sing;  
Though enemies assail us, we soon  
shall win the prize,  
Then let us sing in chorus, Our  
Zion yet shall rise.

*Chorus.*

- O that will be joyful! our Zion yet  
shall rise, &c.
- 2 Our foes we are defeating; brave  
soldiers, stand your ground;  
The enemy's retreating, and fleeing  
all around;  
The Lord is fighting for us, behold,  
his thunder flies,  
Then let us sing in chorus, Our  
Zion yet shall rise.
- 3 In every village round us, our banners  
we shall raise,  
And thousands flocking round us,  
shall sing Jehovah's praise;  
Though cowards now desert us, the  
man of courage cries,  
In spite of all our conflicts, Our  
Zion yet shall rise.
- 4 Ye heralds of salvation, in Jesus's  
name go on,  
With courage take your station, and  
put your armour on;  
The trophies of our Jesus we will  
view with growing joys,  
Then let us sing in chorus, Our  
Zion yet shall rise.

70. *'O Lord, revive thy work.'*  
S. M.

- 1 O FATHER! hear our prayer,  
And let thy Spirit strive;  
Amidst the years thy arm make bare,  
And thy great work revive.
- 2 Thy all-commanding voice  
Can make the dead alive,  
Can make believers' hearts rejoice,  
And thy own work revive.
- 3 Our cause, O Jesus! plead,  
That we in thee may thrive;  
Now with the Father intercede,  
And let thy work revive.
- 4 Grant preachers, leaders, may  
In faith and patience strive,  
And with thy people ever pray,  
O Lord, thy work revive.

WEST.

71. *The Flying Angel.*  
P. M.

- 1 I SAW a mighty angel fly  
O'er heaven's eternal plain,  
And utter'd his unceasing cry,  
'The Lord will shortly reign.'



- 2 He stretch'd his broad and blazing  
And as he flew along, [wings,  
Poor Zion she began to sing,  
The sweet delightful song.
- 3 Down from the portals of the sky,  
With majesty he came,  
With glory beaming in his eye,  
Then flash'd the mighty flame.
- 4 Thus darkness flew before his face,  
And antichrist did fall,  
As he proclaim'd t' the fallen race,  
That mercy's free for ALL!
- 5 O'er all the dreary scene he went,  
And sin and hell gave way;  
The veil from off the world he rent,  
Then burst the gospel day.

72.

P. M.

- 1 FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,  
There the purple stream doth  
flow,  
There you'll find an open fountain,  
That will wash you white as snow.  
Oh, come quickly,  
And its cleansing virtues know.
- 2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,  
But to Calvary repair;  
There's the fountain for uncleanness,  
And the worst is welcome there.  
Christ invites you  
Now his pardoning love to share.
- 3 Richly flowed the crimson river,  
When our great Redeemer died;  
And that blood will you deliver,  
Whosoever 'tis applied.  
Free salvation  
Flows from Jesu's wounded side.
- 4 Christ is ready to receive you;  
See, his bloody cross appears;  
From your sins he will relieve you,  
And dissolve your doubts & fears.  
He will shortly  
Wipe away his people's tears.
- 5 Oh, behold the Lord expiring,  
See the suffering Son of God!  
And that love be much admiring,  
Which appears in streams of blood.  
Praise the Saviour,  
Praise the wondrous Lamb of God.

73.

Victory.

P.M.

- 1 SWEET the name of Jesus sounds;  
Sinners, come with all your  
wounds,

He will freely take you in,  
With his blood he'll wash you clean  
Come to Jesus, sinners, come;  
Still he cries, there yet is room.

- 2 Oh! how great was Jesu's love,  
For it brought him from above;  
He came salvation for to buy,  
That sinful man may never die.  
Come to Jesus, sinners, come;  
Still he cries, there yet is room.

- 3 On the cross the Saviour died,  
There the Lord was crucified,  
Died forgiveness to obtain;  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.  
Come to Jesus, sinners, come;  
Still he cries, there yet is room.

- 4 Happy they who know the Lord,  
And believe his holy word;  
They his favours now enjoy,  
And shall reign above the sky.  
Come to Jesus, sinners, come;  
Still he cries, there yet is room.

- 5 When to Jordan's brink we come,  
Then the Lord will take us home,  
Take us to a land of rest,  
There to dwell among the blest.  
Come to Jesus, sinners, come;  
Still he cries, there yet is room.

- 6 All our trials will be o'er  
When we land on Canaan's shore;  
There we shall the Saviour see,  
Shout in heaven the victory.  
Oh! how happy we shall be,  
When we gain the victory.

74.

The Gospel Ship.

C. M.

- 1 FROM Calvary's rugged mount  
was launched  
The vessel of free grace, [stor'd,  
Well rigg'd, and with provision  
Bound for the port of peace;  
O'er the tempestuous sea of life  
She'll her rich cargo bring,  
And every Christian mariner  
On board, with joy can sing,  
Chorus.

O'er life's rough sea we mean to  
Till we our harbour gain; [said,  
Blow, gentle gale, fill every sail,  
And waft us o'er the main.

- 2 Sent by the Captain, I invite  
You all to come and wear  
The costly robe of righteousness  
With which he'll clothe you there.

Her sails are spread ; come, sinner,  
    come,  
Arise, make no delay,  
And seek with us a distant home,  
And sail for Canaan's bay.

75.      *The same continued.*  
            C. M.

1 **WHAT** storms of persecution  
    rage ;  
The rolling seas run high ;  
The dreadful whirlpool of despair,  
And rocks of pride are nigh ;  
But still our Captain guides the  
    helm,

Between those rocks he'll steer ;  
Nor can the swelling tide o'erwhelm  
The soul—for God is there.

2 Let foes assault us by the way,  
And tempests rend the sky ;  
Let Satan shoot his fiery darts,  
To interrupt our joy ;  
But still our passage we'll pursue,  
Our vessel is secure ;  
We'll keep the heavenly port in view,  
And still the storm endure.

3 All hands on deck, the Captain cries,  
The storm will soon be o'er ;  
Blow on, ye gentle gales of grace,  
And waft us to the shore ;  
Soon we shall pass the gulf of death,  
And in the port appear,  
With millions who resign'd their  
    breath,  
We'll dwell for ever there.

76.      *Jesus is alive.*  
            C. M.

1 **OLD** Jacob banish'd all his fears,  
His heart did much revive,  
When the glad tidings reach'd his  
    ears  
That Joseph was alive.

*Chorus.*  
To all around the news I'll tell ;  
May God his work revive !  
Tremble, ye powers of earth and  
    hell,  
For Jesus is alive.

2 I'll go and see his face, he cried,  
The sight will me revive :  
It is enough—I'm satisfied—  
My son is yet alive.

3 Joseph a type of him appears,  
Who does with sinners strive ;

The welcome news has reach'd our  
    ears  
That Jesus is alive.

4 He spilt his blood for you and me,  
That we in grace might thrive ;  
But though they nail'd him to the  
    tree,  
We hear he's yet alive.

5 When in his kingdom we arrive,  
We will his name adore ;  
Our Jesus, who is now alive,  
Shall live for evermore.

77.      *The Gospel Ship.*    C. M.  
            *Tune—"The Mistletoe Bough."*

1 **WHAT** vessel are you sailing in ?  
Declare to us the same.  
Our vessel is the ark of God,  
And Christ's our Captain's name.

*Chorus.*

Hoist every sail to catch the gale,  
Each sailor ply the oar ;  
Though storms and tempests may  
    arise,  
We soon shall reach the shore.

2 And are you not afraid some storm  
Your bark will overwhelm ?  
We cannot fear—the Lord is here ;  
'Our Father's at the helm.'

3 Our compass is the sacred word,  
Our anchor's a blooming hope,  
The love of God's our maintop-sail,  
And faith's our cable rope.

4 We've look'd astern on many toils,  
Which Christ has brought us thro' ;  
We're looking now a-head, and lo !  
The land appears in view.

5 Send out your boats—we'll go on  
board,  
If you can find us room.  
We've room for you and all the  
world :  
Make no delay, but come.

6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone ;  
The heavens above are clear ;  
The city bright appears in sight ;  
We're getting round the pier.

7 When all the storms of life are past,  
And we the port obtain,  
We'll praise the Lamb in nobler  
    strains,  
Who died and rose again.



*Sweet Prayer.*

P. M.

Is torn is the bosom by an-  
ish and care,  
r so simple there 's nothing  
e prayer;  
soothes, softens, subdues,  
t sustains,  
our to hope, and puts pas-  
on in chains.  
! sweet prayer!  
with faith, there is no-  
ing like prayer.

reed from those friends we  
e dearest to part,  
d recollections still rise in  
r heart;  
verse, past scenes, past en-  
ments are there,  
r hurtfully pleasing till hal-  
ved by prayer.  
! sweet prayer!  
with faith, there is nothing  
e prayer.

asure would woo us from  
ty's arms,  
n sings sweetly or silently  
arms—  
n, look, loiter, exposed to  
snare,  
g to Jesus we conquer by  
ayer.  
! sweet prayer!  
with faith, there is nothing  
e prayer.

ers to prayer, we are stran-  
rs to bliss,  
ymment of God is secured by  
is,  
n with bright seraphs we  
stasy share  
shall possess the fruition  
prayer.  
! sweet prayer!  
with faith, there is nothing  
e prayer.

*Welcome to Ministers.*

7s and 6s.

ressed heralds, welcome,  
o preach the sacred word,  
lad to hail you welcome,  
ants of the Lord.

The field is white for harvest,  
Your labour may be blest;  
Some sinners are in earnest,  
To find in Jesus rest.

*Chorus.*

O that will be joyful—  
Joyful, joyful,  
O that will be joyful—  
When the work of God revives.  
The work of God revives,  
The work of God revives,  
The work of God—the work of God  
The work of God revives.

2 Then to the work we call you—  
May Jesus crown your zeal;  
We wait in love to join you,  
To pray for Zion's weal.  
Let's never be discouraged,  
Though Satan may oppose;  
By love and duty urged,  
We 'll chase our daring foes.

3 Gird on afresh your armour,  
Ye champions for the truth;  
For Christ, our King and Saviour,  
Shall reign o'er all the earth.  
His triumphs are extending,  
In spite of hellish rage;  
We boldly are contending—  
Help us the war to wage.

4 Once more we hail you welcome,  
Bold champions for the Lord;  
All such are truly welcome,  
Who wield the Spirit's sword.  
And, till our warfare it is o'er,  
Let's urge the vig'rous fight,  
And when we reach yon happy shore,  
We 'll shine in glory bright.

83. *'There is a river the streams  
whereof make glad the city of  
God.'* C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a river deep and broad,  
Its course no mortal knows;  
It fills with joy the church of God,  
And widens as it flows.

2 Where'er it spreads contentions  
cease,  
And love and meekness reign;  
The Lord himself commands the  
peace,  
And foes conspire in vain.

3 Along the shores th' angelic bands  
Watch every moving wave;

With holy joy each breast expands,  
When men the waters crave.

- 4 Flow on, sweet stream, more largely  
flow,

The earth with glory fill;  
Till all the Saviour's name shall  
know,  
And all obey his will.

84.

C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail, the power of Jesu's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall!  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye ransom'd Gentiles, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, lay your honours at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe  
Throughout this earthly ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 6 May we amid the sacred throng  
Before him prostrate fall;  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

85.

C. M.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS oft are toss'd about  
On life's tempestuous main,  
But sav'd by grace they cannot doubt  
The port of peace to gain.

*Chorus*—O that will be joyful,  
To see his face at last.

- 2 With joy they shall appear one day  
Before their Saviour's throne;  
The storms that rise his power display,  
And make his mercy known.

- 3 Their passage lies across the brink  
Of many a threatening wave;  
*The world expects to see them sink,  
But Jesus lives to save.*

- 4 Though, Lord, we are but feeble  
worms,

Yet, since thy word is past,  
We'll venture through ten thousand  
storms

To see thy face at last.

86.

10s and 11s.

**Y**E hills and ye dales,  
In praises abound;

Ye mountains and vales,  
Continue the sound.

Break forth into singing,  
Ye trees of the wood;

For Jesus is bringing  
Poor sinners to God.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah to God;

For he hath redeemed us  
With his own precious blood.

87.

*The Conqueror's Song.*

P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the gospel trump  
sounds!

Thro' all the earth the echo bound;  
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners back to God,  
And safely guides them by his word  
To endless day.

- 2 Hail! all-victorious, conqu'ring  
Lord,

Be thou by all thy works adored;  
Thou Lamb of God on Calvary slain  
Thou conquer'dst death, and rose  
again,

That we with thee might ever reign  
In endless day.

- 3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight  
on;

And when the conquest you have  
won,

Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear  
And in his kingdom have a share.  
And crowns of glory ever wear,  
In endless day.

- 4 Parents and children then shall  
meet,

And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet  
And shout by turns the bursting joy  
And all eternity employ,  
And nothing shall their peace allay  
In endless day.

here we shall in sweet chorus join,  
 nd saints and angels all combine,  
 o sing of his redeeming love,  
 'hen rolling years shall cease to  
 move,  
 nd this shall be our theme above,  
 In endless day.

L. M.

RAISE God for what he's done  
 for me,  
 once was blind, but now I see ;  
 on the brink of ruin fell,  
 lory to God ! I'm out of hell.  
 us—Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.  
 raise God for what he's done for us,  
 e's tuned our hearts to praise him  
 thus,  
 nd now he cries, Go on, go on, [done.  
 ll crown you when your work is

C. M.

N evil long I took delight,  
 Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
 ll a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopp'd my wild career.

Chorus.

! the Lamb ! the bleeding Lamb !  
 The Lamb on Calvary ;  
 ie Lamb that was slain, and liveth  
 To intercede for me. [again,  
 sthought I saw one on the tree,  
 In agony and blood,  
 ho fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
 As near the cross I stood.  
 re never till my latest breath,  
 Can I forget that look ;  
 seem'd to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.  
 r conscience felt and own'd the  
 guilt,  
 And plunged me in despair ;  
 aw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail him there.  
 second look he gave, which said,  
 I freely all forgive ;  
 r blood was for thy ransom paid,  
 die that thou may'st live.

*The Judgment Day.*

OU'LL hear the trumpet sound-  
 ing, sounding, sounding.  
 'll hear the trumpet sounding  
 on that great day ;

So then, poor sinners, you can't  
 stand the fire,  
 No, you can't stand the fire on that  
 great day.

2 You'd better come to Jesus, to  
 Jesus, to Jesus,  
 You'd better come to Jesus against  
 that day ;

So then, poor sinners, you may escape  
 the fire,  
 Yes, you may escape the fire on  
 that great day.

3 You'll see the graves a opening, a  
 opening, a opening,  
 You'll see the graves a opening on  
 that great day ;

So then, poor sinners, you can't face  
 the fire,  
 No, you can't face the fire on that  
 great day.

4 You'd better be converted, con-  
 verted, converted,  
 You'd better be converted against  
 that day ;

So then, poor sinners, you may escape  
 the fire,  
 Yes, you may escape the fire on  
 that great day.

5 You'll see the Judge descending,  
 descending, descending,  
 You'll see the Judge descending  
 on that great day ;

So then, poor sinners, you can't  
 stand the fire,  
 No, you can't stand the fire on that  
 great day.

6 You'd better be made holy, made  
 holy, made holy,  
 You'd better be made holy against  
 that day ;

So then, poor sinners, you may escape  
 the fire,  
 Yes, you may escape the fire on  
 that great day.

91. *Missionary Hymn.*  
 S. M.

1 ZION, arise and shine,  
 Thy light, thy God, is come ;  
 His glory beams with rays divine,  
 He calls thy children home.

2 On all the church below,  
 He sheds his Spirit down :  
 That grateful hosts to him may flow  
 And make his glory known.

- 3 Like gentle showers of spring,  
It falls on distant lands ;  
The little hills rejoice and sing,  
The valleys clap their hands.
- 4 Many through all the earth  
Are running to and fro ;  
To give expected ages birth,  
And banish every foe.
- 5 Support them in the fight,  
Where ancient vices reign ;  
And may they, in thy Spirit's might,  
The rights of God maintain.
- 6 Let valleys for them rise,  
And rocks and hills give way ;  
Appain their path to reach the  
skies,  
And haste the latter day.

### 92. *The same continued.*

- 1 **MAY** every pagan knee  
Bow down beneath their word ;  
And every tongue confess to thee,  
That Jesus is the Lord.
- 2 Let truth her beauty show,  
And grace her charms disclose ;  
And lay the daring idols low,  
And chase away thy foes.
- 3 May all the heathen lands  
Be sprinkled with thy blood ;  
And Ethiopia stretch her hands,  
To embrace the Saviour God.
- 4 May all the nations know  
The heaven of Jesu's love ;  
Unite them to the church below,  
And then thy church above.
- 5 Haste, haste the latter day,  
The prophets' cheering theme ;  
And wipe our tears and grief away,  
And reign the Lord supreme.
- 6 Then barren lands shall sing,  
That children did not bear ;  
And all the earth her tribute bring,  
And serve thee without fear.

### 93. *Preachers' Hymn.* 4 lines 7s.

- 1 **O** YE heralds of the Lord,  
Preachers of his blessed word,  
Like a trumpet, loud and strong,  
Cry aloud, march along.

#### *Chorus.*

*Tread the powers of Satan down,  
He that conquers wins a crown.*

- 2 Soldiers fighting round the cross,  
All things else account but loss ;  
Gird your sword upon your thigh,  
And your every foe defy.
- 3 Take the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
Fight the battles of the Lord ;  
Faithfully your weapons wield,  
Stand your ground and win the word.
- 4 In the name of Christ your friend,  
With the powers of hell contend  
Fight the fight of faith with me  
Jesus gives the victory.
- 5 Be thou faithful, hear him cry,  
In my service fight and die ;  
See in heaven the glorious prize  
Glitt'ring through the starry sky.
- 6 Soon this glorious war shall cease  
Then commences lasting peace  
We our armour shall lay by,  
Victory shout above the sky.

### 94. *Swellings of Jordan.* P. M.

- 1 **POOR** Christian, look up to  
joys set before thee,  
And haste on thy way to the rest  
of glory.  
A crown and a kingdom thy  
may discover ;  
Thy troubles are great, but  
soon will be over ;  
For Jesus hath suffer'd thy  
deliver,  
And light up thy passage through  
Jordan's dark river.
- 2 The world, flesh, and Satan,  
forces are sending,  
With footmen and horses that  
is contending.  
But dost thou grow weary and  
with thy burden ?  
Then what wilt thou do in  
swellings of Jordan ?  
Oh ! cry unto Jesus thy  
deliver,  
And he will support thee  
crossing the river.
- 3 But in thy true character am  
taken ?  
Hast thou by thy conduct  
Saviour forsaken ?  
Then come again to him for  
and for pardon,  
And ask for his aid in the  
swellings of Jordan.

y soul from all danger he then  
will deliver,  
d nothing shall harm you while  
crossing the river.

## PART II.

rist is a sure guide to the chil-  
dren of Zion,  
it if thou hast any false props to  
rely on,  
hy soul is deluded, think what  
thou art doing ;  
a ! cast them away, or they'll sink  
thee to ruin ;  
r none but Jehovah has power to  
deliver,  
ad bear up thy soul in the midst  
of the river.

he clouds gather blackness, the  
night is fast coming,  
he river swells high, and the bil-  
lows are foaming ;  
n what wilt thou lean when thy  
strength is all wasted,  
hy reeds will all fail, and thy  
hopes will be blasted ;  
h ! cry unto Jesus thy soul to de-  
liver,  
and nothing shall harm thee while  
crossing the river.

but if on his mercy thy soul is re-  
lying,  
thou never need'st fear either  
living or dying,  
The footmen and horses shall fall  
down before thee, [to glory.  
And Jordan shall open thy passage  
Then, when thou art lauded safe  
over the river,  
When time is no more thou shalt  
praise him for ever.

5.

S. M.

**JERUSALEM** on high  
My song and city is,  
My glorious home when'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss.  
There dwells the Lord my King,  
Judg'd here unfit to live,  
While saints and angels to him sing,  
And to him homage give.  
The patriarchs of old,  
There from their troubles cease,  
The holy prophets there behold  
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace.

4 The Lamb's apostles there,  
I shall with joy behold ;  
Ten thousand harpers I shall hear,  
Tuning their harps of gold.

5 The bleeding martyrs they,  
Within these courts are found,  
See how they shine in pure array,  
Their scars with glory bound.

6 They sing the new-made song  
Before the throne above ;  
Oh ! may we join that happy throng,  
To shout redeeming love.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

96.

*Cateary.*

C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with  
blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that  
flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
The fountain in his day ;  
And there have I (as vile as he)  
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Thou dying lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransom'd church of God,  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought, full reward,  
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless  
years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but thine.

Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &amp;c.

97. *Our Circuit shall Rise.*  
10s and 11s.

1 **C**OME soldiers of Zion, triumph-  
antly sing



The glorious conquests of Jesus our king.

Though enemies assail us we shall soon win the prize.

Hallelujah, to Jesus, our circuit shall rise.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah, to Jesus, who came from the skies.

And now pleads in heaven that our circuit may rise.

2 Satan's kingdom is falling, our foes we'll defeat;

My brethren, fight on, hell's troops must retreat;

Our armies are raising their songs to the skies.

Come swell the sweet chorus, our circuit shall rise.

3 In every village Christ's banners we'll raise.

Cities, towns shall unite in triumph and praise;

Though cowardly desert us each soldier still cries,

In spite of all conflicts our circuit shall rise.

4 O go forth with courage, our Captain is near;

Now sound the shrill trumpet, prepare for the war;

The ensign's unfurl'd, gospel truth swiftly flies,

Have faith in the promise, our circuit shall rise.

5 Heralds, march on, to sinners proclaim

That Jesus our king in triumph shall reign;

Though devils oppose us and men despise,

Yet still we believe our circuit shall rise.

6 Now faith is gone from every face;

Hallelujah, let us sing

Our circuit shall rise.

Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,

The promise assures us,  
'The Lord will provide.'

2 The birds, without barn  
Or storehouse, are fed;

From them let us learn,  
To trust for our bread.

His saints, what is fitting,  
Shall ne'er be denied,

So long as 'tis written,  
'The Lord will provide.'

3 We all may, like ships,  
By tempests be toss'd,

On perilous deeps,  
But need not be lost;

Though Satan engages  
The wind and the tide,

The scripture engages,  
'The Lord will provide.'

4 His call we obey,  
Like Abraham of old;

We know not the way,  
But faith makes us bold;

For, though we are strangers,  
We have a sure guide,

And trust in all dangers  
'The Lord will provide.'

99.

*The same continued.*

1 WHEN Satan appears  
To hedge up our path,

And fills us with fears,  
We overcome through faith;

— — — — —  
— — — — —

this, our strong tower,  
For safety we hide,  
He Lord is our power,  
'The Lord will provide.'

When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
The word of his grace  
Shall bring us safe through;  
Or fearing, nor doubting,  
With Christ on our side,  
The hope to die shouting,  
'The Lord will provide.'

0. *For souls in distress.*  
P. M.

AW ye my Saviour, saw ye my  
Saviour?

Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
He died on Calvary,  
To atone for you and me,  
And purchas'd our pardon with  
blood.

He was extended, he was extended,  
And shamefully nail'd to the cross;  
He bowed his head and died,  
There my Lord was crucified,  
To atone for a world that was lost.  
Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung  
bleeding,

Three dreadful hours in pain;  
The sun refus'd to shine,  
When his majesty divine  
Was derided, insulted, and slain.  
Darkness prevailing, darkness pre-  
vailing,

Darkness prevailing over the land;  
The solid rocks were rent  
Through Judah's vast extent,  
Whilst the Jews crucified the God  
Man.

1. *The same continued.*

WHEN it was finish'd, when it  
was finish'd,  
And the atonement was made,  
He was taken by the great,  
And embalm'd in spices sweet,  
And in a new sepulchre was laid.  
Where as my surety, there as my  
surety,  
Jesus, my Lord, do I see,  
On him my sins were laid,  
And for me the debt he paid,  
When he groan'd and expir'd on  
the tree.

3 Death could not hold him, death  
could not hold him,  
Jesus the conqueror arose,  
He ascended upon high,  
There no more to bleed & die,  
But now seated in glory above.

4 Now interceding, now interceding,  
Pleading that sinners may live,  
Saying, 'Father, I have died,  
See my wounded hands & side,  
I have redeem'd them, I pray thee  
forgive.

5 'I will forgive them, I will forgive  
them,  
If they will repent and believe;  
Let them turn unto me,  
And depend alone on thee,  
And salvation they freely shall  
have.'

102. *The Pilgrim's Sweet Home.*  
6 lines 8s.

1 WHEN shall my soul from earth  
be freed,  
That perfect bliss with thee to  
prove?

O may that hour arrive with speed  
When I shall reign with thee  
above.

My panting soul cries, 'Jesus, come,  
And bear me to my heavenly home.'

2 Thy boundless love to me is great,  
I find thee present everywhere,  
Thou 'rt with me in my low estate,  
And dost my drooping spirit cheer;  
Yet nearer still I want to come,  
O fetch me to my heavenly home.

3 I drink the streams of love divine,  
Which daily from thy goodness  
flow;

To me no name so dear as thine.

No other name I seek to know:  
Though sweet the streams that from  
thee come,  
They're sweeter in my heavenly  
home.

103. *The same continued.*

1 WHEN peaceful slumbers close  
my eyes,  
My soul in rapture soars away,  
And mounts above yon starry skies,  
In visions of celestial day;  
And there the blissful plains I roam,  
And think myself arriv'd at home.

2 But, ah! alas, I wake and find  
Myself a prisoner here below,  
Within this clay I'm yet confin'd,  
It holds, and will not let me go;  
Oh! break the tie, and let me come  
To live with thee, my Lord, at home.

3 There, with the millions round thy  
throne,  
Drink at the fount of endless bliss;  
A bliss to sinners here unknown,  
Oh! what a happiness is this!  
My soul, break forth, I long to come  
To share those joys with thee at home.

4 Angelic hosts, now on your wings  
Pray bear me to the throne above,  
Where Jesus reigns, the King of  
kings,  
Whose name and nature both are  
love;  
Lend, lend your wings, for Christ  
says come,  
I die to live with him at home.

#### 104. *The Dying Thief.* C. M.

1 THE dying thief began to pray  
When hung upon the tree,  
And thus to Jesus Christ did say,  
'Dear Lord, remember me.'

##### *Chorus.*

Hallelujah to the Lamb who died on  
Mount Calvary,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
amen.

2 'When in thy kingdom thou shalt  
come,  
May I rejoice to see,  
(And earth receive her final doom,)   
That thou rememb'rest me.'

3 Then Jesus Christ to him did say,  
Who saw his streaming eyes,  
'So surely shalt thou be this day  
With me in Paradise.'

4 Let sinners then revile and mock,  
Still may I trust in thee,  
And praise my Saviour and my rock,  
Who here remembers me.

5 And when I reach that happy shore,  
Thy glorious face to see,  
*I'll praise thy name for evermore  
That thou remember'st me.*

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

#### 105. *The Beggar.* P. M. *Tune—Freemasons' Hymn.*

1 I HAVE become a beggar at the  
end of my days,  
And all my delight is to give God  
the praise,  
For he has reliev'd me again and  
again,  
And soon he will ease all my trouble  
and pain.

##### *Chorus.*

And so it came to pass, that the  
beggar, when he died,  
In Abraham's bosom his spirit did  
reside.

2 If I had a died when I had been  
young,  
The trade of a beggar I never had  
known;  
But since it is not so, with my God  
I will comply,  
And I hope to be a beggar until the  
day I die.

3 I have done well with begging since  
I first set out,  
I've begged a kingdom without any  
doubt;  
A crown for my head, and a harp  
for my hand,  
And I'm making home to glory at  
Jesus's command.

4 Come, all faithful beggars, fresh  
courage now take,  
And beg your way through, and his  
ways don't forsake;  
But knock at mercy's door, Christ  
will not you deny,  
There's a crown and a kingdom for  
you by and by.

5 It's true I am a beggar, that's very  
well known,  
I'm begging my way to a kingdom  
and a crown;  
When my begging is ended, and my  
bag I lay down,  
Though a beggar on earth, yet all  
heaven's my own.

#### 106. *Now or never.* P. M.

1 COME, poor sinners, seek the  
Saviour,  
Crucified for Adam's race,  
Let it be thy chief endeavour  
To secure thine endless peace.

never, now or never,  
I must know his pard'ning  
grace.

Dream of heaven hereafter  
You art not born again,  
Eternal reformation  
Not save from endless pain.  
never, now or never,  
I must life eternal gain.

grave there's no repentance  
thy guilty, trembling soul,  
spair and hellish torment,  
at eternal ages roll.  
never, now or never,  
Christ must make thee  
whole.

Satan now deceive thee  
In empty formal show,  
In inward full assurance  
Redemption here below.  
never, now or never,  
his pard'ning love must  
know.

thy weapons of rebellion,  
Jehovah's word obey;  
Jesus's wounds for refuge,  
he'll wash thy sins away.  
never, now or never,  
to Jesus while you may.

*My Jesus has done all things  
well.* L. M.

In a song of grateful praise,  
O my dear Lord my voice I'll  
raise;

all his saints I'll join to tell,  
Jesus has done all things well.

His glorious power confess,  
His wisdom all his works express;  
Al! his love what tongue can  
tell?

Jesus has done all things well.

Overeign, wonderful, and free,  
Seen his love to sinful me;  
Pluck'd me from the jaws of  
hell;

Jesus has done all things well.

He'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
Yet he undertook my cause,  
Save me, though I did rebel;  
Jesus has done all things well.

Thy many a fiery flaming dart  
Uplifted levels at my heart,

With this I all his rage repel,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms resign my breath;  
Yet then my happy soul shall tell  
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 And when to that bright world I  
rise,

And claim my mansion in the skies,  
Above the rest this note shall swell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

# 108. *The Gospel Life Boat.*

D. C. M.

1 ALL hands on board, the Captain  
cries,

Let every sinner hear;  
Along the beach the vessel lies,  
And is about to clear.  
Bound for the haven of repose,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore,  
Where care and pain no bosom  
knows,  
But joys for evermore.

*Chorus.*

O'er life's rough sea we mean to  
sail,

Till we the harbour gain;  
Blow, gentle gale, fill every sail,  
And waft us o'er the main.

2 Should foes o'erhaul us on the way,  
And ask from whence we came,  
We answer, from destruction's bay,  
And Israel is our name.

Or should they wish our bark to  
board,  
Or seem inclin'd for war,  
We'll every man gird on his sword,  
And for the fight prepare.

# 109. *The same continued.*

1 NO carnal weapons do we use,  
When with a foe we meet;  
God's Spirit is the sword we choose,  
His word supports our feet;  
Breastplate of righteousness we  
wear,

The shield of faith keep bright,  
And all prayer, like a glittering  
spear,  
Puts every foe to flight.

*Chorus.*

O'er life's rough sea we mean to  
sail,  
Till we the harbour gain;

Blow, gentle gale, fill every sail,  
And waft us o'er the main.

- 2 Well rigg'd and stor'd, at God's  
command

We launch into the deep,  
And leave a guilty world behind,  
Where sin lulls all to sleep.  
Through breaking seas we mean to  
sail,

Till Zion's cliffs appear,  
And those who have before us gone  
Will hail us welcome there.

110. *Good News.*  
*Tune—Canaan.*

**H**ARK! how the heralds of the  
Lord

To endless joys invite us,  
Proclaim the everlasting word  
That to our God unites us.  
They cry to all the world to come,  
Your Saviour's gone before ye;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home  
To glory, glory, glory.

Gross darkness flies before the sun,  
Back to the pit retiring;  
To us the glorious light is come,  
With hope our souls inspiring:  
Mercy and grace for all our race,  
Through Jesus, is the story;  
There we may see him face to face,  
In glory, glory, glory.

- 3 Numbers increase from day to day,  
In Jesu's cause uniting;  
Sorrow and darkness flee away,  
His love their hearts delighting.  
Ethiopian lands stretch out their  
hands,

Hearing the pleasant story,  
And thousands march from distant  
lands

To glory, glory, glory.

- 4 Lepers are cleans'd, the dead are  
rais'd,

The lame now walk before him,  
The dumb are taught to sing his  
praise,

The blind see and adore him;  
The black, the white, the rich, the  
poor,

The infant, and the hoary,  
May all, through faith, a crown in-  
sure

*In glory, glory, glory.*

- 5 Then let us rally round the cross,  
Despising worldly pleasure,  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
For him, the hidden treasure.  
Rejoice and sing, the Lord is King;  
We'll cast our crowns before thee,  
And make the heav'nly mansions  
ring  
With songs of glory, glory.

111. *A Redeemed Fleet meeting in  
the Port of Glory.*

*Tune—Sunday School Hymn.*

[The last line of the first verse to be  
repeated at the end of every verse.]

- 1 **S**AINTS in Jesus they shall meet  
Around the Saviour's glorious  
seat,

And sin and sigh no more;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Free grace all victorious,  
Oh! that will be joyful, when  
they meet to part no more.

- 2 Full sail, in port, by grace they meet,  
With all the blood-bought ran-  
som'd fleet,

Where billows cease to roar;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Triumphant and glorious.

- 3 Moor'd for ever, they shall meet,  
'Palms,' and 'harps,' and 'robes'  
complete,

Through Calvary's crimson gore;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Glory, glory, glory.

- 4 Singing songs of praise they meet;  
Harmony celestial, sweet,

And all their sorrows o'er;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Heavenly, melodious.

- 5 Families, friends, and churches  
meet,

Thron'd in glory's blissful seat,  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Rapt'rous and triumphant.

- 6 Brothers and sisters they shall meet.  
'Transparent' 'gold' beneath their  
feet,

Pure Salem's heavenly floor;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Brilliant, bright, and glorious.

RT II.

thers they shall meet,  
owns at Jesu's feet,  
its adore ;  
e joyful,  
glorious.

ools redeem'd shall

d the whole shall

ge' festal store ;

e joyful,  
yful.

parents they shall

ommunion sweet,  
die no more ;

e joyful,  
d glorious.

lors they shall meet ;  
and storm retreat—  
ails, and moor ;  
e joyful,  
all glorious.

ad converts meet,  
ase, and frost, and

stant shore ;

e joyful,  
d glorious.

people they shall

m's golden street—  
ir anthems soar ;  
e joyful,  
l glorious.

T III.

'd hosts shall meet ;  
s of glory sweet,  
hrist adore ;  
e joyful,  
d glorious.

oh, come and meet ;  
Jesus' feet,  
e now implore ;  
e joyful,  
, and glorified.

may we meet—  
eluias' greet,  
ters roar ;  
e joyful,  
glorious.

16 Souls and bodies then shall meet—  
Glorified, victorious fleet,  
Ascending up to heaven ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful,  
Lo ! the trumpet sounds, arise.

17 Farewell sin, behold we meet,  
Holiness is now complete,  
All like our glorious Lord ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful,  
Shout through Jesus victory.

18 There in glory moored at last,  
Every storm and billow past ;  
No curse, and no more sea ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful,  
*Perfect everlasting bliss ;*  
Oh ! that will be joyful, when we  
meet to part no more.

112. *Hosanna in the Highest.*  
Mark x. 11.

*Tune—Cliffe.*

1 **M**Y Saviour dwells upon his  
throne,  
Where angels sing hosanna ;  
And saith to all his children, come  
And sing on high hosanna.

2 There I shall drink of holy wine,  
And sing the song hosanna,  
While dress'd in heavenly robes I shine  
With those that sing hosanna.

3 There shall I tune the sacred lyre,  
And sound aloud hosanna,  
With all the blest immortal choir,  
That chant the song hosanna.

4 Blest millions long have gone before  
To sing the song hosanna,  
And yet there's room for millions more  
To swell the note hosanna.

5 I on the brink of ruin fell,  
And could not sing hosanna ;  
But bless the Lord I'm out of hell,  
And now can sing hosanna.

6 It was Voltaire and Thomas Pain,  
Yet still we sing hosanna,  
They tried to prove religion vain,  
But still we sing hosanna.

7 Our children stand before the throne  
And chant the song hosanna,  
They've claimed a kingdom for their  
own,

And now they sing hosanna.

8 Come, sinners, come along with us,  
To sing the song hosanna,  
For there is room in that bless'd house  
And you may sing hosanna.

9 We soon shall cross bold Jordan's  
flood  
And then we'll sing hosanna;  
With yonder army bought with blood,  
We'll sing a loud hosanna.

10 For evermore on harps of gold  
We'll play the song hosanna,  
And half our joys can ne'er be told,  
While singing sweet hosanna.

*Chorus.*

If you get home before I do,  
And join to sing hosanna,  
Look out for me, I'm coming too  
To help to sing hosanna.

J. STAMP.

113. *The Ship 'Safety' bound  
for Canaan.*  
*Tune—Canaan.*

1 WE'RE outward bound, with all  
the fleet,  
And Jesus is our leader;  
Free grace has brought us to his feet;  
Heav'n's glorious interceder.  
Canaan! blest Canaan!  
We are bound to the land of Canaan;  
For Canaan is our place of rest;  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?

2 Our anchor's weighed from earth  
and sin;  
Our sails are spread and flowing;  
We mean a glorious prize to win,  
In the land to which we're going.  
Canaan! rich Canaan!  
All hands for the land of Canaan;  
For Canaan is our 'father-land';  
Will you sail with us for Canaan?

3 We've joined the Lord High Ad-  
miral's ship;  
His standard now is waving;  
We'll range along across the deep;  
Sailors and soldiers saving.  
Canaan! great Canaan!  
Starboard for the land of Canaan!  
'Keep a good look out there—  
fore and aft';  
Will you hail for the land of Canaan?

4 Our number yet is not complete;  
We've berths and glorious wages:

Bear a hand—be quick, and join the  
fleet,  
And read our sacred pages.  
Canaan! grand Canaan!

'Crowns of gold' in the land of  
Canaan;  
Eternal life our pension is;  
Will you ship for the land of Canaan?

5 Our ship's well mann'd and stor'd,  
and arm'd  
With magazines for fighting;  
Fear not, then; come, be not  
alarmed;  
'Tis 'God in Christ' inviting.  
Canaan! strong Canaan!  
No foes in the land of Canaan;  
And Canaan ne'er can conquer'd  
be;  
Will you sail with us for Canaan?

6 Should storms arise 'midst rocks  
and shoals,  
And death come off to seize us,  
Redeeming blood secures our souls,  
'The precious blood of Jesus.'  
Canaan! high Canaan!  
We'll sing in the land of Canaan:  
'From every kindred, tribe, and  
tongue,'  
Will you go to the blood-bought  
Canaan?

7 A few more tacks, main topsail haul,  
And the wind will be fair for  
Canaan;  
The last tack made, with 'haul of  
all';  
Then bear away for Canaan.  
Canaan! calm Canaan!  
'No sea' in the land of Canaan;  
'No night, no curse,' or foe-ships  
there,  
For the glorious Lord's in Canaan.

8 The harbour made, full sail we steer,  
With Calv'ry's standard raised;  
What millions wait our course to  
cheer!  
Free grace, rich grace, be praised!  
Canaan! full Canaan!  
All the saints in the land of Canaan!  
Let go the anchor, furl the sails,  
We've arrived in the land of Canaan.

9 Shout vict'ry o'er sin, death, and hell,  
Through Calv'ry's crimson foun-  
tain;

ll hands in glory, sing and tell  
Of the blood-besprinkled moun-  
tain.

Canaan ! blest Canaan !  
marriage-feast in Canaan ;  
Triumph and glory ! endless joys !  
Come, sail for the port of Canaan !

#### 4. *Death of a Pious Sister.*

*Tune*—'Thou art gone to the  
grave.'

**[**ARK ! what is that note, so  
mournful and slow,  
that sends to the winds the tidings  
of woe ?

sounds like the knell of a spirit  
that's fled—

tells us, alas ! that a sister is dead.

Yes, gone to the grave is she whom  
we lov'd,

and lifeless the form that delight-  
fully mov'd ;

the clods of the valley encompass  
her head,

and truly reminds us a sister is dead.

It clods of the valley they never  
can tell

the spot where the soul is destin'd  
to dwell ;

the angels of light, that surrounded  
her bed,

speak ye !—and tell where that  
spirit is fled.

Yes, have ye heard, in the heavenly  
throng,

that voice which with ours com-  
mingled in song ? [ye led

say, to the courts of our God have  
the soul that from earth for ever is  
fled ?

No voice from the grave, no voice  
from the sky,

discloses the deeds that are doing  
on high ;

need not :—Jehovah hath said in  
his word,

that 'blessed are they who die in  
the Lord.'

#### 5. *The Wife's Adieu.*

SOAR to the realms of the bright  
and the blest,

here the mourner is still, and the  
weary at rest ;

I rise to my glories, while thou must  
remain

In the dark vale of tears, to reproach  
and to pain.

2 And hence, though my heart swells  
exultant to die,

And visions of glory unfold to mine  
eye,

The bosom that struggles and pants  
to be free,

Still cleaves to the dust for affection  
for thee.

3 I dread not another more fond and  
more fair,

When I am forgotten, thy fortunes  
should share.

Oh ! find but a bosom devoted as  
mine,

And my heart's fondest blessing for  
ever be thine.

4 Oh ! let not the stroke which now  
rends us apart

From the faith of thy Saviour e'er  
sever thy heart ;

Lest seeking in anguish relief from  
despair,

The vain world should lure thee to  
look for it there.

5 But, oh ! should it tempt thee awhile  
to resign

A treasure so precious, a hope so  
divine ;

Should the light of his glory be  
hidden from thee

In the hour of thy darkness, oh !  
think upon me.

6 Remember the hope that enlightens  
me now,

Though the damps of the conflict  
are cold on my brow ;

The faith that has nerved me with  
transport to see

The hour of my doom, though it  
tears me from thee.

#### 116. *A Missionary Hymn.* *Tune*—Better Day.

##### PART I.

*The people call upon the Missionaries  
to go out into the Missionary work.*

1 **Y**E men of God, whose heart and  
hand

Are purged by blood, and ready star-



To take the field of labour,  
And proclaim the victory :  
To take the field of labour,  
And sound the Jubilee,

- 2 Your arms are mighty in the Lord :  
You seal his truth, you preach his  
word :

And all shall be confounded,  
Who will not bow the knee ;  
And all shall be confounded,  
Go, sound the Jubilee.

- 3 Amidst the wolves, as sheep go forth ;  
Nor fear their rage, nor dread their  
wrath ;

You have a mighty shepherd,  
Who will quickly make them flee ;  
You have a mighty shepherd ;  
Go, sound the Jubilee.

- 4 Go, take the street, the lane, the  
field ;

The gospel preach, and all shall  
yield ;

And Christ shall reign and tri-  
umph,

And have the victory :  
And Christ shall reign and tri-  
umph ;

Go, sound the Jubilee.

- 5 Go, meet reproach, contempt, and  
shame ;

And suffer much for Jesu's name ;

Rejoice that you are worthy ;

It is you present fee

Rejoice that you are worthy ;

Go, sound the Jubilee.

- 6 Your labours and your sufferings  
here,

Through Christ will raise you to that  
sphere

Where all shall be rewarded ;

And glory is the fee :

Where all shall be rewarded

With heaven's Jubilee.

#### PART II.

#### *The Missionaries' Response.*

- 7 By love constrained—by conscience  
press'd—

Yea, woe to us if we resist

Your call to self-devotion,

To him who on the tree

Provided all salvation,

And gain'd the Jubilee.

- 8 The triumph  
scheme—  
The bleeding  
theme :

We'll show

And Christ's

The deaf shall

And sound the

- 9 'Tis through h  
all ;

And rescue sin

They rise by

And shout the

They rise by

And sound the

- 10 The foes are r  
By faith and  
hand ;

Till all shall

And yield the

Till all shall

And sound the

PA

The

- 11 Most gracious  
bless ;

And give to all

O turn the tide

That all may

O turn the tide

And give the

- 12 Thy servants c  
fire ;

And give them

Defend and o

And set the c

Defend and o

And give the

#### 117. *Holy P Tune—*

- 1 PRAISE the  
lestial—P

Teach his name

—Praise

Angels in his g

Shining hosts in

His high love

Praise ye

- 2 Sun and moon,  
—Praise

And ye countle

Praise :

O ye skies, break forth in singing,  
And, ye clouds, your music bringing,  
One sweet change for ever ringing  
—Praise ye the Lord.

3 Be the theme anew repeated—Praise ye the Lord,

He but spake, they were created—  
Praise ye the Lord,  
He hath fix'd their bounds for ever,  
None their mighty links can sever,  
For his laws can perish never—  
Praise ye the Lord.

4 Dragons, praise your great Creator  
—Praise ye the Lord;

Deep, adore the God of nature—  
Praise ye the Lord;  
Hail and snows and dews distilling,  
Stormy wind his word fulfilling,  
Ever at his bidding willing—Praise ye the Lord.

5 Hills and mountains, join the chorus  
—Praise ye the Lord;

Cedars, swell the song sonorous—  
Praise ye the Lord;  
Tamer beasts, or wild beasts roaring,  
Creeping things or songsters soaring,  
Each awake your strains adoring—  
Praise ye the Lord.

6 Monarchs low before him bending  
—Praise ye the Lord,

People in the chorus blending—  
Praise ye the Lord,  
Princes, judges, high in station,  
Join the general acclamation,  
Young and old shout his salvation—  
Praise ye the Lord.

7 On this theme all tongues be dwelling—Praise ye the Lord,

Praise that name all names excelling  
—Praise ye the Lord,  
When we're safely moor'd in heaven,  
No more tempest-toss'd and driven,  
There the crown of life is given—  
Praise ye the Lord.

REV. I. CORBIN.

118. *The Captive Delivered.* C. M.  
Tune—Harvest Home.

For a Missionary Prayer Meeting.

1 [SEE thy banners, mighty King,  
Already are unfurl'd;  
Speed on thy course, fresh trophies bring,  
And free a captive world.  
Chorus—Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Shed all around a copious shower  
Of thy renewing grace,  
Till sinners feel and bless the power,  
That saves in every place.

119. *The Saint's Reply.*

1 LEAVE thee! no, my dearest Saviour,  
Thee whose blood my pardon bought;

Slight thy mercy, scorn thy favour,  
Perish such an impious thought:  
Leave thee—never;  
Where for peace could I resort?

2 Be offended at thee—never,  
Thee to whom my all I owe,  
Rather shall my heart endeavour,  
With unceasing love to glow:  
Leave thee—never;

Where for safety could I go?

3 Yes, thou left thy throne of glory,  
Left for man the realms of bliss;  
Well may angels harp the story,  
For there ne'er was love like this;  
Leave thee—never;

Thee who art my happiness!

4 Thou alone art my salvation,  
There is none can save but thee;  
Thou, through thy divine oblation,  
From my guilt hast set me free:  
Leave thee—never;

Thou who deign'dst to die for me!

5 Yes, 'tis thou who daily feed'st me,  
Lov'st me (for thou, Lord, art love)  
'Tis thy guardian arm that leads me,  
And can I ungrateful prove?  
Leave thee—never;

Whither, wand'r'er, could I rove;

7 But, O Lord, thou know'st my weakness,  
Know'st how prone I am to stray;  
God of love, of truth, of meekness,  
Guide and keep me in thy way:  
Blest Redeemer,  
Let me never from thee stray.

120. *The Penitent's Prayer and Success.*

1 PITY, Lord, a wretched creature,  
One whose sins for vengeance cry,  
Groaning with his heavy burden,  
Throbbing breast and heavy sigh,  
O my Saviour, canst thou let a  
sinner die?

- 2 No, thou canst not, thou hast promised  
To attend unto his prayer,  
While he cries in faltering accents,  
Jesus, oh! in mercy spare.  
Spare a sinner, Jesus, oh! in  
mercy spare.
- 3 O how swift divine compassion  
Runs to meet the mourning soul,  
And, by words of consolation,  
Makes the wounded spirit whole!  
I'm thy Saviour, let this truth thy  
mind console.
- 4 Groans and sighs are turned to  
praises,  
Doubts and fears are chas'd away,  
Now with saints his voice he raises,  
Jesus hears the pious lay.  
Glory, glory, hallelujahs close the  
day.
- 5 Angels that were hov'ring o'er him  
Spread their wings and leave the  
place,  
Bear to heaven the joyful tidings  
Of a sinner saved by grace.  
Myriads listen, heaven rings with  
shouts of praise.

## 121. *The Canaan Traveller.*

- 1 YE vain worldly pleasures, we bid  
you adieu,  
A heavenly country we have in our  
view;  
From earth we are rising at Jesus'  
command,  
By faith we'll go up and possess the  
good land.

### *Chorus.*

- Press forward, press forward, the  
prize is in view,  
A crown of bright glory is waiting  
for you.
- 2 From Egypt's hard bondage our souls  
are set free,  
And now we are walking in sweet  
liberty;  
All, all, may unite with our con-  
quering band,  
And with us go up and possess the  
good land.  
Press forward, &c.

- 3 The tall sons of Anak may stand in  
our way,  
But Jesus our captain is greater  
than they;  
The power of Jehovah they cannot  
withstand;  
Therefore, we'll go up and possess  
the good land.  
Press forward, &c.
- 4 Through faith in his blood we can  
trample on sin,  
Arrayed in his might we the battle  
shall win;  
The sword of the Spirit is in our  
right hand,  
With this we'll go up and possess  
the good land.  
Press forward, &c.
- 5 Now, now, to the brink of the river  
we're come,  
Our heaven-born spirits would fain  
be at home;  
Lo! Jordan rolls back at our Jesus'  
command;  
He bids us go up and possess the  
good land.  
Press forward, &c.
- 6 Soon as we arrive on celestial  
ground,  
With honour and glory our heads  
shall be crown'd,  
And conquering palms we shall  
hold in our hand,  
And dwell with our King in the  
heavenly land.  
Press forward, &c.

## 122.

### *Hymn.*

- 1 SWEETLY let's join our evening  
prayers,  
And give to the wind our worldly  
cares;  
We'll ply our oars o'er life's rough  
sea—  
We are sailing to eternity.

### *Chorus.*

- Blow, breezes, blow a gale of  
grace,  
The haven of glory's our landing  
place,  
Landing place, landing place,  
The haven of glory's our landing  
place.

3 Though dark the night in which  
we sail,  
Our pilot 's on board, we cannot  
fail;  
The winds and waves obey his word,  
And bow to the mandate of the  
Lord.

3 Faintly at times we pull the oar,  
But every stroke brings nearer  
shore;  
The hills and dales of life look dim,  
We 'll sing to our friends the fare-  
well hymn.

4 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through  
the storm;  
Defend me through each threaten-  
ing ill,  
Control the waves—say ' Peace, be  
still.'

5 Though tempest-tost, and half a  
wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I'll  
seek,  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

6 My anchor firm on Christ I'll cast,  
Till every storm of life be past;  
He 'll bring me safe to Canaan's  
shore,  
Where waves and storms distress  
no more.

### 123. *The Christian Discouraged.* *Tune*—Soldiers of Jesus.

'And the soul of the people was much  
discouraged because of the way.'  
Numbers xxi. 4.

1 **H**OW many and great are the  
foes which infest  
The way through this world to the  
Canaan of rest:  
The traveller ever his Lord would  
obey,  
Yet oft is discouraged because of  
the way.

2 Here Satan, the world, and corrup-  
tions combine,  
And try to prevent the believer's  
design;

They need not destroy, yet they oft  
cause delay,  
And makes him discouraged be-  
cause of the way.

3 When he would do good, imperfec-  
tions abound,  
His graces are weak, and afflictions  
surround;  
Though many turn back, yet his  
soul would not stray,  
But still he 's discouraged because  
of the way.

4 Yet why should the Christian of  
Canaan despair?  
Or why thus give way to dishonour-  
ing fear?  
Let him but his map and his  
Leader obey,  
Nor more be discouraged because  
of the way.

5 In Christ inexhaustible treasures  
are stored;  
And Jesus will suitable blessings  
afford:  
Then why should the pilgrim be  
filled with dismay,  
And why be discouraged because of  
the way?

6 Unchangeable love and omnipotent  
power  
Will land him ere long on the hea-  
venly shore;  
There pleasures eternal will amply  
repay  
For all the discouragements found  
in the way.

### 124. *Rejoicing.*

1 **J**ESUS is my only treasure,  
Now I feel his love within;  
Jesus is my joy and pleasure,  
Since he pardoned all my sin.

#### *Chorus.*

I 'm bound for sweet Canaan,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
To sing with the angels on that  
happy shore.

2 All day long I feel him with me,  
All day long supplies my need;  
Jesus says, I 'll never leave thee;  
Jesus is my friend indeed.

3 In temptation's gloomy hour,  
Jesus lifts my fainting head,  
Free from sin and Satan's power ;  
Jesus is my sun and shield.

4 When the world on me is frowning,  
Jesus takes away my fears ;  
And my dearest friends declining,  
Jesus wipes away my tears.

5 When afflictive dispensations  
Thus beset my feeble frame,  
Jesus comes with consolations,  
Jesus takes away my pain.

6 And when time with me is ending,  
And the streams of life are o'er,  
May my soul get safely landed  
On sweet Canaan's happy shore.

### 125. *National Anthem.* *A Hymn on Peace.*

1 GOD bless our native land,  
May heaven's protecting hand  
Still guard our shore.  
May peace her power extend,  
Foe be transformed to friend,  
And Britain's power depend  
On war no more.

2 Through every changing scene,  
O Lord, preserve the Queen,  
Long may she reign ;  
Her heart inspire and move,  
With wisdom from above ;  
And in a nation's love  
Her throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our isle.  
Home of the brave and free,  
The land of liberty !  
We pray that still on thee  
Kind heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone,  
But be thy mercies known  
From shore to shore.  
Lord, make the nations see,  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family,  
The wide world o'er.

### 126. *The Transformation.* *Tune—'The Light of other Days.'*

1 *SIN'S* darkling train around me  
crowded,  
And quenched the light of joy !

Guilt, like a tempest cloud, en-  
shrouded

My heart e'en from a boy.  
As misers love their glittering trea-  
sure,

I loved the festive scene,  
But still the fairy form of pleasure  
Evanished as a dream.

2 The darkness of my soul was terror !  
Fair hope's strong anchor broke !  
Yet, drifted on a sea of error,  
No voice of gladness woke !  
Then high on Calvary's summit  
gleaming,

The cross of Jesus rose,  
And, o'er my heart its glory stream-  
ing,

Gave joy and sweet repose.

3 This heavenly light had never faded  
In sorrow's darkest hour ;  
Though oft its brightness clouds  
have shaded,  
It never lost its power.

The meteor-lights of earth may  
bicker,

And pale their sickly rays ;  
But Calvary's light can never flicker,  
It shines through endless days !

### 127. *Spiritual Harvest.*

1 THE harvest is past, and the win-  
ter draws nigh,  
The rough stormy blast and the  
tempest beat high ;  
The storms roll around us, oh, take  
us at last  
To regions of glory, when summer  
is past.

#### *Chorus.*

O save us, dear Jesus ; when  
angels shall come,  
To thrust in their sickles, oh,  
bring us safe home.

2 The summer is ended ; Lord, teach  
us to pray,  
And calmly to stand in the last so-  
lemn day ;  
Conduct us to heaven, where joys  
that will last,  
Shall sweetly employ us when har-  
vest is past.

3 The summer is ended, and we are  
alive ;  
Lord, teach us to wrestle, to watch,  
and to strive,

we may dwell with thee, in  
glory at last,  
ever behold thee, when har-  
vest is past.

summer is ended, how solemn  
the thought,  
o'er who have set their salva-  
tion at nought;  
such that blest season has  
rolled away fast,  
they are not saved, though  
harvest is past.

summer is ended, oh, sinners,  
beware;  
God is offended, to meet him  
prepare,  
you may stand boldly before  
him at last,  
gather all the lowly, when harvest  
is past.

only before us to whom we must  
say,  
summer is ended, and you are  
a prey  
to sin, and temptation, and pain  
that will last,  
as you repent, now the harvest  
is past.

Jesus, my Saviour, attend to  
my cry;  
summer is ended, and soon I  
must die;  
give me this moment, and bring  
me at last  
under blest mansions, now har-  
vest is past.

*God is Love.*

*Tune—* 'Will you go?'

HEAVEN sound is this thro' heaven  
resounding—God is love?  
earth I hear the song rebound-  
ing—God is love.  
while adoring hosts proclaim  
is his nature, love his name,  
hail in rapture cries the same—  
God is love.

song repeat, ye saints in glory  
—God is love;  
saints on earth, shout back the  
story—God is love.  
let heaven and earth agree  
and his love both full and free,  
let the theme for ever be—God  
is love.

3 Creation's thousand tongues pro-  
claiming—God is love,  
And Providence unites, exclaiming  
—God is love.

But let the burden'd sinner hear  
The gospel sounding loud and clear  
To every soul, both far and near—  
God is love.

4 This heavenly love all round is flow-  
ing—God is love;  
And in my heart the fire is glowing  
—God is love.

That 'God is love' I know full well,  
And, had I power his love to tell,  
With loudest notes my songs should  
swell—God is love.

5 The love of God is now my pleasure  
—God is love;  
This, only this, shall be my treasure  
—God is love;

This theme shall be my song below,  
And, when I home to glory go,  
This strain eternally shall flow—  
God is love.

## 129.

L. M.

1 WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly  
plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus  
breaks  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night  
was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blew  
The wind that drove my shatter'd  
bark.

4 Deep horrors then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to  
stem,  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm and dan-  
gerous deep,  
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

## 130.

*The Penitent.*

1 MY soul is beset with grief and  
 dismay;  
 I owe a vast debt, and nothing can  
 pay;  
 I must go to prison, unless that dear  
 Lord,  
 Who died and is risen, his pity afford.  
*Chorus*—Come to Jesus just now.

2 The death that he died, the blood  
 that he spilt,  
 To sinners applied, discharge from  
 all guilt;  
 This great Intercessor can give, if  
 he please,  
 The vilest transgressor immediate  
 release.

*Chorus*—He can save you just now.

3 When nail'd to the tree, he answer'd  
 the prayer  
 Of one who, like me, was nigh to  
 despair;  
 He did not upbraid him with all he  
 had done,  
 But instantly made him a saint and  
 a son.

*Chorus*—I believe it just now.

4 The jailor, I read, a pardon receiv'd;  
 And how was he freed? he only  
 believ'd:  
 His case mine resembled, like me  
 he was foul,  
 Like me, too, he trembled, but faith  
 made him whole.

*Chorus*—I will try him just now.

## 131.

*The same continued.*

1 THOUGH Saul in his youth, to  
 madness enrag'd,  
 Against the Lord's truth and people  
 engaged;  
 Yet Jesus, the Saviour, whom long  
 he revil'd,  
 Receiv'd him to favour, and made  
 him a child.

2 A foe to all good, in wickedness  
 skill'd, [fill'd;  
*Manasseh with blood Jerusalem*

In evil long harden'd, the Lord he  
 defied,  
 Yet he, too, was pardon'd when for  
 mercy he cried.

3 Of sinners the chief, and viler than  
 all,  
 The jailor or thief, Manasseh or  
 Saul:  
 Since they were forgiven, why should  
 I despair,  
 While Christ is in heaven, and still  
 answers prayer?

132. *A Penitent in search of Jesus.*  
C. M.

*Tune*—'Fly away pretty moth.'

1 'TIS Jesus Christ I want to find;  
 Pray tell me where he dwells;  
 'Tis he alone can ease my mind,  
 And make my conscience well.

*Chorus.*

Oh, the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb!  
 The Lamb on Calvary!  
 The Lamb that was slain, and liveth  
 again  
 To intercede for me.

2 My pain is great, and none can ease  
 My troubled breast but he;  
 Direct me, friends, then, if you  
 please,  
 Where Jesus I may see.

3 If you go down to yonder fold,  
 And search among the sheep,  
 You'll find him there, as I've been  
 told,  
 For them he loves to keep.

4 What signal shall I have to know  
 Him from another man?  
 You'll find salvation on his brow,  
 And in his arms a lamb.

5 I thank you, friends, for your advice,  
 I'll find him, if I can;  
 'Tis he who'll make my heart re-  
 joice,  
 The friend of sinful man.

6 I've found the Lord, I can rejoice,  
 He's fill'd me with his love;  
 His people they shall be my choice,  
 We soon will meet above.

133. *Address to Sailors.*  
10s and 11s.

1 YE sons of the main, who sail over  
 the flood,  
 Whose sins are like mountains, and  
 reach up to God,

Remember the last voyage of life  
will soon end;  
So now, brother sailor, make Jesus  
your friend.

2 Look astern on your life, see your  
way marked with sin;  
Look ahead, see what danger you  
are foundering in:  
If the black rocks of death beat forth  
on your keel,

Then your vessel and cargo will all  
sink to hell.

3 Mind your helm, brother sailor, and  
don't fall asleep;

Watch and pray night and day, lest  
you sink in the deep;

Lay by your old compass, it will do  
you no good,  
It ne'er will direct you the right  
way to God.

4 Fling your luff, brother sailor, the  
breeze is now fair;

Trim your sails to the wind, boys,  
the storm you'll soon clear;

You're sailing to Jesus, keep him  
in full view,

You'll weather all danger, he'll  
guide you safe through.

134.

*The same continued.*

1 RENOUNCE your old master, the  
devil, straightway,  
Or the crew that you sail with will  
lead you astray;  
Desert the black colours, fly over to  
red,  
For Jesus, your captain, has con-  
quered and bled.

2 His colours are flying, they wave in  
the air,

And volunteers are coming both far  
off and near;

Embark, then, with Jesus, no longer  
delay,

Good usage he'll give you, good  
wages he'll pay.

3 Good usage he'll give you, when  
the voyage it begins,

He will free your transgressions  
and pardon your sins;

Though storms you will meet with  
when sailing that way,

Yet soon you will anchor in heaven's  
broad bay.

4 Your tarpauling jackets no longer  
you'll wear,

But robes dipt in glory, all pure,  
white, and fair,

With crowns on your head that will  
dazzle the sun,

From glory to glory eternally run.

135.

C. M.

1 DRAWN by the cords of love, I  
seek

A father darkly seen;

Oh! that the morning now would  
break,

No veiling cloud between.

2 Thou art my Father, still I cry,  
Though still thou hid'st thy face;  
How longs my soul to find thee nigh  
In manifested grace.

3 Thou art my Father, yea, I feel  
Thy love my soul inspire;  
Let, then, thy goodness now reveal  
My longing soul's desire.

4 Thyself reveal, if now thou art  
Through Jesus reconcil'd;  
Oh, speak th' assurance to my heart,  
And own me for thy child.

136.

*Oh, how he loves!*

P. M.

1 SINNERS, come, let's fly to Jesus!  
Oh, how he loves!

From our thralldom he'll release us,  
Oh, how he loves!

Oh, how glad we are to hear him  
Bid such sinful worms come near  
him,

Why should we distrust or fear him?  
Oh, how he loves!

2 It's eternal life to know him,  
Oh, how he loves!

Think, oh, think, how much we owe  
him,

Oh, how he loves!

With his precious blood he bought  
us,

In the wilderness he sought us,  
To his fold he kindly brought us;  
Oh, how he loves!

3 Come, and in his arms he'll take us,  
Oh, how he loves!

Never leave us, nor forsake us,  
Oh, how he loves!



Men may slight and disrespect us,  
But their wrath shall not affect us,  
Jesus will from harm protect us ;  
Oh, how he loves !

- 4 When the spark of life is waning,  
Oh, how he loves !  
When the languid eye is straining,  
Oh, how he loves !  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis the fettered soul releasing ;  
Oh, how he loves !

- 5 When the pangs of death assail thee,  
Oh, how he loves !  
Christ is thine, he cannot fail thee,  
Oh, how he loves !  
Yes, though death and hell endeavour,  
From his love thy soul to sever,  
Jesus is thy strength for ever ;  
Oh, how he loves !

- 6 Soon in heaven we'll adore him,  
Oh, how he loves !  
Cast our glitt'ring crowns before him,  
Oh, how he loves !  
When the victory is completed,  
And around his throne we're seated,  
Then we'll sing and still repeat it ;  
Oh, how he loves.

## 137.

P. M.

- 1 ONCE the world and its vain pleasures  
Fill'd my heart, and ev'ry thought ;  
Jesus and his heavenly treasures  
Were unheeded and forgot ;  
Could a sinner  
From so sad a state be brought ?
- 2 Yes, for he who hath no pleasure  
In the death of him who dies,  
Stopp'd me ere I fill'd the measure  
Of my vast iniquities ;  
Gave repentance,  
Broke my chains, and bade me rise.
- 3 Deeply mourning, broken hearted,  
Oh how sinful sin did seem !  
From its ways I straight departed,  
God I sought, and only him.  
Blest redemption !  
*Thou shalt henceforth be my theme.*

138. *The same continued.*

- 1 HE who thus in mercy sought me,  
Whilst I valued not his grace,  
Kindly found me out and brought me  
From destruction's crooked ways ;  
Even Jesus  
Will I ever love and praise.
- 2 Now my free and happy spirit  
Joys in pard'ning love made known,  
Bold draws nigh thro' Jesu's merit,  
Grace to ask, before the throne ;  
Whilst the Father  
Hears propitious through his Son.
- 3 Hence the life I now am living  
Doth from Christ himself arise,  
Whilst by faith new strength receiving,  
I press forward to the skies ;  
There faith ceaseth,  
All is seen with open eyes.
- 4 Fellow travellers to Mount Zion,  
Soon will break the glorious day ;  
Faithful he whom we rely on,  
Safe to lead us all the way ;  
Blessed Saviour !  
Let each ransom'd sinner say.

## 139.

*Tune—God save the Queen.*

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise !  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall ;  
Let thine Almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be staid ;  
Lord, hear our call !
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend !  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

# SPIRITUAL SONG BOOK.

Comforter,  
witness bear,  
glad hour!  
O Almighty art,  
in every heart,  
from us depart,  
of power!  
Great One in Three,  
raises be,  
e, evermore;  
Thy reign majesty  
e in glory see,  
eternity  
and adore.

## *Prodigal Son.* C. M.

ACTIONS, tho' they seem  
severe,  
mercy oft are sent;  
topp'd the prodigal's career,  
caused him to repent.

## *Chorus.*

With hunger here, he cries,  
I starve in a foreign land;  
O my father's house has bread  
in store,  
And bounteous are his hands.  
Though he no relents felt,  
All he had spent his store;  
Stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinch'd him sore.  
What have I gain'd by sin,' he said,  
But hunger, shame, and fear?  
O father's house abounds with  
bread,

While I am starving here.  
'I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
And fall before his face;  
Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.'  
His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,  
And threw his arms about the neck  
Of his rebellious child.  
Father, I've sinn'd—but oh, for-  
give;

• I've heard enough,' he said,  
• Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.  
• Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around;  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found.'

I die with hunger now no more,  
Nor starve in a foreign land,  
In my father's house there's bread  
in store,  
And bounteous are his hands.

## 141. *Christ feeding the Multitude.* L. M.

1 THE multitude is going away,  
But Jesus bids his people stay;  
A little while with Jesus stop,  
And gather all the fragments up.  
2 There 's bread and fish for you and  
me,  
And plenty more for two or three;  
Who would not, then, with Jesus  
stop,  
And gather all the fragments up?  
3 There 's wine new from the lees re-  
fin'd,  
If you for glory are inclined;  
Come, then, with us and Jesus stop,  
And gather all the fragments up.  
4 Come, and partake the rich repast,  
The best comes, oftentimes, at the  
last;  
Your baskets fill up to the top,  
In love pack all the fragments up.

## 142. *To be sung through the streets just before Preaching.* P.M.

1 COME, my friends and neighbours,  
The preaching time 's at hand;  
Now leave your habitations,  
And join our little band;  
The chapel door is open,  
You now may enter in;  
And Jesus Christ is waiting,  
To pardon all your sin.  
2 Come with us, now come with us;  
Pray do not stay behind,  
For, if you tarry longer,  
You may not mercy find;  
You'll wish you had gone with us  
To hear the gospel news;  
And curse the day and hour,  
That e'er you did refuse.

## 143. The same continued.

1 THE Saviour's invitation  
Is given unto all,  
Which makes us now invit-  
To hear the gospel call.

- We pray you now go with us,  
To hear the man of God;  
He 'll speak to you of Jesus,  
And his redeeming blood.
- 2 You know the foolish virgins,  
When at the midnight cry,  
No oil in their possession,  
Nor could they any buy.  
Lest you be counted foolish,  
Behold their wretched case;  
Come with us, now come with us,  
Unto the throne of grace.
- 3 Forget not to assemble,  
The God of truth doth say;  
He loves the gates of Zion,  
Where aft his people pray.  
Come with us, then, to hear the word,  
We wish your souls to live,  
And grace and glory shall be yours,  
If you will it receive.
144. *'There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'* D. C. M.  
Tune—Rippon.
- 1 WHEN landed on fair Canaan's shore,  
Beyond life's stormy main;  
We 'll praise the Lamb for evermore,  
Who died and rose again.  
We 'll cast our crown at Jesu's feet,  
And be for ever blest;  
There the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Then God will wipe our tears away,  
When landed safe above;  
And, through a long eternal day,  
We 'll sing redeeming love.  
And join the happy millions,  
Who in blood-washed robes are dressed;  
There the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And martyrs we shall see;  
All walking on yon streets of gold,  
A glorious company.  
Waving their palms before the throne,  
With sin no more oppressed;  
*There the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.*

- 4 Ere long the church shall be  
plete,  
And all the saints brought  
On Zion we 'll each other greet  
Where sin can never come.  
We 'll sit down at the marriage  
And each be a welcome guest  
There the wicked cease  
troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.  
JOHN 87

### 145. *Afflicted Saints.* L. M.

- 1 POOR and afflicted, Lord, are  
Amongst the great unfit to  
But, though the world may think  
strange,  
They would not with the  
exchange.
- 2 Poor and afflicted, yes, they are  
They 're not exempt from grief  
care;  
But he who saves them from  
blood,  
Makes every sorrow yield  
good.
- 3 And as they walk the thorny  
They 're oftimes heard to sigh  
say,  
'Dear Saviour, come, and quicken  
come,  
And take thy mourning pillow  
home.'
- 4 Poor and afflicted is their lot,  
They know it, but they murmur  
'Twould ill become them to resist  
The state their Master deigns  
choose.
- 5 Poor and afflicted, but ere long  
They 'll join yon bright celestial  
throne;  
Their sufferings then will rise  
close,  
And heaven afford them  
repose.
146. *Sailors' Hymn.*  
P. M.
- 1 COME, sailors, can't you arise  
tell  
The wonders of Immanuel  
Yes, bless the Lord, we can  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel

He's been our pilot, oh favoured  
crew,  
He hush'd the winds when they  
rudely blew,  
He ocean smiled and the storms  
withdrew  
Till we had reach'd the haven.

*Chorus.*

Glory be to the Lamb of God !  
Who purchased us with atoning  
blood ;  
Wash our hearts in the purple  
flood,  
And fit our souls for glory.

We saw us lost in Eden's storm ;  
O Bethlehem flew in human form ;  
Ethsemane drank his heart's blood  
warm,  
And Calvary heard it finished.  
O sailors he came on Galilee's  
beach,  
And oft to sailors lived to preach ;  
Sailors he sent the world to teach,  
When he arose to glory.

**7. Soldiers' Hymn.**  
P. M.

COME, soldiers, can't you arise  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
Yes, bless the Lord, we can arise  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel.  
He's been our captain, 'mid war's  
alarms,  
He fired our hearts with cry to arms ;  
He took the field, and with waving  
palms  
Returned in peace triumphant.

*Chorus.*

Glory be to the Lamb of God !  
Who purchased us with atoning  
blood ;  
Wash our hearts in the purple  
flood,  
And fit our souls for glory.  
Come, landmen, can't you arise  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel ?  
Yes, bless the Lord, we can arise  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel.

He's brought us out of the miry clay,  
He set our feet on the king's high-  
way,  
And now we bow to his pleasing  
sway,  
And press to endless glory.

**148. The Closing Scene.**  
P. M.

1 THE judgment day is drawing  
nigh,  
The awful judgment day.  
Oh that will be solemn, solemn,  
solemn, solemn ;  
Oh that will be solemn,  
We shall all assemble there.

2 There we shall with Jesus meet,  
Shall meet to part no more ;  
Oh that will be joyful, &c.

3 Saints and angels there shall meet,  
Shall meet to part no more ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Parents and children there shall  
meet,  
Shall meet to part no more ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful, &c.

5 Saints and sinners there shall meet,  
Shall part to meet no more ;  
Oh ! that will be awful, &c.

6 Preachers and people there shall  
meet,  
Shall meet to part no more ;  
Oh ! that will be joyful, &c.

**149. The Balm of Gilead.**  
C. M.

1 THE blood of Jesus is the balm  
That heals the wounded soul ;  
By looking to that bleeding Lamb,  
We all may be made whole.

2 Rivers of mercy do abound,  
Which all mankind may share ;  
In Gilead the Physician's found,  
And lo ! the balm is there.

3 Why, then, is not our health restor'd ?  
Why do we live in sin ?  
Cannot thy blood, Almighty Lord,  
Now make us pure within ?

4 Yes ! though we are in deep distress,  
We may his goodness feel ;  
Our state is desperate, we confess  
But Gilead's balm can heal.

5 Apply it, then, thou God of love,  
And speak our sins forgiven;  
Now we may all its fulness prove,  
And find our way to heaven.

150. *'Arise, depart: for this is not  
your rest.'* S. M.  
*Tune—Derby.*

- 1 DELUSIVE world, farewell;  
By grief and sin distressed,  
On one delightful thought I dwell,  
That thou art not my rest,
- 2 Once thou wert all I sought  
To fill this anxious breast,  
And it was then a mournful thought  
That thou wert not my rest.
- 3 Till hastening from above,  
A self-invited guest,  
The Saviour, with a smile of love,  
Proclaim'd himself my rest.
- 4 No longer canst thou fill,  
False world, this peaceful breast;  
No more thy frowns my comforts kill,  
Since Jesus is my rest.
- 5 But oft would guilt appear  
In gloomy horrors drest,  
And many a sad foreboding fear  
Deny me of my rest.
- 6 And long with heartfelt pain,  
By inward foes oppress'd,  
Some friendly hand I asked in vain,  
To point a place of rest.
- 7 He bids that scene arise,  
Which life and love invest,  
He bids me use each earthly prize,  
And pant for heavenly rest.
- 8 Yes, I shall join the throng,  
By his own voice confess'd,  
And celebrate one ceaseless song—  
My Lord, my life, my rest.

151. *An Exhortation to Sailors.*  
*Tune—"Ye sons of the Main."*

- 1 YE sons of the ocean that sail o'er  
the sea,  
In the voyage of life keep a good  
look *a-lee*;  
Shun the coast of profaneness, and  
cautiously steer,  
Or the gulf of perdition you never  
will clear.
- 2 Take the compass of grace for your  
*guide o'er the flood*;  
*Keep the log-book of conscience*  
*perpetually good*;

Ply the chain-pur  
the bilge-wa  
Will ruin your ear  
within.

- 3 When the squalls o  
Satan descend  
And the strong in  
the hurrican  
Look straight to th  
he rules the  
No gusts shall up  
lows o'erwh
- 4 Keep close to the  
is your frien  
Be Jesus your pol  
your end;  
Let each pure affec  
the gale  
Of love—then you  
lightly sa
- 5 Ere long the blest  
shall make,  
And see every dang  
*wake*;  
You 'll *double* de  
the stormy  
And safely cast ar  
fair shore.
- 6 The billows no lon  
and down;  
Each penitent sail  
From icebergs, and  
breakers set  
He shall shout, 'F  
who was sm  
R

152. *Gospel Sal*  
*Tune—C.*

- 1 YE heralds of the  
Go visit every  
Lift up your trump  
'The world may  
*Choru*  
Salvation, salvation  
have salvatic
- 2 And as ye range fro  
O'er God's desit'  
Bid winds, and wave  
The echo of salva
- 3 Wave Jesus' flag in  
Tell of his exalts  
And, as ye range o'  
Proclaim this g

4 Bid Jew and Gentile bow the knee,  
And cease from sin's vexation;  
Then lead them safe to Calvary,  
Where they may find salvation.

5 And when you cease your toils on earth,  
And leave your habitation,  
Preach Christ to all, and cry in death,  
'The world may have salvation.'

6 Then, with the deathless throng above,  
Take your exalted station,  
High-mounted on a throne of love,  
With Jesus your salvation.

JOHN STAMP.

153. *Jesus is precious.*  
*Tune—Buy a Broom.*

1 HOW precious is Jesus! he died  
On the tree; [to me!  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
He died on the cross to redeem us  
from sin, [to him.  
He died on the cross for to bring us

*Chorus.*

I'll give him glory, and you'll give  
him glory,  
And we'll all give him glory when  
we arrive at home.

2 When I was a stranger, he then  
took me in;  
When I was a sinner, he pardon'd  
my sin;  
From debt and from prison he then  
set me free:  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!

3 In dark dispensations, he clears up  
my way;  
In gloomy temptations, he helps me  
to pray;  
His love is unbounded, his grace is  
all free:  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!

4 When all earthly comforts around  
me decline,  
The olive should fail, and no fruit  
on the vine,  
Fear not, I am with thee, the pro-  
mise you see:  
*How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!*

5 And if raging billows in torrents  
should roll,  
On life's stormy ocean, to injure my  
soul;  
These shall not molest me wherever  
I be:  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!

6 But soon we shall quit these regions  
below,  
And then flee to Jesus from sorrow  
and woe;  
We'll sing of his praises through  
eternity:  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!

7 In yon blissful mansion we'll sing  
of his love,  
And range the sweet fields with the  
angels above,  
We'll tell them of Jesus who died  
on the tree:  
How precious is Jesus to you and  
to me!

154. *'We love him because he first  
loved us.'* 7s and 6s.  
*Tune—Gideon's Fleece.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord of earth and  
sky,  
Before whom angels bow,  
Laid his robes of glory by,  
And dwelt with men below;  
In a servant's form he came,  
That I might exalted be,  
I will love my Saviour's name,  
Because he first lov'd me.

2 Jesus, in Gethsemane,  
Was bath'd in blood and tears,  
On the top of Calvary,  
Behold the Lord appears.  
There he struggles with our foe,  
Dies to set the captives free,  
I will love my God below,  
Because he first lov'd me.

3 Jesus Christ aton'd for sin  
When on the cross he bled,  
There he did the battle win,  
And bruise'd the serpent's head.  
On my Saviour I depend,  
None can do me good but he,  
I will love him to the end,  
Because he first lov'd me.

4 Now he lives, no more to die,  
Let earth and heaven rejoice;

Saints of God ! exalt him high,  
To him lift up your voice.

Angels, join his praise to sing,  
At his name bow every knee;  
I will love my God and King,  
Because he first lov'd me.

- 5 While I march the heavenly road,  
That leads to Zion's hill,  
Jesu's name I'll spread abroad,  
And do his righteous will.  
And, when this short life is o'er,  
I in heaven his face shall see,  
Then I'll praise and love him more,  
Because he first lov'd me.

155. *Describing Heaven.* P. M.  
*Tune—Aberdeen.*

- 1 HEAVEN is the pilgrim's home,  
The end of all his toils,  
Where grief can never come,  
But pleasure always smiles;  
The couch on which he may recline,  
And say, eternal life is mine.

- 2 Heaven is the port of peace,  
Where tempests never roar,  
Only the refreshing breeze,  
And shipwrecks are no more.  
Oh, blow, propitious heavenly gale,  
That to this port my bark may sail.

- 3 Heaven is the Father's house,  
Where all his children join,  
Where full salvation flows,  
And purest virtues shine;  
Where love and harmony abound,  
And discord is an unknown sound.

- 4 Heaven is the Saviour's smile,  
And oh ! how sweet it is !  
While we are here a while,  
It turns our grief to bliss;  
And if so dear to us on earth,  
In heaven what tongue can tell its worth.

- 5 Heaven is the Christian's home,  
His everlasting rest,  
Where sin shall never come,  
Nor cares disturb his breast;  
But while eternal ages roll,  
Immortal pleasures feast the soul.

- 6 Heaven is the sure reward,  
Which Jesus died to gain;  
Though Satan struggles hard  
To rob us, it's in vain;  
*Fear not, for God and truth com-*  
*bine,*

*And says we shall in glory shine.*

156. D. C. M.  
*Tune—Aitkin.*

- 1 WE now are journeying to  
place

Which God hath said he'll give  
To sing of Christ's redeeming grace  
And in his presence live.  
We want as many with us  
As we can get to come,  
For in the realms of glory  
For all the world there's a room.

- 2 The vilest may find mercy,  
Who do for mercy call,  
Encouraged from Manasseh  
And persecuting Saul.  
They cried unto Jehovah,  
He heard and took them in,  
Their souls he did deliver,  
And pardoned all their sin.

- 3 The swearer and the liar,  
The drunkard and the thief,  
Who long have wandered from his  
In sin and unbelief;  
Believing on the Saviour,  
They all may be forgiven,  
On earth enjoy his favour,  
And reign with him in heaven.

- 4 But let me here remind you  
Delaying is a crime;  
If you would have salvation,  
The present is the time;  
For life is so uncertain,  
A moment, and we're gone;  
And if we die without him,  
Our souls will be undone.

- 5 For after death the judgment,  
That great and awful day,  
When all things in creation  
Will melt and pass away;  
The righteous shall find favour,  
They need not doubt or fear;  
But where will the ungodly  
And sinner then appear ?

157. *Prayer.*  
C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's since  
desire,  
Unuttered or expressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
Which trembles in the breast.  
2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

he sinner's contrite voice  
 ng from his ways,  
 els in their songs rejoice,  
 ' Behold he prays.'  
 e Christian's vital breath,  
 istian's native air,  
 word at the gates of death,  
 rs heaven by prayer.

*he same continued.*

It is the simplest form of  
 speech  
 ant lips can try;  
 he sublimest strains that  
 h  
 jesty on high.

on earth the saints are  
 , and deed, and mind,  
 h the Father and the Son  
 llowship they find.

r on earth is made alone;  
 y Spirit pleads,  
 , on his eternal throne,  
 ers intercedes.

whom we come to God,  
 , the truth, the way;  
 f prayer thyself hast trod;  
 ach us how to pray.

*acksliding Sinner.*

C. M.

I call to my remembrance  
 former happy days;  
 ere spent in pleasure,  
 ts in prayer and praise;  
 I've lost my Saviour,  
 has been in vain:  
 backsliding sinner,  
 i may't come again.  
 h, that will be joyful, &c.

I against his light,  
 'd against his grace,  
 'd his Holy Spirit,  
 cked him to his face.  
 ave cried for vengeance,  
 ee of wretched Cain;  
 backsliding sinner,  
 i may't come again.

lered from Jerusalem  
 to Jericho;  
 amongst robbers,  
 ed grief and woe.

I am wounded and I'm bruise'd,  
 My garments they are stain'd;  
 Yet come, backsliding sinner,  
 For thou may't come again.

4 Hark! listen to the Saviour's voice,  
 It rolls along the skies;  
 It bids the mourning soul rejoice,  
 It bids thee now arise.  
 Arise, go to thy Saviour,  
 He will not thee disdain;  
 So come, backsliding sinner,  
 For thou may't come again.

5 He'll press thee to his bosom,  
 He'll fill thee with his love,  
 He'll heal all thy backslidings,  
 And bear thee safe above.  
 He's pledg'd his oath and promise  
 That none shall come in vain;  
 So come, backsliding sinner,  
 For thou may't come again.

160.

*The Answer.*

1 BUT if you still his grace refuse,  
 And throng the downward road,  
 The wages of destruction choose,  
 And trample on his blood,  
 Neglect your soul's salvation  
 Whilst mercy does remain;  
 Oh, then, backsliding sinner,  
 You cannot come again.  
*Chorus*—Oh, that will be awful, &c.

2 Remember you are dying,  
 For death is just at hand;  
 His darts are thickly flying,  
 They fall on every hand.  
 If once they pierce your bleeding  
 heart,  
 And you in sin remain,  
 Oh! then, backsliding sinner,  
 You cannot come again.

3 When devils drag you down to hell,  
 Below the reach of grace,  
 In that tormenting place to dwell,  
 With all the apostate race,  
 You'll think upon your Saviour  
 Who once for you was slain;  
 But then, backsliding sinner,  
 You cannot come again.

4 There you will groan in black despair  
 To all eternity,  
 And gnash your teeth, and tear your  
 hair,  
 In endless misery.



You'll see the friends of Jesus  
On Canaan's dazzling plain;  
But oh! the gulf is fixed,  
You cannot come again.

- 5 Reflecting now with sorrow—  
How wilfully I fell;  
I might have been in heaven,  
But ah! I'm lost in hell.  
My guilty conscience stings me  
With everlasting pain;  
And it's my chiefest hell to know  
I cannot come again.

JOHN STAMP.

161. *Love-feast Hymn.*  
P. M.

- 1 YE heralds of the bleeding Lamb,  
Do you not feel a heavenly  
flame  
While you the Saviour's love pro-  
claim,  
And tell the pleasing story?  
Yes; Jesus does our hearts inspire,  
He fills us with seraphic fire;  
The sacred flame keeps rising higher,  
And soon 'twill burn in glory.

*Chorus.*

- All glory to the Lord most high,  
Who reigns enthron'd above the  
sky;  
I hope to praise him till I die,  
And after death sing glory.  
2 Ye leaders in the church of God,  
Does he not save you by his blood,  
And guide you on the pleasant road  
That leads to God and glory?  
Yes; while we run at his command,  
Washed in his blood, by faith we  
stand;  
He gently takes us by the hand,  
And leads us on to glory.

162. *The same continued.*

- 1 DEAR sisters, can't you rise and  
tell  
How Jesus saves your souls from  
hell,  
And makes you meet with him to  
dwell  
In yonder realms of glory?  
Yes! when by faith to him we came,  
As brands he snatched us from the  
flame,  
And through the virtue of his name,  
We hope to land in glory.

- 2 Brethren in Christ, can't you  
And join the armies of the ~~skies~~  
To shout the bleeding sacrifice,  
And tell the wondrous story?  
Yes! we can sing redeeming love,  
We feel it flowing from above;  
And if we only faithful prove,  
He'll land our souls in glory.

163.

C. M.

- 1 BEYOND the glitt'ring star  
skies,  
Far as th' eternal hills,  
There in those boundless worlds  
light,  
My dear Redeemer dwells.

*Chorus.*

- Oh, the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb  
The Lamb on Calvary;  
The Lamb that was slain, and livet  
To intercede for me. [agat  
2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right hand, with golden harp  
To offer songs divine.  
3 Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail  
Whose unexampled love  
Caused him to quit those glorios  
realms  
And royalties above.  
4 Through all his travels here below  
They did his steps attend,  
Oft wond'ring how, and where, a  
length  
The mystic scene would end.  
5 They saw his heart, transfix'd with  
wounds,  
With love and grief run o'er;  
They saw him break the bands o  
death,  
Which none e'er broke before.  
6 They brought his chariot from above  
To bear him to his throne,  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings  
and cried,  
'The glorious work is done!'

164.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high  
To God, who rules the skies,  
And all unite at once to try  
For Manchester\* to rise.

\* Or any place, by altering a little

*Chorus.*

at will be joyful  
 e the work revive;  
 the work revive,  
 hat will be joyful.  
 iev'e, and I believe,  
 together strive,  
 he grace of God receive,  
 his work revive.  
 is presence here to-night,  
 s us all alive;

Keep on, we're going  
 it:

rk will soon revive.  
 the Christian's fervent  
 vers,  
 urning's earnest cries,  
 all have a shout ere long;  
 nchester shall rise.

the work is on the move,  
 it with our eyes;

s are burning with his  
 nchester doth rise.

le in me, says Christ,  
 ide in you,  
 you will, but ask in faith:  
 y must go through.

*same continued.*

have ask'd, and wish'd  
 know,  
 sans we should devise;  
 and prayer which brings  
 ough,  
 nchester must rise.

empts us to give o'er,  
 ked men despise;  
 nakes us pray the more  
 nchester may rise.

crying out aloud,  
 what must we do?  
 s coming to our help;  
 y's going through.

still keep pressing on,  
 tain the prize;  
 and fears are fled and

nchester does rise.

se the devil's cause,  
 at me and you;  
 o our help will come:  
 will go through.

6 The word of God, which we believe,  
 In ev'ry part is true;  
 It's only ask, and there receive:  
 The glory must go through.

166.

C. M.

1 **W**HEN we arrive at Canaan's land,  
 Redeeming love we'll sing,  
 And ever dwell at God's right hand,  
 With Jesus Christ our King.

*Chorus.*

Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

2 There we shall join the blood-  
 wash'd throng,  
 To praise the great 'I AM,'  
 And ever sing that glorious song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

3 The Lamb that spilt his precious  
 blood,  
 To him be glory given;  
 He's made us kings and priests to  
 God,  
 And we shall reign in heaven!

4 Deck'd with a never-fading crown,  
 And conquering palms we'll bear;  
 And on our Father's throne sit down,  
 And dwell for ever there.

5 Our theme shall be redeeming love,  
 To all eternity;  
 And all the heavenly host above,  
 Shall join the harmony.

JOHN STAMP.

167. *What think ye of Christ?*

8. 8. 6.

1 **I** THINK he is the Lord most high,  
 Who sits enthron'd above the sky;  
 Jehovah is his name.

What mighty wonders he hath  
 wrought,  
 He spake ten thousand worlds from  
 nought,  
 And all his power proclaim!

2 I think he is the King of Kings;  
 The host above his glory sings;  
 And at his feet they fall!  
 The Alpha and Omega, he  
 Who did create the earth and sea;  
 They crown him Lord of all.

3 I think he left his throne above,  
 Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And to our world came down!

He groaned and died upon the tree,  
To purchase life for you and me;  
And claim us for his own.

- 4 I think he conquered all his foes,  
And from the grave triumphant rose,  
And bruised the serpent's head!  
Ascending to fair Salem's plains,  
The hosts of hell were bound in  
chains,  
And by him captive led.
- 5 I think he lives, no more to die,  
At God's right hand above the sky,  
To plead our cause in heaven;  
And gifts for men he did receive;  
Only in Jesu's name believe,  
And all your sin's forgiven.

JOHN STAMP.

### 168. On Faith. P. M.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,  
On which his sorrows lean,  
The substance of his hope,  
His proof of things unseen!  
It is the anchor of his soul,  
When tempests rage and billows  
roll.
- 2 Faith is the polar star, [bark;  
Which guides the Christian's  
Directs him when afar,  
To reach the holy ark.  
It points his course where'er he  
room,  
And safely guides the pilgrim home.
- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form,  
Hung on the brow of heaven;  
Sign of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given;  
It is the bright triumphal arch,  
Through which the saints to glory  
march.
- 4 Faith is the mountain rock,  
Whose summit towers on high,  
Above the tempest's shock,  
An inmate of the sky;  
Fixed on the prize of greater worth,  
It views with scorn the things of  
earth.
- 5 The faith that works by love  
And purifies the heart,  
A taste of joys above  
To mortals doth impart.  
The Christian's faith is simply this,  
A passport to immortal bliss.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

### 169. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my tit  
To mansions in the s  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eye

Chorus.

Hallelujah, amen.

- 2 Should earth against my s  
gage,  
And hellish darts be hurled  
I then can smile at Satan's  
And face a frowning world
- 2 Let cares like a wild deluge  
And storms of sorrow fall  
May I but safely reach my l  
My God, my heaven, my
- 4 There I shall bathe my we  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble  
Across my peaceful brea

### 170. The Macedonian Cry Tune—Scots wha l

- 1 HARK! what cry arrests  
Hark! what accents of  
'Tis the Heathen's dying p  
Friends of Jesus, hear  
Men of God, to you we cry  
Rests on you our tearful ey  
Help us, Christians, or we  
Die in dark despair.
- 2 Hasten, Christians, haste t  
O'er the land, and o'er the  
Dangers, death, and distan  
Hark! for help they ca  
Afric bends her suppliant  
Asia spreads her hands to  
Hark! they urge the hea  
Jesus died for all.
- 3 Haste, then, spread the  
name,  
Snatch the fire-brands f  
flame,  
Deck his glorious diadem  
With their ransom'd s  
See! the pagan altars fall,  
See! the Saviour reigns o'  
Crown him! crown him! L  
Echoes round the pol

171. *Soldier's Hymn.* P. M.

1 YE soldiers of Jesus, pray stand  
to your arms,  
Prepare for the battle, the gospel  
alarms;  
O be not faint-hearted, though he  
roars like a flood,  
He'll not stand before the bright  
armies of God.

*Chorus.*

Glory be to Jesus, there's no  
friend like Jesus,  
Come with us, come with us,  
Come with us in love,  
Let's all march together, to heaven  
above.

2 To battle, to battle, the trumpets do  
sound,  
The watchmen are crying fair Zion  
around;  
The signal of victory, hark! hark!  
from the sky;  
Shout, shout, ye brave armies, the  
watchmen all cry.

3 King Jesus is riding the white  
horse before,  
The watchmen close after, the  
trumpets do roar,  
Some shouting, some singing, salva-  
tion they cry,  
In the strength of King Jesus, all  
hell we defy.

4 The angelic armies with Zion com-  
bine,  
In robes of bright glory eternally  
shine,  
All shouting and singing, on yon  
happy shore  
Where wars and commotions can  
reach them no more.

5 We'll join the bright harpers in  
anthems divine,  
Whose crown with bright diamonds  
the sun does outshine;  
To the praise of King Jesus, we'll  
tune our harps then;  
Salvation and glory to Jesus, amen.

172. *O Jesus, my Saviour.*  
P. M.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, I know  
thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I  
resign;

Of objects most pleasing, I love  
thee the best,  
Without thee I'm wretched, but  
with thee I'm blest.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
to God,  
For he hath redeemed us with  
his own precious blood.

2 I find him in singing, I find him in  
prayer,  
In sweet meditation he visits me  
there;  
He's my constant companion, may  
we never part,  
All glory to Jesus, he reigns in my  
heart.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what  
I feel,  
The language of mortals or angels  
would fail;  
His love overwhelms me, had I  
wings I would fly,  
To praise him in mansions of glory  
on high.

173. *Sweet Prayer.*  
P. M.

1 THERE'S a refuge for mortals  
however oppress,  
Where the guilty find pardon, the  
weary find rest;  
The weak obtain strength, the dis-  
trest saved from care,  
The fearful encouraged: this refuge  
is prayer.

*Chorus.*

Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's no-  
thing like prayer.

2 The subjects of sorrow come here  
with their woes,  
And taste of the bliss which this  
refuge bestows;  
Receiving the comforts which  
nought can impair,  
Their griefs are assuaged by attend-  
ing to prayer.

3 The sons of affliction come here  
with their pains,  
And feel that this refuge relieves  
and sustains,

- They patience derive, their afflictions to bear,  
And all work for good while they watch unto prayer.
- 4 The world's fleeting pleasures we never desire,  
To pleasures eternal our spirits aspire;  
The world's fading pleasures are nought to compare,  
To the heavenly enjoyments proceeding from prayer.

### 174. *The same continued.*

- 1 **R**EVIEWING our lives we with gratitude trace  
The mercies conferred by the God of all grace,  
And each Ebenezer shall stand to declare  
The blessings received through the medium of prayer.
- 2 When dangers surround us and troubles arise,  
And those who once loved us unite to despise,  
We flee to our refuge, this saves from despair,  
Anxiety ceases when fervent in prayer.
- 3 When fearing we one day shall fall by our foes,  
And never arrive where the pilgrims repose;  
Requesting the presence of God we forbear  
To fear of salvation whilst Jesus hears prayer.
- 4 Sweet prayer mitigates our sensations of pain,  
Imparting a prospect of meeting again;  
Of meeting in bliss which no tongue can declare,  
And seeing the Saviour who answered our prayer.  
Prayer, prayer, sweet prayer!  
Whilst travelling to Zion there's nothing like prayer.

### 175. *T. M. Tune—Gospel Day.*

- 1 **Y**E sleeping souls, arise,  
And cast your sins away;

- Shake off the eyes,  
This is the g  
2 O give your he  
And walk in  
Wash in the fo  
This is the g  
3 He offers you l  
He bids you  
You now ma  
face,  
This is the g  
4 His love to you  
No longer n  
For after death  
This is the g  
5 Should you to  
'Twill be in  
Turn now an  
heaven,  
This is the g

### 176. *8*

- 1 **C**OME, the fo  
Tune my h  
Streams of me  
Call for song  
Teach me som  
Sung by ang  
Praise the mo  
Mount of G  
C  
I am bound  
2 Here I raise n  
Hither by th  
And I hope, by  
Safely to arr  
Jesus sought r  
Wandering  
He, to rescue  
Interposed l  
3 Oh, to grace h  
Daily I'm c  
Let that grace  
Bind my wa  
Prone to wand  
Prone to lea  
Here's my h  
seal it,  
Seal it from

### 177. *To be enter the*

- 1 **H**OW beaut  
Who str

# SPIRITUAL SONG BOOK.

bring salvation on their  
tongues,  
words of peace reveal.

## *Chorus.*

charming is their voice,  
ow sweet their tidings are ;  
behold thy Saviour King,  
e reigns and triumphs here.

happy are our ears,  
at hear this joyful sound ;  
h kings and prophets waited  
for,

id sought, but never found.  
r blessed are our eyes,  
hat see this heavenly light ;  
phets and kings desired it long,  
ut died without the sight.

e watchmen join their voice,  
And joyful tidings bring ;  
rusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn to sing.

he Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
et every nation now behold  
Their Saviour, and their God.

## 78. 4 lines 7s.

**H**ASTEN, sinners, to be wise,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

## *Chorus.*

Oh, turn, sinners, turn,  
While the Lord gives you time !  
Oh, turn, sinners, turn,  
And go to heaven with me !

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's  
sun !

For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this evening's stage be  
run.

3 Oh, hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's  
sun !

For fear thy lamp should fail to  
burn,

Before the needful work is done.

4 Oh, hasten, sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's  
sun !

For fear the curse should thee ar-  
rest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn,  
Now rouse him from his sense-  
less state !

Oh, let him not thy counsel spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

C. M.

## 179. *Tune*—Mortimer.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly  
bliss

Thy sovereign will denies ;  
Accepted at a throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise.

## *Chorus.*

Hallelujah, amen.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art  
mine,  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey  
shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

P. M.

## 180. *Tune*—Calcutta.

1 **C**OME, ye faithful, valiant soldiers  
Gird on helmet, shield, & arms  
Jesus Christ he does command you  
Fear ye not the war's alarms,  
I am with you ;  
Listen to his glorious charms.

2 Look, hell's kingdom now is fallin'  
Devils tremble and give way,  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
We, through Christ, shall win  
day ;

Souls are saved,  
And to glory march their way

3 March, ye heralds of salvation  
Rout the troops of hell's dor  
Without fearing Satan's warric  
Preach the truth, again, aga  
Sound the gospel,  
O'er the land and stormy w

4 Tell them Jesus Christ the  
Suffer'd on Mount Calv

Bled and groan'd, and there expired,  
Them from sin and hell to free;  
Through believing,  
They may him in glory see.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

181. 'Wilt thou be made whole?'  
10s and 11s.

- 1 COME, sinner, attend  
To Jesus the Lord;  
He speaks as thy friend,  
Give heed to his word.  
His language is pleasing,  
Reviving the soul,  
'Tis this (how amazing!)  
'Wilt thou be made whole?'

*Chorus.*

Come to Jesus, just now.

- 2 His power and skill,  
His wisdom and fame,  
His love and his will,  
Are ever the same.  
His med'cine will ease thee,  
And comfort thy soul;  
This language should please thee,  
'Wilt thou be made whole?'

- 3 As wounded and sore,  
To Jesus I'll cry,  
His pity implore,  
And on him rely;  
He'll never reject me,  
Look to him, my soul;  
Those sweet words affect me,  
'Wilt thou be made whole?'

- 4 How shall I adore  
The mercy and grace,  
That shine evermore  
In Jesus's face?  
His promise invites me  
To give him my soul,  
This query excites me,  
'Wilt thou be made whole?'

182. *Mercy's Herald.*  
D. C. M.

- 1 HARK! hark! what news is  
sounding?  
'Tis pleasing, 'tis free grace;  
The love of Christ abounding,  
To Adam's fallen race.  
A message of salvation,  
Of pardon, peace, and love,  
And all in every nation  
May this salvation prove.

2 Behold his blood down streamin'  
While hanging on the tree;  
But view his love now beaming,  
To comfort you and me.  
Yea, in the act of dying,  
While darkness veiled the sky  
We hear the Saviour crying,  
Why, sinners, will ye die?

3 The sinner sees no danger,  
So chooses the broad way,  
To God he is a stranger,  
And still from him doth stray.  
To good he's an aversion,  
Sin is his sole delight,  
And will be till conversion  
Takes place through gospel li

4 To spread this great salvation,  
New preachers sally forth,  
To preach in every nation,  
Thro' east, west, south, and no  
They hoist the blood-stain'd ban  
And point to Jesu's blood,  
And cry, Poor guilty sinner,  
Behold the Lamb of God!

5 Then onwards, friends, 'tis glori  
Your work of faith will end;  
Hold fast, you 'll prove victoriou  
And then the sinner's Friend  
Will raise you to yon mansions,  
Prepared for you by God;  
Where you 'll ascribe salvation  
To Jesu's cleansing blood.

183. *Sweet Home.*  
P. M.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion,  
creatures' complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com  
nion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of me  
there's room,  
And feel, in the presence of Je  
at home.

*Chorus.*

Home, home, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Saviour,  
glory at home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the c  
dren of peace,  
And thrice blessed Jesus, wh  
love cannot cease;  
Though oft from thy presence  
sorrow I roam,  
I long to behold thee in gl  
home.

a this body of sin to be

ders my joy and commu-  
with thee ;  
ow my temptations like  
ws may foam,  
ll be peace, when I'm  
thee at home.

hou deniest me, oh, give  
hy grace,  
s true witness, and  
s of thy face ;  
e with patience, to wait  
y throne,  
en now a sweet foretaste  
me.

cious Lord, in thy pre-  
: to shine,  
an exile in sorrow to pine,  
fair image arise from the  
fled millions to praise  
at home.

*e over and help us.*

P. M.  
enland's icy mountains,  
ndia's coral strand,  
s sunny fountains  
their golden sand ;  
an ancient river,  
ry a palmy plain,  
to deliver  
l from error's chain.

h the spicy breezes  
o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
ry prospect pleases,  
man is vile.  
lavish kindness,  
of God are strewn ;  
in their blindness,  
to wood and stone.

ose souls are lighted  
n from on high ;  
nan benighted,  
of life deny ?  
salvation !  
sound proclaim,  
notest nation  
Messiah's name,  
ye winds his story,  
e waters, roll,  
ea of glory,  
rom pole to pole.

Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

# 185. *Christ the Refuge of his Saints.* *Tune—Halifax.*

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints  
of the Lord,  
Is laid for your souls in his excel-  
lent word ;  
What more could he say than to you  
he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge  
have fled.

## *Chorus.*

Glory be to Jesus, there's no friend  
like Jesus,  
Come with us, come with us,  
Come with us in love,  
And we'll meet together in heaven  
above.

2 In every condition, in sickness and  
health,

In poverty's vale, or abounding in  
wealth,

At home or abroad, on the land or  
the sea,

As thy days may demand, shall thy  
strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not  
dismayed,

I, I am thy God, and will still give  
thee aid,

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipo-  
tent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I  
call thee to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee  
overflow,

For I will be with thee thy troubles  
to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest  
distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy path-  
way shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy  
supply,

The flames shall not hurt thee, I  
only design

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold  
to refine.



6 Even down to old age all my people  
shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchange-  
able love,  
And when hoary hairs shall their  
temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still on my  
bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
for repose,  
If faithful, I'll never desert to his  
foes;  
That soul, though all hell should en-  
deavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

186. *Sweet Canaan.*

P. M.

1 **WHAT** has Jesus done for me?  
He came from the land of  
Canaan,  
He groaned and died upon the tree,  
That I might land in Canaan.  
A glorious crown appears for me  
In the land of Canaan,  
A palm of royal victory,  
I'm going to the land of Canaan.

*Chorus.*

Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;  
Canaan is a happy place,  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?

2 When I join that glorious throng,  
In the land of Canaan,  
I'll sing my great Redeemer's song,  
With glorious saints in Canaan.  
Now I've escaped the flames of hell,  
And landed in fair Canaan;  
The joys I'll have no tongue can tell,  
While dwelling in sweet Canaan.

3 On Canaan's flow'ry banks I'll sit,  
And sing without complaining,  
How I've escaped the bottomless pit,  
And landed in fair Canaan.  
My weary soul would be at rest,  
My heart be free from paining;  
To reign with Jesus is the best,  
In the sweet land of Canaan.

187. *The same continued.*

1 **BROTHERS**, sisters, come away,  
*There's mercy still remaining,*  
*To spend a long eternal day*  
*In the sweet land of Canaan.*

There Jesus sits upon the throne,  
His mercy's worth obtaining;  
Inviting all his children home,  
To reign with him in Canaan.

*Chorus.*

Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;  
Canaan is a happy place,  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?

2 A land where milk and honey flow,  
The scriptures are explaining;  
The fruits of Paradise there grow,  
All in the land of Canaan.  
O never let us slack our pace,  
Or Satan will be gaining;  
With faith and prayer, let's run the  
race,  
And win the prize in Canaan.

3 O sinner, turn and go with me,  
Christ Jesus waits in Canaan;  
With angels bright to welcome thee,  
Around his throne in Canaan.  
Come freely to salvation's stream,  
And join the Lamb in Canaan,  
Where everlasting glory beams;  
Oh! fly to the land of Canaan.

188. *The Dying Saint.*

C. M.

*Tune—Mount Zion.*

1 **IN** vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death;  
The glories that surround the saint  
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetter breaks,  
We scarce can say he's gone,  
Before the happy spirit takes  
Its station near the throne.

3 Faith tries, but all her efforts fail,  
To trace the heavenly flight;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, and this is all we know,  
They are supremely blest,  
They've done with sin, and pain  
and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they  
praise,  
His presence always view;  
And, if we walk in Jesus' ways,  
There we shall see him too.

and pray till Christ  
ne,  
heaven to share;  
ting up our home,  
neet you there.

WED BY JOHN STAMP.

*lors' Sweet Home.*

P. M.

sed on life's ocean,  
uous and drear,  
float around us and  
ols are near;  
to feel, in this season  
,  
present to guide us  
e.

*horus.*

sweet, sweet home;  
present to guide us  
e.

is beat around us, we  
r no ill,  
is power and infinite

this people was ne'er  
o roam,  
hout ceasing to see  
home.

h affliction, he hears  
plaints  
e sad breasts of his  
il saints;  
on their journey no  
n to bloom,  
lasting awaits them

o hear, when billows  
l,  
claiming, 'Fear not,

ds may threaten, the  
ay foam,  
ill subserve to impel  
ome.

o dwell where storms  
blest,  
e pure calm of the  
'rest!  
t that defiles or dis-  
an come,  
l vision of glory at

# 190. *Mary's Tears.* 10s and 11s.

1 **A**T the dawn of the day came  
Mary away,  
To see the sepulchre and mourn;  
But how did she fear an angel to  
hear,  
Say, 'Mary, the Master is gone.'

2 Surpris'd at the sound, in silence  
profound,  
While trembling she stood at the  
stone;  
Yet none did she find to comfort  
her mind,  
Poor Mary, the Master was gone.

3 Love flows from her eyes, love  
heaves in her sighs,  
How pensive she utters her moan;  
The stone is remov'd, lost is all that  
she lov'd,  
Ah! Mary, the Master is gone.

4 In vain was my care, perfumes to  
prepare,  
An attempt to embalm him alone;  
Taken hence from my view--what,  
alas! shall I do,  
Ah! Mary, the Master is gone.

5 Alas! 'tis in vain to seek ease in my  
pain,  
From a bosom as callous as stone;  
None on earth seems to calm with  
sweet sympathy's balm  
My grief, for the Master is gone.

6 Hallelujahs arise, assist me, yeskies,  
To rejoice with the Master that 's  
mourn'd;  
Hence sorrow, hence care, to the  
wind with despair,  
Rabboni, the Master's returned.

# 191. *Missionary Hymn.* 7s and 6s. Tune—M'Lean.

1 **G**REAT Author of salvation,  
Before thy face we bow,  
Look from thine habitation,  
And bless thy children now.  
Our circuit and our mission,  
We now present to thee,  
Regard our joint petition  
And set the captive free.

2 Thousands, in this our nation,  
Are bound in Satan's chain.

We offer them salvation,  
And preach the Saviour slain.  
By heavenly wisdom guided,  
From place to place we roam;  
The feast is now provided,  
We'll call the wanderers home.

- 3 And, though among our neighbours  
We raise the joyful sound,  
We don't confine our labours  
To those on British ground.  
Regardless of all danger,  
Our missionaries run,  
And tell to foes and strangers,  
What Christ for all hath done.

- 4 A missionary spirit  
O may we all possess,  
And claim, through Jesu's merit,  
The crown of righteousness.  
Assist us, mighty Saviour,  
Thy gospel to proclaim,  
Till all enjoy thy favour,  
And glorify thy name.

- 5 Labourers, O Lord, are wanted,  
Thy gospel seed to sow,  
May our request be granted—  
May heaven reign below.  
While in our different stations  
We spread the truth divine,  
Come, O Desire of nations,  
And make the people thine.

## 192.

8s and 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in  
blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possess-  
ing,

From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of  
blood,

Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with  
God.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before the cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.  
Here it is I have my heaven,  
*While upon the Lamb I gaze;*  
*Love I much? I've much forgiven!*  
*I'm a miracle of grace!*

193. *Tune*—The House of the Lord shall be filled. P. M.

- 1 THE work of the Lord doth revive,  
In grace and in knowledge we  
thrive;

Our hearts God is touching, the  
day is approaching,  
When the dead shall be all made  
alive.

- 2 Lo! heralds are flying abroad,  
To point out the heavenly road;  
The bright sun is beaming, rich  
mercy is streaming,  
And poor sinners are turning to God.

- 3 The Saviour and friend of mankind  
Gives comfort and peace to the mind;  
The weary he blesses, removes their  
distresses,  
And communicates sight to the  
blind.

- 4 Rich fruit in abundance does grow,  
The earth shall with glory o'erflow;  
Jehovah hath spoken, his word  
can't be broken,  
All the world his salvation shall  
know.

- 5 Pure streams in the desert shall  
spring,  
The hills and the valleys shall ring;  
While cherubs adore him, and fall  
down before him,  
The redeemed shall acknowledge  
their king.

- 6 O'er angels and men he doth reign,  
His right he shall ever maintain;  
His foes he's o'erthrowing, his em-  
pire is growing,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! amen!

## 194.

7s and 6s.

*Tune*—Scotland.

- 1 COME on, ye valiant soldiers,  
Gird on your shield and arms  
Make ready for the battle,  
Nor dread the war's alarms.  
Our Captain we'll rely on,  
His cause we will maintain,  
And we shall see our circuit  
Revive and rise again.

- 2 Our Captain is victorious,  
And mighty in the field,  
His enemies, though daring,  
Before his face must yield;

With a rod of iron,  
Break their hellish reign,  
We shall see our circuit  
Live and rise again.

Flock around the standard,  
Every foe defy,  
Ling beneath his banner,  
'Till conquer or we'll die.  
The devouring lion  
Roar and rage in vain,  
We shall see our circuit  
Live and rise again.

Now besiege his kingdom  
With a holy rage and spite,  
Drive them from any quarters,  
Put them all to flight.  
Preach, believe, and pray on,  
Will his cause maintain,  
We shall see our circuit  
Live and rise again.

*And the House of the Lord  
shall be filled. P. M.*

the house of the Lord shall  
be filled

1 glory, hallelujah,  
1 glory, hallelujah,  
1 glory, hallelujah, amen.

1 preacher be filled with thy  
glory, hallelujah. [love,

1 members be filled with thy  
the power. [love,

1 children be filled with thy  
the power. [love,

1 penitents be filled with thy  
the power. [love,

1 sliders be filled with thy  
the power. [love,

1 the work of the Lord shall  
the power. [revive,

*Salvation.*

*S. M.*

1 guilty sinner, see,  
1 that God for thee has done,  
1 thy soul from misery,  
1 save his only Son.

1 mourning sinner, hear  
1 Christ the Lord does say;  
1 thee to his side draw near,  
1 wash thy sins away.

3 Speak, humble sinner, speak  
To God in earnest prayer,  
And spread thy wants before his  
throne,  
There's help for sinners there.

4 I feel, seeking sinner, feel,  
This moment feel forgiven,  
And Jesus will to thee reveal  
The evidence of heaven.

5 Walk, sinner saved by grace,  
In wisdom's narrow way!  
And thou shalt see thy Saviour's  
face  
In everlasting day.

*197. To be sung when a soul gets  
liberty or sanctified.*

1 NOW we raise the general chorus;  
Angels, join the joyful lay,  
Happy is the soul before us,  
Christ has wash'd his sins away.

*Chorus.*

O hallelujah, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, hallelujah, we are on our  
journey home.

2 Now no more his fears distress him,  
All is joy, and love, and peace,  
Jesus has come down to bless him,  
Jesus grants him sweet release.

*198. The Hiding place.  
L. M.*

1 AGAINST the God who rules  
the sky  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the mention of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

2 Enwapp'd in thick Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than  
light,

Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding place.

3 But soon a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel form appeared;  
She led me on with cheerful grace,  
To Jesus! as my hiding place.

4 Should storms of sevenfold thun-  
der roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face  
For Jesus is my hiding place.

5 On him almighty vengeance fell,  
Which must have sunk a world to  
hell,  
He bore it all—for all our race,  
And thus became our hiding place.

6 A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;  
Where I shall chant the songs of  
grace,  
And be with Christ, my hiding place.

### 199. *Mercy's Free.* P. M.

1 **BY** faith I see my Saviour dying  
On the tree, on the tree,  
To every nation he is crying,  
Look to me, look to me.  
He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,  
Hark! hark! these precious words  
I hear,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me, pity me?  
And did he save my soul from ruin,  
Can it be, can it be?  
O yes, he did salvation bring,  
He is my prophet, priest, and king,  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus the mighty God hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free;  
Soon as I in his name believed,  
The Holy Spirit I received,  
And Christ from death my soul re-  
trieved,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jehovah still my soul refreshes,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And every moment Christ is precious,  
Unto me, unto me;  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through the wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
And this shall be my song when  
dying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;

And when the vale of death I've  
passed,  
And lodg'd above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

### 200. *Christ the Rock.* P. M.

1 **I**N seasons of grief to my God I'll  
repair,  
When my heart is o'erwhelmed  
with sorrows and care;  
From the ends of the earth to thee  
will I cry,  
Lead me to the rock that is higher  
than I.

#### *Chorus.*

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to  
God,  
For he hath redeemed us with his  
own precious blood.

2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like  
a flood,  
To drive my poor soul from the  
fountain of good,  
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly  
did die;  
Lead me to the rock that is higher  
than I.

3 And when I shall close my pilgrim-  
age here,  
In Jesus' righteousness let me  
appear;  
In the swellings of Jordan on thee  
I'll rely,  
And look on the rock that is higher  
than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall  
sound through the skies,  
And the dead from the dust of the  
earth shall arise;  
As I soar in the air, to the angels  
I'll cry,  
Lead me to the rock that is higher  
than I.

5 And when I behold thee arrayed on  
thy throne,  
I'll fall at thy feet and there cast  
my crown;  
The malice of Satan and men I'll  
defy,  
When safe on the rock that is higher  
than I.

shall meet the dear  
ed flock,  
h drank the streams  
w'd from this rock.  
I'll join above yonder

de dear rock that is  
than I.

shall forget. D. C. M.  
'Oh, no! they never  
tion her.'

onsider, O my God,  
hou hast done for me;  
und in thralldom,  
as set me free.  
rd five hundred pence,  
aid the debt;  
own arm salvation  
t, forget.

orrows once he bore,  
d on the tree;  
urns my Saviour wore,  
d died for me.  
on Gethsemane,  
ad bloody sweat,  
o Calvary,  
n I forget?

me continued.

as dark, my soul was

of hellish night,  
te that powerful word,  
et there be light.  
nviction first I felt,  
mourn and fret,  
t he forgave my sins,  
forget.

was in a flame,  
as made with God;  
o praise his name,  
s holy word.  
ik upon that hour,  
Jesus met,  
t the cleansing power,  
I forget.

ur from earth away,  
su's breast,  
wipe my tears away,  
me to rest.

He'll give me a palm of victory,  
And a crown with diamonds set,  
And through a long eternity  
I never shall forget.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

203. *For the Society at Parting.*  
*Tune—Mortimer. C. M.*

1 BRETHREN and sisters, we must  
part,  
And to our callings go,  
But let us all keep one in heart,  
Whilst we remain below.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah, amen.  
Hallelujah, amen.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, amen.

2 We may but meet a few times more,  
But let us meet above,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
In that bright world of love.

3 We shall, with Christ in Paradise,  
To endless ages dwell,  
Then let us pray both night and day;  
So now, dear friends, farewell.

204. *The Christian viewing Christ*  
*by faith.*

*Tune—Coventry. S. M.*

1 O HOW I love thy name,  
Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
Thy great salvation I'll proclaim,  
And spread thy truth abroad.

2 I soar on eagles' wings  
Towards my native place,  
With joy I leave all earthly things,  
To see thy glorious face.

3 Thy glory I admire,  
On thee by faith I gaze,  
My soul is fill'd with heavenly fire,  
My lips show forth thy praise.

4 The world has lost its charms,  
It has no joys for me,  
Secure I rest within thy arms,  
My heart is fixed on thee.

5 Terrestrial objects seem  
No beauties to unfold,  
The sun, and moon, and stars look  
dim,

While I thy face behold.

6 O may I live to thee,  
Till called from earth away.  
Then I without a veil shall see  
Thy face in endless day.

# 205. *We are strangers and pilgrims here.*

*Tune—Port Royal. S. M.*

- 1 **A**S pilgrims here we roam,  
A heavenly rest to find;  
In search of endless joys above,  
We leave the world behind.
- 2 In tents we lodge awhile,  
Which often want repair;  
We labour hard, we groan, and toil,  
Our better house to share.
- 3 Our tents begin to shake,  
The walls are giving way,  
Our flight from earth we soon shall take,  
We have not long to stay.
- 4 Our happy souls shall rise  
From transitory things,  
Shall mount above the lofty skies,  
Upborne on angels' wings.
- 5 And when our rest we gain,  
Our mourning will be o'er;  
Sorrow and sin, and grief and pain,  
Shall trouble us no more.
- 6 In that thrice happy place,  
We shall be ever blest;  
Come on, my friends, let's mend  
our pace,  
To our eternal rest.

# 206. *Tune—Grimsby. L. M.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing my great Redeemer's praise!  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, oh! how free.
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, oh! how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, oh! how strong.
- 4 When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,  
Have gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, oh! how good.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
Oh! may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away  
To yon bright world of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving kindness in the skies.

# 207. *Christmas Hymn. T. M.*

*Tune—Broadbent.*

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains;  
Some new delight in heaven is known,  
Loud ring the harps around the throne!
- 2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,  
The joyous hosts descend;  
Jesus forsakes the sky,  
To earth his footsteps bend;  
He comes to bless our fallen race—  
He comes with messages of grace!
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round,  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show.  
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,  
To great Immanuel's name;  
Arise, ye sons of men,  
And all his grace proclaim.  
Angels and men, wake every string,  
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

# 208. *T. M.*

*Tune—Zion's Hill.*

- 1 **F**ROM sorrow, grief, and pain,  
We soon shall be set free,  
Then we in heaven shall reign,  
And Christ our Saviour see;  
And there we shall for ever stay,  
In regions of eternal day.
- 2 While in this vale of tears,  
May we with Jesus walk,  
And wipe away our tears,  
And of his goodness talk.  
In heaven we all shall see his face,  
And sing of his redeeming grace.

- 3 What saints enjoy above,  
No human tongue can tell,  
All swallowed up in love,  
And free from sin and hell;  
There every want will be supplied,  
By him who once on Calvary died.
- 4 Then let us all refrain  
From gloomy grief and woe,  
Our Christian course maintain,  
While we sojourn below.  
Then you and I with joy shall see  
Our Saviour in eternity.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

209. *The Saviour's Appeal.*

- 1 SAY, my little flock beloved,  
Wherefore do you fall away  
From the fold that once ye loved?  
Whither, whither will ye stray?  
Will ye leave me?  
Will ye also go away?
- 2 Why so soon offended are ye?  
Why your faith so weak and slow?  
Love so great, can any for ye  
Care so kind and constant show?  
Will ye leave me?  
Whither, whither, will ye go?
- 3 Did I leave my throne in heaven  
Thus required here to be?  
Born 'a child' on earth, and given  
As 'a Son' to set you free?  
Will ye leave me?  
Me for you incarnate made.
- 4 Did I shed huge drops of anguish,  
Was I stretch'd and pierc'd on  
high,  
Torn with thorns and left to languish?  
Did I suffer, bleed, and die?  
Will ye leave me?  
'Twas for you I groan'd and bled.

210. *The same continued.*

- 1 YOU to save, thus did I sorrow,  
Did I rise to lead you home?  
Have I bought a heaven for you,  
And will ye refuse to come?  
Will ye leave me?  
Will ye scorn my proffer'd grace?
- 2 Will ye smite the hand that feeds  
you?  
Will ye pierce the heart that loves?

Will ye wound the arm that leads  
you,  
His who heals, protects, approves?  
Will ye leave me?  
Will ye thus ungrateful prove?

- 3 Stay before ye rashly wander,  
Reconsider where you go,  
There is no salvation yonder,  
Naught but misery and woe.  
Will ye leave me?  
Whither, whither, will ye go?

- 4 Is my arm in vain extended?  
Have I borne your sins in vain?  
Bled, and suffered, ris'n, ascended,  
Opened heaven's gates again?  
Will ye leave me?  
Hear, believe, return, and live.

211. *Preacher's Farewell Hymn.*  
*Tune—Mercy's Free.*

- 1 MY friends and hearers all adieu,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
I can no longer stay with you,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.  
My Master calls, I must away,  
In other parts to preach and pray,  
And I the glorious call obey,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.
- 2 Brethren and sisters in the Lord,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
We oft have feasted on his word,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.  
But now those blissful scenes are  
o'er,  
And I may never see you more,  
Till all the storms of life are o'er;  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.
- 3 Ye sinners and backsliders too,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
I oft have wept and prayed for you,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.  
But you my voice no more may  
hear,  
Till Christ shall in the clouds  
appear,  
And then you'll meet your  
preacher there,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.
- 4 Ye heralds of the dying God,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
Still point poor sinners to the blood  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.



Go tell them Jesus died to save,  
And snatch them from the gaping  
grave,

And you a sure reward shall have;  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.

5 And you, my little children dear,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
May you at last in heaven appear,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
And each receive a starry crown,  
And on a dazzling throne sit down,  
And claim a kingdom for your  
own;

Fare ye well, fare ye well.

6 Until we all arrive in heaven,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well;  
There friends asunder sha'n't be  
riven,  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.  
When landed on that happy shore,  
We then shall say farewell no  
more,  
There all our partings will be o'er.  
Fare ye well, fare ye well.

JOHN STAMP.

212. P. M.  
*Tune*—Saw ye my Saviour?

1 HARK what glad tidings, hark  
what glad tidings,  
Jesus invites from on high;  
Saying, Sinners, turn to me, for I  
died to set you free;  
Turn, sinners, turn, why will you  
die?

2 Preachers are pleading, preachers  
are pleading,  
Pointing poor sinners to God;  
Repent, believe, and pray, you have  
no time to delay,  
Rise, wash now in Jesus' blood.

3 Christians are praying, Christians  
are praying,  
Thy glorious work, Lord, revive;  
Thy mighty work begin, save poor  
sinners dead in sin,  
In wisdom and grace may we  
thrive.

4 Angels are waiting, angels are wait-  
ing,  
To bear the news up to heaven,  
Of Adam's fallen race, now accept-  
ing offer'd grace,  
And myriads through Jesus for-  
given.

213. 10s and 11s.  
*Tune*—Leeds.

1 YE brave sons of Zion, be still  
pressing on,  
Your Captain's a lion, the victory  
he's won;  
The bold tribe of Judah, their ranks  
he doth dress,  
And in their march forward he gives  
them success.

*Chorus.*

Press forward, press forward, the  
prize is in view, [for you]

A crown of bright glory is waiting  
2 Obey his commands, and your  
foes put to flight,  
Maintain a bold stand, and your  
armour keep bright;  
And as you are striving to press  
toward the prize,  
The work is reviving, our circuit  
shall rise.

3 Come leaders and preachers, unite  
heart and hand,  
Come members and teachers, join  
firm in a band;  
Let love, life, and zeal, set our  
bosoms on fire,  
That the circuit may rise, be our  
earnest desire.

4 Our Jesus will bless us, his arms  
are stretch'd wide,  
His grace will refresh us, it streams  
from his side;  
His chariots are plying to take to  
the skies  
Those hundreds who're crying, our  
circuit shall rise.

5 The mansions of glory with praises  
will ring,  
While chanting the story of Jesus  
our king;  
We'll sing hallelujah on Canaan's  
blest shore  
For ever and ever, when time is no  
more.

214. *Tune*—Thou Shepherd of  
Israel, and mine. 8 lines &c.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the  
hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and  
sweet flowers, [me]  
Have lost all their sweetness with

The midsummer sun shines but  
dim.

The fields strive in vain to look  
gay.

But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;

His presence dispenses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear,

No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned;

No changes of season or place  
Shall make any change in my  
mind.

While bless'd with a sense of his  
love,

A palace a toy would appear,  
And prisons would palaces prove,

If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,

Say why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?

Oh, drive those dark clouds from  
the sky,

Thy soul-cheering presence re-  
store;

Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winters and storms are no  
more.

215.

P. M.

1 JESUS, send thy Holy Spirit  
To revive thy church below;

Let the showers of heav'nly blessings  
Cause thy gracious plants to grow.

Chorus.

Blessed Jesus,  
Now revive the cause again.

2 Fill the preachers' souls with fervour,  
Holy seal, and heavenly love;

Touch their lips with hallow'd fire,  
Send thy blessing from above.

3 On thine own professing people  
Shed the supplanting grace;

And their dark'ning chilling fears  
From their doubting souls erase.

4 Let the gospel's influence quicken  
Souls involved in guilt and sin;  
Wake them from their deadly torpor;  
Now the saving work begin.

5 Let the wand'ring poor backslider  
Come again and seek thy face,  
And make formal souls in earnest  
To obtain thy saving grace.

6 Let the dreary barren desert  
Bud and blossom as the rose;  
Now complete thy gracious tri-  
umphs  
Over all thy sinning foes,  
Till thy praises  
Echo forth from shore to shore.

216.

P. M.

Tune—Swiss Boy.

1 OH! how sweet, oh! how sweet  
are the hours when we meet,  
For to spend them in prayer and in  
praise;

'Tis then we feel our joy so great,  
We glad would stay until 'tis late.  
Oh! how sweet, &c.

2 O my Jesus! my Jesus! how charm-  
ing thy name;  
Like music it sounds in my ear;  
Thy love's so strong, it drives my  
fear:

Happy wert thou always near.  
Oh! how sweet, &c.

3 Sinners, turn; sinners, turn; there  
is room for you now;  
Jesus waiteth to bless and to save,  
His mercy now we all may prove,  
And taste the fruits of dying love.  
Oh! how sweet, &c.

4 He is waiting, he is waiting, salva-  
tion to give  
Unto those who repent and believe;  
His promise says that all who come  
Shall find indeed there yet is room.  
He is waiting, &c.

5 When you die, when you die, he  
your comfort will be;  
Thro' the valley he will lead you safe;  
When falls your flesh and sinks your  
heart,  
His love from you shall not depart  
When you die, &c.

- 6 Then to heaven, then to heaven,  
 you in triumph shall rise,  
 Your Saviour to see and adore;  
 His praise your theme, his love your  
 song,  
 Shall form your bliss the whole day  
 long.  
 Then to heaven, &c.

## 217. *A Welcome to Ministers.*

P. M.

- 1 **B**EAUTEOUS are the feet of those  
 Who on the mountains move,  
 Winning souls to Christ the Lord:  
 We welcome such in love.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

- 2 Happy few who wield the sword,  
 Whom Jesus doth approve;  
 Winning souls to Christ the Lord:  
 We welcome such in love.
- 3 Blest ambassadors of God,  
 Who every blessing prove,  
 Cleansed in the purple flood:  
 We welcome such in love.
- 4 We receive the messengers  
 From Jesu's courts above;  
 Joyfully, blest harbingers,  
 We welcome such in love.

## 218. *'That ye sorrow not as others which have no hope.'*

*Tune—Germany.*

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave, but  
 we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness en-  
 compass the tomb;  
 The Saviour has passed through its  
 portals before thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy  
 guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no  
 longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the  
 world by thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are  
 spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope since the  
 Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and,  
*its mansion forsaking,*  
*Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lin-*  
*ger'd long;*

But the sunshine of Paradise  
 beamed on thy waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st  
 was the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but  
 'twere wrong to deplore thee,  
 For God was thy ransom, thy guar-  
 dian, and guide;  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he  
 will restore thee,  
 And death has no sting since the  
 Saviour has died.

## 219. *'A better Land than this.'* *Tune—Harvest Home. L. M.*

- 1 **A**DIEU, vain world; thou hast  
 no charms;  
 Thy painted beauty faded is;  
 Now Jesu's love our bosom warms,  
 We seek a better land than this.

*Chorus.*

Land than this, land than this;  
 Yes, heaven is a better land  
 than this.

- 2 We strangers are, and pilgrims too,  
 Have left our all in search of  
 bliss,  
 And with the glorious prize in view,  
 We seek a better land than this.
- 3 A land where all true pilgrims meet,  
 A land where peace and plenty is,  
 Where myriads bow at Jesu's feet;  
 That is the better land than this.
- 4 Come, sinners, wash in Jesu's blood;  
 The world and sin at once dis-  
 miss; [good;  
 Come now with us, we'll do you  
 Come, seek a better land than this.
- 5 We soon shall soar from earth away,  
 To drink the living streams of  
 bliss;  
 And then, through one eternal day,  
 We'll range the better land than  
 this.

## 220. *A Glimpse of Heaven.* *Tune—London. S. M.*

- 1 **B**Y faith we now behold  
 A region in the sky, [gold,  
 Where all the streets are pav'd with  
 And pleasures never die.
- 2 On those delightful plains  
 Nor sin nor death are known;  
 There Jesus our Redeemer reigns  
 On his eternal throne.

- 3 Ten thousand angels stand,  
To hail us on the shore;  
If faithful, we, in Canaan's land,  
Shall meet to part no more.
- 4 Then let us never tire,  
But run the shining way,  
Till call'd to join the heav'nly choir  
In everlasting day.
- 5 With all the ransom'd host  
That's gain'd the victory,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
To all eternity.

221. *Christ Crucified.*  
*Tune—Horne. D. C. M.*

- 1 POOR guilty sinners to redeem  
From everlasting woe,  
That God who reigns in bliss su-  
preme,  
Came down and dwelt below;  
Yes, Jesus left his throne above,  
And bled on Calvary;  
How great, how wondrous was his  
love!  
I know he died for me.
- 2 Before my soul in him was found,  
The downward road I trod,  
Black darkness did my path sur-  
round,  
And I was far from God;  
But Jesus chas'd the gloom of night,  
And gave me eyes to see;  
Now I can sing, with great delight,  
The Saviour died for me.
- 3 Yes, sin did once within me reign,  
I did its law fulfil,  
I was bound fast in Satan's chain,  
Led captive at his will;  
But Christ, the sov'reign Lord of all,  
From bondage set me free,  
Yes, Jesus sav'd me from the fall,  
He groan'd and died for me.
- 4 My great Redeemer calls me his,  
And fills my heart with love,  
He clothes my soul with holiness,  
And hides my life above;  
I soon shall gain the heavenly rest,  
If faithful I should be;  
Yes, I've the witness in my breast,  
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 Not one of mercy need despair,  
The worst may be forgiven,  
Sinners, you all his grace may share,  
And find your way to heaven;

Since I have his salvation found,  
Christ will my refuge be,  
So I'll proclaim his praise around,  
Because he died for me.

222. *Mercy's Free.*  
*P. M.*

- 1 HARK! hark! the gospel trum-  
pet's sounding,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
The grace of God is still abounding,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
Millions have heard the joyful sound,  
And pardon in the Saviour found;  
And now they spread the news  
around.  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 2 The worst of sinners still may come,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And find in Christ a peaceful home,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
May all escape the flames of hell,  
For Jesus has done all things well;  
And now my heart and tongue can  
tell,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 When madly I was sin pursuing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And on the road to endless ruin,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
The Saviour met me in the way,  
And said, Poor soul, where dost  
thou stray?  
Come, let me take thy sins away,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 These words of Jesu's broke my  
heart,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And straight from sin I did depart,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
I cried, Lord, help me to believe,  
And now from death my soul re-  
trieve;  
He said, The Holy Ghost receive,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 5 If faithful to the grace that's given,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
The Lord will guide me safe to  
heaven,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
There I shall see my God and King,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring,  
And join the bloodwash'd throng to  
sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

JOHN STAMP.

223. *The Minister's Farewell.*

P. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN dear, I now commend you  
To the God of all our grace;  
Christ, your Saviour, will defend you,  
Till in heaven you see his face.  
Be not weary, soon you'll reach  
that happy place.
- 2 What though Satan still oppose us,  
Strive to sever us, in vain,  
We are Christ's, he will not lose us,  
Spite of death, or hell, or pain;  
And with Jesus we shall ever,  
ever reign.
- 3 Trials they must still befall us,  
Crosses we are call'd to bear,  
But no danger shall appal us,  
While we live by faith and prayer;  
Praying always till the crown of  
life we wear.
- 4 Let no powers disunite you,  
See you live as brethren still,  
All the promises invite you  
To perform your Master's will,  
And with Jesus you ere long in  
heaven shall dwell.
- 5 So when death shall come to call us  
To the glories of the blest,  
Happiest day that can befall us,  
Brings us to the promised rest,  
To the regions where the weary  
are at rest.
- 6 Now, poor sinners, I must leave you,  
Let your lives to God be given;  
If below no more I meet you,  
May I meet you all in heaven,  
May I meet you, may I meet you  
all in heaven.

## 224. P. M.

*Tune—Wounded Hussar.*

- 1 **H**ASTEN, poor sinners, to Calvary's station,  
The dying Redeemer, oh haste to adore;  
Go, see him accomplish the work of salvation,  
His body all mangled and bathed in gore.  
What voice do I hear? 'tis the Saviour that cries,  
*Come, see if there ever were sorrows like mine;*

Deserted and tortured, I  
dies,  
Oh, haste and adore  
Saviour divine.

- 2 From his heart, that is  
last torrent is stre  
And pale is his visage, a  
by the thorns;  
And dim is that eye, onc  
sively beaming,  
That glistened with me  
kindled with scorn  
Well may my heart melt a  
rowful sight,  
And well may I weep  
trespass was mine;  
Yet the gloom of his de  
dayspring of life,  
And his blood my salv  
Saviour divine.
- 3 Thou shalt live! he e  
when the last pang wa  
Each anguishing wound  
bid thee to mourn,  
'It is finished!' the gr  
surance believing,  
To thy cross as my hop  
refuge, I turn.  
Redeemer and Friend, ev  
and true,  
Permit me to call thee,  
tainty, mine;  
And triumphant, I'll bid  
pleasures adieu,  
While I rest on thy bo  
Saviour divine.

225. *For Mourners in Distress.*

C. M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, at thy feet I b  
Oppressed with grief  
Open thy arms in mercy  
And take the wanderer  
*Chorus.*  
Hallelujah to the Father  
Hallelujah to the Son  
Hallelujah to the Holy G  
Hallelujah, amen.
- 2 I know thou lovest to hear  
Though I deserve thy f  
Now let my faith ascend  
And bring salvation d

I long to hear thee say,  
 angelic wrath is o'er,  
 in peace, pursue thy way,  
 and sin no more.'

I see the Lamb of God  
 led on the tree:  
 me in the cleansing blood,  
 el he died for me.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

*society at Parting.*  
*me — Isle of Man.*

more before we part,  
 ll bless the Saviour's name;  
 is mercies, every heart,  
 very tongue the same.  
 od's holy word,  
 ed thereon and grow,  
 love and serve the Lord,  
 actise what you know.

of Zion yields  
 ousand sacred sweets,  
 ve reach those glorious  
 lds,  
 k the golden streets.  
 us watch and pray,  
 the end endure,  
 and win the well-fought  
 y.  
 en the crown is sure.

*here remaineth a rest for*  
*people of God.* 10s and 11s.  
 t is in heaven, my rest is  
 t here,  
 y should I murmur when  
 ubles are near,  
 nbelief, for the worst that  
 i come,  
 tens my journey, and has-  
 is me home.

*Chorus.*

saints and adore him,  
 fall at his feet,  
 ve him the glory,  
 praise that is meet.

ord, that I should be seek-  
 my bliss,  
 ng my hopes in a region  
 e this;  
 ra city which hands have  
 made,  
 a country where plea-  
 ne'er fade.

3 The winds of affliction around me  
 may blow,  
 And dash my lone bark while I 'm  
 sailing below;  
 I smile at the storm as I lean on his  
 breast,  
 And soon I shall land in the haven  
 of rest.

4 Though sorrows may damp me  
 they cannot destroy,  
 One glimpse of his love turns them  
 all into joy,  
 And when I shall see him in yon  
 happy skies,  
 There tears shall for ever be wiped  
 from my eyes.

228. *The same continued.*

1 THE world, flesh, and Satan, my  
 progress oppose,  
 But these will make heaven more  
 sweet at the close;  
 Come joy or come sorrow, what'er  
 may befall,  
 One hour in glory will make up for  
 all.

2 With Christ in my heart and a staff  
 in my hand,  
 I travel in haste through an ene-  
 my's land;  
 The road may be rough, but it can-  
 not be long,  
 So I march on a singing the con-  
 queror's song.

3 The Jordan of death now before me  
 doth lie,  
 But angels are waiting to bear me  
 on high,  
 Where sin, pain, and sorrow no  
 more can molest,  
 When eternally moored in the haven  
 of rest.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

229. *Tune—Holy War.*  
 P. M.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this?  
 O my soul, O my soul!  
 What wondrous love is this, O my  
 soul?  
 What wondrous love is this?  
 Which caused the Lord of bliss  
 To bear the dreadful curse,  
 For my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, sinking  
down, sinking down,  
When I was sinking down, sinking  
down,  
When I was sinking down,  
Beneath God's awful frown,  
Christ laid aside his crown  
For my soul.

3 When I began to pray for my soul,  
for my soul,  
When I began to pray for my soul,  
When I began to pray,  
Thus the word of God did say,  
Christ is the truth and the way,  
For thy soul.

4 He shed his heavenly light in my  
soul, in my soul,  
He shed his heavenly light in my  
soul,  
He shed his heavenly light,  
To disperse the gloom of night,  
Now it shines with radiance  
bright,  
In my soul.

### 230. *The same continued.*

1 YE winged seraphs, fly, bear the  
news, bear the news,  
Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the  
news,

Ye winged seraphs, fly,  
Like comets through the sky,  
Fill vast eternity  
With the news.

2 Ye friends of Zion's king, join in  
praise,  
Ye friends of Zion's king, join in  
praise;

Ye friends of Zion's king,  
With hearts and voices sing,  
And strike each tuneful string,  
In his praise.

3 And when from death made free, we  
will sing, we will sing,  
And when from death made free, we  
will sing,  
And when from death made free,  
We 'll sing and joyful be,  
Through all eternity  
We will sing.

### 231. *The Christian Soldier encouraged. 10s and 11s.*

1 CHEER up, ye brave soldiers, the  
time 's drawing nigh,

When we shall meet Jesu's bright  
host in the sky;  
Our friends and relations in Jesus  
so dear,  
Both preachers and people shall  
then meet us there.

#### *Chorus.*

Press forward, press forward, the  
prize is in view,  
There 's a crown of bright glory  
awaiting for you.

2 Though Satan's black trumpet is  
sounding so near,  
Take courage, brave soldiers, his  
armies we dare;  
In the strength of King Jesus, we  
dare him to fight,  
We 'll put his black armies of aliens  
to flight.

3 As the great Goliath, Apollyon shall  
fall,  
With the sword of the Spirit we 'll  
conquer them all;  
We 'll leave no opposers alive in the  
field,  
By the strength of Jehovah we 'll  
force them to yield.

4 Through Jesus, our wisdom, we 'll  
baffle his rage,  
My heart beats for conquest, come  
soldiers, engage;  
The trumpets are sounding, the  
armies appear,  
We 'll not leave one standing from  
front to the rear.

5 Fair Zion is shouting to her con-  
quering king,  
Salvation to Jesus, our armies do  
sing;  
Apollyon we 've conquered, and  
sunk in the flood,  
Then, who can withstand the bright  
armies of God?

6 Behold, all the armies are now  
marching home,  
God's trumpet is sounding, and  
bids them to come;  
All Zion's fair armies together shall  
meet,  
And lay down their armour at  
Jesus's feet.

*g Hymn.*

*isters.*

aren, we must leave

ing gives you pain;  
ng grieve you,  
: with you remain.

*ople.*

'e us?

ou come again?

what might befall us,  
promise you in vain,  
here sinners call us:  
our hearts constrain.

ers,

me to us again.

ndeed we're sinners,  
ercy to obtain;  
your new beginners,  
us ask in vain,

fathers,

me to us again.

, and friends beloved,  
not of us complain,  
ng entreaties moved,  
ger can refrain;  
eave you,  
od we'll come again.  
iends, if we should

on earth obtain,

: cross'd old Jordan's

in the dazzling train.

*horus.*

!

ie to meet again.

*et Home.*

n God, and a stranger

ough earth, its gay  
as to trace;

ay of sin I continu'd

as! that it led me from

, sweet, sweet home,  
direct me to heaven

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen  
fade away.

They bloom for a season, but soon  
they decay;

But pleasures more lasting in Jesus  
are given,

Salvation on earth, and a mansion  
in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
The saints in those mansions are  
ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glow-  
ing charms,

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to  
his arms;

At the banquet of mercy I hear there  
is room,

Oh there may I feast with his chil-  
dren at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven  
my home.

4 Farewell vain amusements, my fol-  
lies adieu, [I view;

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory  
I feast on the pleasures that flow  
from his throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet hea-  
ven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Oh, when shall I share the fruition  
of home?

5 The days of my exile are passing  
away. [will say,

The time is approaching when Jesus  
'Well done, faithful servant, sit

down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence for ever  
at home.'

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Oh there I shall rest with the  
Saviour at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death  
shall be o'er,

The saints shall unite to be parted  
no more;

There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's  
high dome,

They dwell with the Saviour for  
ever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home  
They dwell with the Saviour  
ever at home.



# 234. *Prayer.* *Tune*—Sweet Home.

1 **W**HEN by sin overwhelm'd shame  
covers our face,

We look up to Jesus, who saves us  
by grace;

We call on his name from the gulf  
of despair,

And he plucks us from hell in  
answer to prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing  
like prayer.

2 When trials afflict us, and sorrows  
o'erflow,

When patience is weary, or sunk  
into woe,

If to him we look, on him cast our  
care,

We find certain relief in answer to  
prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
In all our distresses there's nothing  
like prayer.

3 When God we approach, through  
the Son of his love,

Both his mercy and truth we know  
we shall prove;

For our comfort and peace his arm  
is made bare,

And his grace we receive in answer  
to prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no-  
thing like prayer.

4 Holy Spirit of truth! 'tis thine to  
inspire

The faith that enkindles the spark  
of desire,

Which cleanses the heart, and per-  
fumes all the air

With the odour of incense ascend-  
ing from prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
In all acts of devotion there's no-  
thing like prayer.

5 When sickness assails, and to death  
we draw near,

We'll face the grim monster, di-  
vested of fear;

In *Jesus's* love we shall have a full  
*share,*

*While the flame is kept bright in*  
*answer to prayer:*

Prayer, sweet prayer,  
Both in life and in death there's  
nothing like prayer.

# 235. *Calvary.* *P. M.*

1 **C**OME, O my heart, and let us take  
An evening walk becoming thee,  
Now whither dost thou choose we  
shall take our course,  
Up to Calvary or Gethsemane!

2 Oh! Calvary is a mountain high,  
'T is too difficult a task for me,  
To indulge in balmy sleep would  
far better suit my taste  
Than Calvary or Gethsemane.

3 Oh! it would not appear such a  
mountain high,  
Nor yet so hard a task for thee,  
If thou didst love the Man, who first  
laid the plan  
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4 I had rather abide in the pleasant  
plain,  
My gay companions there to see,  
And to tarry awhile in the joys of  
the world,  
Than to climb up the mountain  
Calvary.

5 Thy gay companions ere long will  
be gone,  
Poor blinded souls, could they  
but see!  
And if ever thou wouldst stand on  
Canaan's happy land,  
Thou must first climb the moun-  
tain Calvary.

6 There is no pleasure that I can  
behold,  
'Tis a sad and dreary path to me,  
And I have heard them say, there  
are lions in the way,  
And they lurk in the mountain  
Calvary.

7 True! it is a strait and narrow  
road,  
And lions lurk there for their  
prey;  
But thou shalt have a guard, yea,  
the angels of God  
Shall conduct thee up to Calvary.

have peace, and live at  
se,  
afflicted thus by thee;  
ing youth is gone, and  
comes on,  
go with thee to Calvary.

ime so good as youth  
this mountain, you  
ee;  
age comes on, with its  
oad of sin,  
canst thou climb up  
r?

e, thou art ever mak-  
oise,  
joy any peace for thee:  
e enough yet, and the  
r's not so great;  
climb the mountain  
r.

hear a doleful sound,  
I shouldst greatly  
I be—  
youth is gone, and is  
g in the tomb,  
d to climb up Calvary.

not what to do,  
st greatly alarmed me:  
gone on till I fear I  
one—  
ie to climb up Calvary.

in all the plain,  
e a dangerous snare

to the Man who was  
for thy sin,  
elp thee to climb up  
.

C. M.

hat great and awful  
soon will come,  
must be hurl'd away,  
ans gathered home.

Dives for water cry,  
heir tongues in pain;  
eir teeth, in horrors

eir hands in vain.

3 Now hail! ye doleful frighted  
ghosts,  
With whom I once did dwell,  
And spent my days in frantic mirth,  
And danced my soul to hell!

5 Perhaps the parent sees the child  
Sink down to endless pain,  
With shrieks, and howls, and bitter  
cries,  
Never to rise again.

6 Oh, father! see my blazing hands—  
Mother! behold your child  
Against you now a witness stands,  
Amidst the flames confin'd!

7 The child, perhaps, the parent views  
Go headlong down to hell,  
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,  
And bids the child farewell!

8 The husband sees his piteous wife,  
With whom he once did dwell,  
Depart with groans and bitter cries:  
My husband, fare you well!

9 But oh! perhaps the wife may see  
The man she once did love  
Sink down to endless misery,  
While she is crown'd above!

10 Then shall the saints, thro' grace  
combin'd,  
Drink in eternal love,  
In Jesus' image there to shine,  
And reign with him above.

11 Oh! how it lifts my soul to think  
Of meeting round the throne,  
Eternal joys there for to drink,  
Where sorrows never come.

**237.** *To be sung on clearing the  
ground and erecting the Stand  
for a Camp Meeting.* C. M.

1 THIS sacred spot, O Lord, to thee  
We consecrate by prayer;  
Thy pow'r and goodness may we see  
Display'd in mercy here.

2 While we prepare and clear the  
ground,  
O Lord, our hearts prepare;  
And while we pitch our tents around  
Lord, spread thy glory there.

3 Erect thy banners, Heavenly King,  
As we the stand erect;  
May preachers thy salvation bring,  
And souls to thee direct.

4 Didst thou of old thine Israel's camp  
With clouds of glory crown—  
By day a cloud, by night a lamp?  
Thus here, O Lord, come down.

5 Now, Lord, before our longing eyes  
Thy glory here reveal,  
And let us from the lofty skies  
Thy sacred influence feel.

6 May angels round this chosen spot  
Encamp by night and day;  
May each in order fill his lot,  
To preach, and praise, and pray.

### 238. *Camp Meeting a pleasant sight.* C. M.

1 **H**OW pleasant are these tents,  
O Lord,  
Where thy dear children meet  
To speak and hear thy blessed word,  
And worship at thy feet.

2 From distant places they have come,  
And sweetly here agree;  
They find it here a pleasant home,  
To meet, O Lord, with thee.

3 Of past experience they converse,  
They talk thy mercies o'er,  
Thy love and faithfulness rehearse,  
Thy goodness they adore.

4 They mingle here their friendly hearts,  
And pledge their faithful vows;  
While God to them his love imparts,  
As if in his own house.

5 They carry hence the holy flame  
Which in each bosom glows;  
They spread the savour of thy name,  
And on thy grace repose.

6 Prepare them all to carry home  
An evidence of grace,  
That others may in future come  
To seek thy glorious face.

### 239. *Breaking up of Camp Meeting.* C. M.

1 **N**OW, brethren, to your homes  
repair,  
And, as you pass along,

Employ your hearts in humble  
prayer,  
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought  
you here,  
Whose goodness keeps you still,  
Whose grace with joy your souls  
can cheer,  
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Praise him for what your ears have  
heard,  
For what your eyes have seen;  
Praise him for what has here oc-  
curr'd  
For all you feel within.

4 Improve the strength you here have  
gain'd,  
To do his holy will;  
Improve the knowledge here attain'd,  
To love and serve him still.

5 Let not the world have cause to say  
You served your God for nought;  
But grow in grace from day to day,  
As you have here been taught.

6 To friends and neighbours all  
around,  
Oh, let your graces shine;  
In ways of holiness abound,  
And live a life divine.

7 And now, my Christian friends,  
adieu!  
May Jesus with you dwell;  
May grace and peace abide with you:  
So now, dear friends, farewell.

8 Farewell, and to your homes repair,  
And, as you pass along,  
Employ your hearts in humble  
prayer,  
And raise the cheerful song.

### 240. *Social Worship.* P. M.

1 **B**RETHREN, this is sweet em-  
ployment,  
While we meet to pray and sing,  
This indeed is sweet enjoyment,  
In the presence of our King.  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Make the place with praises ring.

2 Who can tell the heavenly pleasure  
In this pious, sweet employ!

unfading treasure,  
social souls enjoy.  
h! hallelujah!  
sing aloud for joy!

S. M.

thy shepherd is,  
well supplied;  
mine, and I am his,  
want beside?

to the place  
where pasture grows,  
waters gently pass,  
salvation flows.

under his aid,  
from every fear;  
walk through death's  
shade,  
and 's with me there.

my foes,  
thy table spread;  
blessings overflows,  
alts my head.

of thy love  
in my following days;  
house will I remove,  
to speak thy praise.

*Music.*

P. M.

in the cause of sin,  
could a good be evil?  
too long has been  
obeyed the devil.  
dew, or light, the lay  
the soul's undoing,  
scatters with flowers the

in utter ruin.

part of God will rise?  
sounds recover;  
they, and seize the prize,  
the carnal lover?  
every moving strain,  
in measure,  
thy cause retain,  
thy holy pleasure.

try if Jesus' love  
will inspire us;  
some of those above,  
with shall fire us.

Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing;  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may bring;  
Jesus' name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is;  
His is the noblest passion;  
Jesus' name is life and peace,  
Happiness and salvation.  
Jesus' name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,  
Us, whom his mercy raises!  
Merry our hearts, for Christ is king;  
Joyful are all our faces.  
Who of his love doth once partake,  
He in the Lord rejoices;  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

6 Then let us in his praises join,  
Triumph in his salvation;  
Glory ascribe to love divine,  
Worship and adoration.  
Heaven already is begun;  
Open'd in each believer;  
Only believe and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours for ever.

## 243.

P. M.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are  
spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He, whose words cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode.  
On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters  
Spring from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the  
giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near

Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day;  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they  
pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'Tis his love his people raises  
Over self to reign as kings;  
And, as priests, his solemn praises,  
Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure;  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

## 244.

P. M.

- 1 FATHER, to thy protection,  
From fiends and men I fly,  
And rest in thy affection,  
When passion's storm runs high.  
Beneath my soul, defended  
From all invading harms,  
Thy mercy hath extended  
Its everlasting arms.
- 2 Jesus, Jehovah's power,  
Thy promis'd help I claim,  
And run into the tower  
Of thine almighty name.  
Impregnable the city  
Which hides my life above;  
My refuge is thy pity,  
My safety is thy love.
- 3 Spirit of consolation  
And all-sufficient grace,  
In every strong temptation  
Thou shalt a standard raise  
Against my foes infernal,  
And show me on the tree  
The dying God eternal,  
Whose blood hath ransomed me.
- 4 By faith I now inherit  
*Both strength and righteousness,*  
*In Father, Son, and Spirit,*  
*The God whom I confess.*

Whate'er I ask, desiring,  
I have; I surely have  
The Three in One conspiring  
This dear-bought soul to save.

## 245.

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a holy city,  
A happy world above,  
Beyond the starry regions,  
Built by the God of love:  
An everlasting temple,  
And saints arrayed in white,  
They serve their great Redeemer,  
They dwell with him in light.
- 2 This is no world of trouble;  
The God of peace is there:  
He wipes away their sorrows,  
He banishes their care.  
Their joys are still increasing,  
Their songs are ever new,  
They praise the eternal Father,  
The Son and Spirit too.
- 3 The meanest child of glory  
Outshines the radiant sun;  
But who can speak the splendour  
Of that eternal throne,  
Where Jesus sits exalted,  
In Godlike majesty?  
The elders fall before him,  
The angels bend the knee.
- 4 Is this the man of sorrows,  
Who stood at Pilate's bar,  
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
And by his men of war?  
He seems a mighty conqueror,  
Who spoil'd the powers below,  
And ransom'd many captives  
From everlasting woe.
- 5 The hosts of saints around him  
Proclaim his work of grace;  
The patriarchs and prophets,  
And all the godly race,  
Who speak of fiery trials  
And tortures on their way;  
They came from tribulation,  
To everlasting day.
- 6 Now, with a holy transport,  
They tell their sufferings o'er,  
Their tears, and their temptations,  
And all the pains they bore.  
They turn and bow to Jesus,  
Who gained their liberty;  
Amid our fiercest dangers,  
Our lives are hid in thee.

was invited  
at heav'nly rest ;  
no hard condition,  
to be bless'd ;  
enticing pleasures  
e long to stay ;  
dreams and shadows,  
at pass away.

P. M.

of my Master,  
ne with heavenly rays,  
eams of glory,  
mortal blaze ;  
of beauty,  
ing lustre crown'd,  
xtraction,  
ity bound.

ny Redeemer,  
se of his blood,  
ong the lilies,  
purple flood ;  
opy pilgrims,  
ey still pursue,  
mble distance,  
d follow too.

id your order,  
ny of soul,  
vineat numbers  
otion roll,  
mortal glowing  
enliv'ning grace,  
aviour's image  
every face.  
o each other,  
e fainting mind,  
your voices  
otion joined ;  
may await you,  
before you lies,  
, brother pilgrims,  
ou 'll win the prize.  
ine, says Jesus,  
icious day,  
up my jewels,  
m cumbrous clay.  
nd refine you  
less dross and tin,  
avenly kingdom  
enter in.

tant morning,  
ng thunders sound,  
itings waving,  
e gloom profound,

Lift up your heads rejoicing,  
And clap your joyful hands,  
Lo ! you 're redeem'd for ever  
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron, with his girdle,  
In shining jewels drest,  
Bore all the tribes of Israel  
Inscrib'd upon his breast,  
So will the priests of Zion,  
Before the Father's throne,  
Present the heirs of glory,  
And God their kindred own.

8 The golden bell shall echo  
Around the sacred hill,  
And sweet immortal anthems  
The vocal regions fill ;  
In everlasting beauty  
The shining millions stand,  
Safe on the Rock of ages,  
Amidst the promis'd land.

9 We 'll range the wide dominion  
Of our Redeemer round,  
And in dissolving raptures  
Be lost in love profound ;  
While all the flaming harpers  
Begin the lasting song,  
With hallelujahs rolling  
From the unnumber'd throng.

247.

L. M.

1 I 'VE 'listed in the holy war,  
Sing glory, glory, hallelujah.  
Content to suffer soldiers' fare ;  
Sing glory, &c.  
The banner over me is love,  
Sing glory, &c.  
I draw my rations from above.  
Sing glory, &c.

2 I 've fought through many a battle  
sore,  
And I must fight through many more,  
I 'll take my breastplate, sword, and  
shield,  
And boldly march into the field.

3 I 've listed, and I mean to fight,  
Till all my foes are put to flight ;  
And when the victory I have won,  
I 'll give the praise to God alone.

4 Come, Christian heroes, go with me ;  
Come, face the foe, and never flee ;  
The heavenly battle is begun,  
Come, take the field and wear the  
crown.

- 5 With 'listing orders I am come—  
Come rich, come poor, come old and young;  
Here 's bounty money Christ has given,  
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.
- 6 Our General he is gone before,  
And you may draw on grace's store:  
But if you will not 'list and fight,  
You 'll sink into eternal night.

## 248.

P. M.

- 1 OH! that I had some humble place,  
Where I might hide from sorrow;  
Where I might see my Saviour's face,  
And there be freed from terror.  
Oh! had I wings like Noah's dove,  
I 'd leave this world and Satan,  
And fly away to realms above,  
Where Jesus stands inviting.
- 2 My heart is often made to mourn,  
Because I 'm faint and feeble;  
And when my Saviour seems to frown,  
My soul is fill'd with trouble;  
But when he doth again return,  
And I repent my folly,  
'Tis then I after glory run,  
And still my Jesus follow.
- 3 I have my bitter and my sweet,  
While through this world I travel;  
Sometimes I shout, and often weep;  
Which makes my foes to marvel.  
But let them think, and think again,  
I feel I 'm bound for heaven;  
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,  
I therefore still will praise him.
- 4 I want to live a Christian here;  
I want to die while shouting;  
I want to feel my Saviour near,  
When soul and body 's parting.  
I want to see bright angels stand,  
And waiting to receive me,  
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,  
Where Christ is gone before us.

249. *The Christian Mariner.*

P. M.

- 1 *THROUGH* tribulation deep,  
*The way to glory is;*  
*This stormy course I keep,*  
*On these tempestuous seas;*

By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,  
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.

- 2 Sometimes temptations blow  
A dreadful hurricane,  
And high the waters flow,  
And o'er my sides break in;  
But still my little ship outbraves  
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress,  
My anchor, hope, can cast  
Within the promises,  
It holds my vessel fast;  
Safely she then at anchor rides,  
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,  
And heav'n no breezes give,  
The oar of prayer I use,  
I tug, and toil, and strive:  
Thro' storms and calms for many a day,  
I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heavenly breeze  
Springs up and fills my sail,  
My vessel goes with ease  
Before the pleasant gale:  
And runs as much an hour, or more,  
As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,  
The sun doth not appear,  
Nor can I in the night  
Behold the moon or star;  
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,  
I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon,  
My quadrant, faith, I take,  
To view my Christ, my sun,  
If he the clouds should break;  
I'm happy when his face I see,  
I know then whereabouts I be.
- 8 The Bible is my chart,  
By it the seas I know;  
I cannot with it part,  
It rocks and sands doth show:  
It is a chart and compass too,  
Whose needle points for ever true.
- 9 I keep aloof from pride,  
These rocks I pass with care,

id  
d of despair;  
quicksands too I

not choose to run.

a strait I go,  
coast am drove,  
rth I throw,  
safety prove.  
s the line which I  
th of water by.

ld be lost,  
my care,  
ly Ghost  
safes to steer;  
ll my voyage will  
y steersman's skill.

heaven's coast,  
pass through,  
ves to most;  
saage go.  
raves can't me o'er-

s at the helm.

Country.

ii. 3.

tter world on high;  
go?

is lower sky;

go?

spirits, rob'd in  
[bright,

oth'd in garments  
rous joy unite.

go?

ralls, like diamonds

go?

s of tints divine;

go?

es of pearl oppose

o Zion's foes,

len streets enclose;

go?

d love, and glory

go?

n, and death, and

go?

he heaving sigh;

om the tearful eye;

ormourner's cry;

go?

4 There Jesus reigns in glorious  
state;

Will you go? [wait;  
Ten thousand thousands round Him

Will you go?  
Cherubic legions wake the song,  
Seraphic hosts the theme prolong  
Which fills each ransom'd sinner's  
tongue;

Will you go?

5 All heaven resounds with noblest  
praise;

Will you go? [lays;  
All hearts pour forth their sweetest

Will you go?  
Jesus, 'the Lamb once slain,' they  
sing;

To Him their grateful tribute bring,  
And bless their Saviour and their  
King;

Will you go?

6 Come! let us seek this better land;  
Will you go?

Come! let us join this heav'nly  
band;

Will you go?  
O'er sin, and sense, and Satan prove  
Victors through Jesu's sov'reign  
love;

Then rise to swell the choir above;  
Will you go?

## 251. God bless our School.

1 GOD bless our Sabbath schools;  
Increase our Sabbath schools;

God bless our schools.  
On them thy glories shine;  
May every child be thine,  
And love all hearts entwine;  
God bless our schools.

2 Our teachers likewise bless,  
And give them large success

In winning souls;  
May they encouraged be,  
And oft around them see  
Their labours crowned by thee:  
God bless our schools.

3 And may our pastors dear  
Feel thou art always near—

That Jesus rules;  
May they delight to bear  
Part of our teachers' care,  
And often raise the prayer,  
'God bless our schools.'



- 4 So may our schools increase  
In knowledge, love, and peace—  
God bless our schools;  
And when Death's arrows fly,  
And useful teachers die,  
Do thou their place supply:  
God bless our schools.

252. *Missionary Hymn.*  
'Who will go for us? Here  
am I: send me.'—Isa. vi. 8.

- 1 O YE who feel for others' woes!  
Who will go?  
Go, tell poor sinners, 'Jesus rose';  
Who will go?  
Go, preach the Saviour's boundless  
grace—  
Go, point out Christ, 'the hiding  
place,'  
To every soul of Adam's race:  
Who will go?

- 2 Go forth to Afric's teeming land—  
'Midst China's myriads take your  
stand—  
Tell India's millions, 'Jesus  
reigns'—  
Let countless isles resound the  
strains,  
From rocks and vales, o'er hills  
and plains.

- 3 Go, seek the scatter'd tribes which  
roam,  
Oppress'd, despised, without a home;  
Tell the poor Jews 'Messiah 's  
come,'  
And in that heart they pierced  
there 's room  
For all who flee th' impending doom.

- 4 Proclaim Immanuel's power to save  
From sin, and Satan, and the grave;  
The silver trumpet sweetly blow,  
The great salvation plainly show  
To black and white, to friend and  
foe.

- 5 Lift up the gospel standard high—  
Rise, Zion's watchmen! rise and cry,  
'Behold, behold your Saviour King!'  
His praise rehearse, his triumphs  
sing,  
Till earth with hallelujahs ring.

6 Dear brethren, let us haste away  
Where Jesus calls, nor idly stay;

Come, make his will your hap  
choice—

Go, bid the wilderness rejoice—  
Unite and say with heart and voice  
We will go! we will go!  
A. HULL

253. *Slighting God.*

- 1 CAN you slight your great Creator  
Can you slight his offer'd grace  
He who is your only Maker,  
Maker of the human race?

*Chorus.*

Turn to the Lord by true repent-  
ing,  
He can speak your sins for-  
given;  
Turn to Jesus by believing,  
He can make you meet  
heaven.

- 2 Can you slight that blessed Jesus  
He who died upon the tree,  
Him above, who died to save us,  
Died to set the guilty free?

- 3 Can you slight the Spirit striving  
Monitor that 's from above?  
Longs to see thy soul reforming,  
Sent by Jesus now above.

- 4 Can you slight the angels' waiting  
To preserve you where you go  
Angels sent for your attending,  
Through the dangers here below

- 5 Can you slight departed spirits,  
Praying friends that 's gone  
fore?  
Longs for you through Jes-  
merits,  
To escape to Canaan's shore.

- 6 Can you slight the word that  
given,  
Precious Bible sent to thee?  
Can you slight the joys of heaven?  
Joys designed for you and me!

- 7 Can you slight the thoughts  
dying?  
Can you slight a judgment day  
Can you slight eternal burnings?  
Sinner, now begin to pray!

254. *P. M.*

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed way  
My journey I 'll pursue;

ne not, ye much-loved  
 its,  
 ust go with you.  
 loods and flames, if Jesus  
 is,  
 w where he goes;  
 e not, shall be my cry,  
 earth and hell oppose.  
 duty and through trials

t his command;  
 e not, for I am bound,  
 mmanuel's land.  
 n my Saviour calls me  
 ie,  
 my cry shall be,  
 me not, come welcome  
 th,  
 lly go with thee.'

S. M.

IER go'st thou, pilgrim  
 nger,  
 through this darksome  
 ?  
 hou not 'tis full of danger,  
 I not thy courage fail?  
 ound for the kingdom,  
 ou go to glory with me?  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah.  
 ou dost justly call me,  
 ing o'er this waste so  
 e;  
 rm will e'er befall me,  
 m blest with such a guide.  
 uide!—no guide attends  
 ,  
 or thee my fears arise;  
 ian power befriend thee,  
 een by mortal eyes.  
 en—but still believe me,  
 guide my steps attends,  
 very strait relieve me,  
 every harm defends.  
 e that stream before thee,  
 winding through the vale;  
 eadly waves roll o'er  
 ,  
 ot then thy courage fail?  
 : stream has nothing  
 tful,  
 ink thy steps I bend,

There to plunge will be delightful—  
 There my pilgrimage will end.

- 7 While I gaz'd—with speed sur-  
 prising,  
 Down the stream she plunged  
 from sight;  
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,  
 Like an angel clothed with light.

256.

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heaven o'er yonder  
 skies,  
 A heav'n where pleasure never  
 dies,  
 A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,  
 But fear again it's not for me.  
 But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O  
 hallelujah.  
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my  
 friend.

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,  
 And narrow is the gospel gate;  
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,  
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.

- 3 I travel through a world of foes,  
 Through conflicts sore my spirit  
 goes;  
 The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,  
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

- 4 The way of dangers I am in,  
 Beset with devils, men, and sin;  
 But in this way thy track I see,  
 And mark'd with blood it seems to be.

- 5 Come life, come death, come then  
 what will,  
 His footsteps I will follow still;  
 Through dangers thick, and hell's  
 alarms,  
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.

- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,  
 Yonder's thy Saviour, friend, and  
 king;  
 With pleasing smiles he now looks  
 down,  
 And cries, 'Press on and here's  
 the crown.

- 7 'Prove faithful; then a few more  
 days,  
 Fight the good fight and win the  
 race;  
 And then thy soul with me shall  
 reign,  
 Thy head a crown of glory gain.'

8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last joyful trump shall  
    sound,  
Then burst the chains with sweet  
    surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

257.

P. M.

1 THERE is a land of pleasure,  
Where streams of joy for ever  
    roll,

'Tis there I have my treasure,  
And there I long to rest my soul.  
Long darkness dwelt around me,  
With scarcely once a cheering  
    ray;

But since my Saviour found me,  
A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,  
But it's the path that leads to God;  
Then like a valiant soldier  
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.  
Now I must gird my sword on,  
My helmet, breast-plate, and my  
    shield,  
And fight the host of Satan,  
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,  
Still guarded by my Saviour's  
    hand;  
O come along, dear sinner,  
And see Immanuel's happy land.  
To all that stay behind me,  
I bid a long, a long farewell!  
Oh come, or you'll repent it  
When you do reach the gates of  
    hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
And Jordan's current rolls before,  
Oh how I stand and tremble  
To hear the dismal waters roar!  
Whose hand shall then support me,  
And keep my soul from sinking  
    there—  
From sinking down to darkness,  
And to the regions of despair?

5 The waves shall not affright me,  
Although they're deeper than  
    the grave;  
If Jesus will stand by me,  
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave:  
His word has calm'd the ocean,  
*His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy  
    vale,*

O may this Friend be with me  
When through the gates of death  
    I sail.

6 Then come, thou king of terror,  
And with thy weapons lay me  
    low!

I soon shall reach that region  
Where everlasting pleasures flow.  
Now, Christians, I must leave you,  
A few more days to suffer here,  
Through grace I soon shall meet  
    you—

My soul exults—I'm almost there.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet  
Shall shake the globe from pole  
    to pole,

And all the wheels of nature  
Shall in a moment cease to roll.

Then I shall see my Saviour  
With shining ranks of angels  
    come,

To execute his vengeance,  
And take his ransom'd people  
    home.

258.

P. M.

1 REJOICE, my friends; the Lord  
    is King;  
Let all prepare to take him in;  
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,  
And all the world with praises ring,  
And give to Jesus glory.

2 I long to see the Christians join  
In union sweet, and peace divine,  
When every church with grace  
    shall shine,  
And grow to Christ, the living vine,  
And give to Jesus glory.

3 Come parents, children, bond and  
    free,  
Come, will you go to heaven with me,  
That glorious land of rest to see,  
And shout with me eternally,  
And give to Jesus glory?

4 My soul feels happy while I sing:  
I feel that I am on the wing,  
I'll shout salvation to my King,  
'Till I to heaven my trophies bring,  
And there we'll give him glory.

5 A few more days of pain and woe,  
A few more suffering scenes below,  
And then to Jesus we shall go,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow  
And there we'll give him glor

- 6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,  
And shake the vast creation round,  
And call the nations under ground;  
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole;  
How dreadful to the guilty soul!  
But nothing shall the saints control:  
They'll give to Jesus glory.
- 8 Then tears shall all be wiped away;  
Then Christians ne'er shall go astray.  
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,  
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 9 There all the saints shall join in one,  
And sing with Moses round the throne;  
Their troubles are for ever gone;  
They'll shine with God's eternal Son,  
And give to Jesus glory.

259.

P. M.

- 1 **D**ROOPING souls, no longer grieve,  
Heaven is propitious;  
If in Christ you do believe,  
You will find him precious.  
Jesus he is passing by,  
Calling mourners to him;  
He has died for you and me,  
Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Flows the healing lotion,  
See the consoling tide,  
Boundless as the ocean.  
Feel the living waters move,  
Oh! ye sick and dying,  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish, trying.
- 3 Grace's store is full and free,  
Drooping souls to gladden;  
Jesus calls, Come unto me,  
Ye weary, heavy laden:  
Though your sins like mountains high  
Rise and reach to heaven;  
Soon as you on Christ rely,  
All shall be forgiven.

- 4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,  
I will go and prove him,  
If he take my sins away,  
Surely I shall love him:  
Now I see the Saviour smile,  
He removes my burden,  
All 's of grace—though I am vile,  
Yet he seals my pardon.
- 5 Streaming mercy how it roll'd,  
Now I know, I feel it;  
Half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it;  
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,  
Oh the wondrous story,  
I was lost, but now I'm found,  
Glory, glory, glory.
- 6 Glory to my Saviour's name,  
Saints are bound to love him:  
Sinners, you may do the same,  
Only come and prove him.  
Hasten to my Saviour's blood,  
Feel it, and declare it;  
Oh! that I could sing so loud  
That all the world might hear it.
- 7 Should no greater joys be known  
In the upper region,  
Still I'd strive to travel on  
In this pure religion.  
Heaven now, and heaven then;  
Glory here and yonder;  
Brightest seraphs shout Amen,  
While the angels wonder.

260.

*Miracle of Grace.*

- 1 **H**AIL! my ever-blessed Jesus,  
Only thee I wish to sing;  
To my soul thy name is precious,  
Thou my prophet, priest, and king;  
Oh! what mercy flows from heaven,  
Oh! what joy and happiness!  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 2 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.  
Witness, all ye host of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness;  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
Praise the Lamb, enthroned ab

Whilst, astonish'd, I admire  
God's free grace and boundless  
love.

That blest moment I received him,  
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace.

261.

P. M.

1 I AM on my way to heaven;  
My sins are all forgiven;  
How thankful, thankful, thankful,  
am I;

Down from the holy city,  
The Lord did look in pity,  
And mercy, mercy, sent from the sky,  
My burden for to lighten,  
My evidence to brighten,  
And to reveal his love to me,  
And thus my joys to heighten;  
Should earth and hell against  
me join,

My soul they cannot frighten,  
For Jesus, Jesus, I find him my  
friend.

2 O! what a loving Saviour!  
How ready to show favour,  
To sinners like me, who have strayed  
from their God;  
I, like a wretched scoffer,  
Refused every offer,  
But still he pursued me with cries of  
his blood.

The law it did arrest me,  
My nature it oppress'd me,  
And all the sins that I have done,  
They sorely did distress me:  
But when the good Physician came,  
He healed my soul and bless'd me,  
Then Jesus, Jesus, I found was  
my friend.

3 Not all this world's gay pleasure  
Affords such lasting treasure,  
As Jesus' love when we feel it to flow;  
Until our body's risen,  
We'll fear not bonds or prison,  
For Jesus looks down, and he guards  
us below;

Our Jesus he doth arm us,  
His Spirit it doth warm us,  
And if to Jesus we prove true,  
No enemy can harm us;  
*Should death invade our mortal  
frame,*

This never can alarm us,  
For Jesus, Jesus, we find him our  
friend.

4 I am happy now, in seeing  
So many sinners fleeing  
To Jesus, whose ways are all plea-  
sure and peace;

Alone I shall not travel,  
In spite of men or devil,  
For daily I see their numbers in-  
crease,

And Jesus is now pleading,  
His Spirit's interceding,  
His ministers are going to preach,  
His kingdom they are spreading;  
They cry to all, both great and  
small,

Come, sinners, to the wedding,  
For Jesus, Jesus, is our dearest  
friend.

262.

*The Soldier.*

D. L. M.

1 A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast  
made me,  
Thou art my Captain, King, and  
Head,

And under thee I still would fight,  
The fight of faith, all in thy sight.  
The cross, all stained with hallowed  
blood,  
The ensign of our cause in God;  
The soldier's heav'nly standard is,  
And I will fight for King Jesus.

2 Lord, grant me grace to wield thy  
word,  
Thy Spirit's powerful two-edg'd  
sword,

To slay thy foes, where'er they be,  
And claim the vict'ry won by thee;  
That I a faithful child may be,  
To stand and face the enemy;  
And when the alarm's to call the  
Lord,

May pass the word unto the guard.

3 Thou art my guard, keep me, I  
pray,  
That I may walk the narrow way,  
And from my duty ne'er depart,  
But live to Christ, with all my  
heart;

Help me to keep my martial dress,  
And march to the right in holiness;  
Oh, make me pure and spotless  
And fit to stand the grand review

- 4 And when our General, Christ,  
shall come,  
With sound of trumpet, not of  
drum,  
And all our well-dress'd ranks  
shall stand,  
In full review at God's right hand;  
Our foes shall then be put to rout,  
Shall wheel from him to the left  
about;  
While we march up the heavenly  
street,  
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
- 5 And then the saints shall join to  
tell,  
How Jesus sav'd their souls from  
hell;  
Parents and children then will  
meet,  
Kindred and friends each other  
greet;  
In streams of joy our souls shall  
roll,  
And shout God's praise from pole  
to pole;  
Oh, how I long to be at rest,  
And lean on Jesus' loving breast.

263.

P. M.

- 1 THE people called Christians, how  
many things they tell,  
About the land of Canaan, where  
saints and angels dwell;  
But sin, that dreadful ocean, com-  
passes them around,  
While its tide still divides them  
from Canaan's happy ground.
- 2 'Thousands have been impatient to  
find their passage through,  
And with united vigour have tried  
what they could do;  
But vessels built by human skill  
have never sail'd afar,  
Till they're found run aground on  
some dreadful sandy bar.
- 3 The everlasting gospel has launch'd  
on the deep at last;  
Behold her sails suspended around  
her towering masts;  
Around her decks, in order, the joy-  
ful sailors stand,  
*Crying, Oh! here we go, to Emma-  
nuel's happy land!*

- 4 To those who are spectators, what  
sorrow must ensue,  
To have their old companions bid  
them a long adieu;  
The pleasures of a paradise no longer  
them invite:  
They may rail while we sail, but  
we'll soon be out of sight.
- 5 We're now on the wide ocean, we  
bid them all farewell,  
But where we shall cast anchor, no  
mortal tongue can tell;  
About our future happiness there  
needs be no debate,  
While we ride on the tide, with our  
Captain and his Mate.
- 6 We're passengers united with har-  
mony and love!  
The wind's all in our favour, how  
joyfully we move;  
Though troubles may surround us,  
and raging billows roar,  
We will sweep through the deep,  
till we land on Canaan's shore.

264. *Longing to see Jesus.*

- 1 OH! When shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And drink the flowing fountain  
Of everlasting love?  
When shall I be deliver'd  
From this vain world of sin,  
And, with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier;  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And tells me not to fear;  
And if I hold out faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have!
- 3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer tho' I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu;  
And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with trials  
And troubles on the way,  
Cast all your cares on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.

Gird on the gospel armour,  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And, when the combat's ended,  
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 Oh! do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your friend;  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not forget to lend;  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Tho' oft 'time you request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you up to rest.

- 6 Farewell, my Christian brethren;  
I'm going home to God,  
To see my blessed Jesus,  
Who bought me with his blood.  
There I will sit and praise him;  
A crown he's bought for me;  
And sing the song of Moses,  
To all eternity.

## 265.

P. M.

- 1 COME, angels! seize your harps  
of gold,  
The song of love to man unfold,  
Assist our joys, exalt our praise,  
Another sinner's sav'd by grace;  
Glory! glory! let us sing,  
While heaven and earth with glory  
ring,  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

- 2 A leper wash'd from every stain,  
Requires a higher, louder strain;  
The spirit's stamp'd and seal'd  
within,  
The blood of Christ has cleans'd  
from sin;  
Satan feels his power is gone,  
He falls like lightning from his  
throne,  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

- 3 Come, let us sing, and pray, and  
praise,  
For soon this warring strife shall  
cease;  
When lost in love—o'erflow'd with  
God,  
With Christ we take our bless'd  
abode;  
Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,  
Hark! he comes! while myriads  
cry,  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God!

- 4 We little flock,  
O'erlooked, unk  
demn'd,  
With names tra  
hor'd,  
We suffer with  
Yet still the  
higher,  
We'll burn triu  
Hosannah to

## 266. Rede

- 1 COME, friends  
join hear  
The voice of th  
our land;  
Let's all walk  
the sound  
We'll march to  
demption

- 2 The place it is  
sin;  
You can't see  
you are in  
You're blinded  
and pain  
Oh! how can s  
tion obta

- 3 The place is o  
conceal'd  
Nor can mortal  
reveal'd;  
The place is in  
will go,  
And there fin  
sorrow a

- 4 And if you are v  
by the fa  
Rise up and pr  
he doth c  
Or if you are d  
despair,  
Then come unt  
is there.

- 5 And you, my  
love my c  
Who've wites  
faith in h  
Let patience a  
you go,  
Your Saviour  
tion, y

**5** We read of commotions and signs  
in the skies,  
The sun and the moon shall be  
cloth'd in disguise;  
And when you shall see all these  
tokens appear,  
Then hold up your heads, your redem-  
ption draws near.

**7** Oh! then the archangel the trum-  
pet shall sound,  
And awake all the nations who  
sleep under ground;  
The sound of the trumpet shall bid  
you arise,  
To meet your redemption with love  
and surprise.

**8** And then loving Jesus our souls  
will receive.  
From bonds of corruption our bodies  
relieve;  
We all shall be holy, completely set  
free,  
And sing of redemption wherever  
we be.

**9** Redeemed from sin, and redeemed  
from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd  
from the earth,  
Redeem'd from sorrow, redeem'd  
from all woe,  
We'll sing of redemption wherever  
we go.

**10** Redeem'd from pain, and redeem'd  
from distress,  
The fruits of redemption no tongue  
can express;  
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus'  
love;  
We'll sing of redemption in heaven  
above.

## 267. *Christian Union.* P. M.

**1** OUR souls by love together knit,  
Cemented, join'd in one;  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one  
voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun.  
Our hearts did burn while Jesus  
spoke,  
And glow'd with sacred fire;  
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and  
bless'd,  
And all'd the enlarg'd desire.

### *Chorus.*

A Saviour, let creation sing,  
A Saviour, let all heaven ring;  
He is God with us, we feel him ours,  
His fulness in our souls he pours,  
'T is almost done, 't is almost o'er,  
We're joining those who're gone  
before.

We soon shall meet to part no more.

**2** We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
Let trembling cowards fly;  
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and  
fix'd,  
With Christ to live and die.  
Let devils rail, and hell assail,  
We'll cut our passage through;  
Let foes unite, and friends all fail,  
We'll seize the crown, our due.

A Saviour, &c.

**3** The little cloud increases fast,  
The heavens are big with rain,  
We haste to catch the teeming  
shower,  
And all its moisture drain:  
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
Yet pours the mighty flood;  
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the  
earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour, &c.

**4** And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And set'st thy starry crown—  
When all thy sparkling gems shall  
shine—

Proclaimed by thee thine own,  
May we, a little band of love,  
Be sinners sav'd by grace,  
From glory unto glory changed,  
Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour, &c.

## 268.

### *Lore-feast.*

P. M.

**1** UNITED in affection dear,  
With hearts on Jesus set,  
We feel our God will meet us here,  
Who in his name are met;  
Our minds from worldly care set free,  
And fixed on joys above,  
Each hope, each wish, each prayer  
shall be  
To share a Saviour's love.

### *Chorus.*

A Saviour, let creation sing!  
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!



He's God with us, we feel him ours,  
His fulness in our souls he pours;  
'T is almost done, 't is almost o'er,  
We 're joining them who 're gone  
before,  
We soon shall meet to part no more.

- 2 Oh! could we, Lord, make others  
know  
The pleasures which we feel!  
What comforts from thy goodness  
flow,  
A sinner's wounds to heal!  
Soon would the heedless, vain, and  
gay,  
That goodness strive to prove,  
Forsake their sins, and seek the  
way  
To find a Saviour's love.  
A Saviour, &c.

- 3 If to reform their wicked ways  
All gentler means should fail,  
The terror which thy power displays  
Against them may prevail;  
Proud sinners, humbled by thy  
wrath,  
Shall trembling kiss the rod.  
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the  
earth,  
'Till all proclaim thee God.  
A Saviour, &c.

## 269. 11s.

- 1 O JESUS! my Saviour, to thee I  
submit,  
With love and thanksgiving fall  
down at thy feet,  
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh,  
and blood,  
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord,  
and my God.
- 2 All human expressions are empty  
and vain,  
They cannot unriddle the heavenly  
flame;  
I'm sure, if the tongue of an angel  
I had,  
I could not the mystery completely  
describe.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous  
account!  
*My joys are immortal, I stand on  
the mount;*

I gaze on my treasure, and long to  
be there,  
With angels my kindred, and Jesus  
my dear.

- 4 O Jesus! my Saviour, in thee I am  
blest,  
My life, and my treasure, my joy,  
and my rest;  
Thy grace be my theme, and thy  
name be my song,  
Thy love doth inspire both my  
heart and my tongue.
- 5 Thy fulness reveal and thy promise  
fulfil,  
O take and direct me to Zion's  
blest hill,  
There wrapt in thy love, to be lost  
in thy charms,  
With angels transported, and free  
from all harms.

## 270. Lord! Remember me. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
O Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation 's free;  
Then in thy all-abounding grace,  
O Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then oh! my great Redeemer, God!  
I pray, remember me.

## 271. Taking up the Cross. 8s and 7s.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

I ambition,  
 nor hop'd, or known,  
 my condition,  
 are still my own !

spise and leave me ;  
 my Saviour too ;  
 and looks deceive

like them, untrue ;  
 shalt smile upon me,  
 I, love, and might,  
 and friends disown

, and all is bright.

fame and treasure ;  
 scorn, and pain ;  
 in is pleasure,  
 ur loss is gain.  
 e Abba Father,  
 heart on thee ;  
 and clouds may

for good to me.

e and distress me,  
 re me to thy breast ;  
 hard may press me,  
 ting me sweetest rest.  
 grief to harm me,  
 e is left to me ;  
 in joy to charm me,  
 uumix'd with thee.

thy full salvation ;  
 and fear, and care ;  
 very station  
 ll to do or bear.  
 irt dwells within

Father's smiles are

as died to win thee,  
 en, canst thou re-

om grace to glory,  
 th, and wing'd by

l days before thee,  
 nd shall guide thee

thy earthly mission,  
 s thy pilgrim days,  
 go to glad fruition,  
 nd prayer to praise.

## 272. *Zion's desolation and recovery.* P. M.

1 POOR Zion lies in sore distress,  
 Her walls are broken down ;  
 The briars of the wilderness  
 Her walks have overgrown.  
 Her palaces are desolate,  
 Her courts a place for owls ;  
 The satyr there doth meet his mate,  
 And nest for other fowls.

2 A dreadful curse hath overspread  
 The land both far and wide :  
 The nations mourn for lack of bread ;  
 The springs of water dried.  
 Go, go, ye priests, before the Lord,  
 And at his altar mourn ; [sword,  
 That he may sheath his dreadful  
 And let his grace return.

3 Methinks the cloud begins to move ;  
 Sweet spring is drawing near ;  
 The voice of the sweet turtle-dove  
 The land begins to cheer.  
 Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,  
 'O Zion, now be bold—

With eagles' wings you soon shall fly,  
 The feathers tinged with gold.

4 ' Your walls again shall be rebuilt,  
 Your palaces around ;  
 The Lord, who has remov'd your  
 guilt,

Doth rich in grace abound.  
 He 'll pave your streets with purest  
 gold,

Your gates of diamonds bright ;  
 Your riches never can be told,  
 You are the Lord's delight.

5 ' Princes shall feed your flocks, and  
 keep

With tender care the lambs ;  
 They 'll safely lead the older sheep,  
 And number all their names.

The Lord 's your everlasting light,  
 Your mourning days are past,  
 Your city is the Lord's delight,  
 And shall no more be waste.

6 ' Your mountains shall with honey  
 flow,

The hills with milk and wine ;  
 The vallies full of corn shall grow,  
 And pastures full of kine.

My glory shall your reward be,  
 I will before you go,  
 Until you come my face to see,  
 And all my goodness know.

- 7 'My signs in heaven you shall see,  
And hear my trumpets blow;  
The sun and moon shall darkened be;  
By this you all may know  
The year of my redeem'd is come,  
To set poor Zion free:  
Return, return, ye exiles, home,  
It is the Jubilee.'

**273.** *The Zion Traveller.*  
D. C. M.

- 1 YE weary, heavy-laden souls,  
Who are oppressed sore;  
Ye travellers thro' the wilderness  
To Canaan's peaceful shore;  
Through chilling winds and beating  
rains,  
The waters deep and cold,  
And enemies surrounding you—  
Take courage and be bold.

- 2 Tho' storms and hurricanes arise  
The desert all around,  
And fiery serpents oft appear  
Through the enchanted ground;  
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy  
fear,  
And dragons often roar;  
But, while the gospel trumpet we hear,  
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,  
Who mourns her absent mate,  
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,  
Her sorrows to relate.  
But Canaan's land is just before,  
Sweet spring is coming on;  
A few more beating winds and rains,  
And winter will be gone.

- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,  
Black Jordan's billows roar;  
Which often make the pilgrims fear  
they never will get o'er.  
But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,  
And view the vernal plain,  
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,  
And hell may rage in vain.

- 5 Methinks I now begin to see  
The borders of that land,  
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,  
In beauteous order stand.  
The wintry time is past and gone,  
Sweet fragrant flowers appear;  
The fiftieth year has now roll'd  
round—  
*The great Sabbatic year.*

- 6 Oh! what a glorious sight appe-  
To my believing eyes,  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies!  
Bright angels whispering me a  
O come, my brother, come;  
And I am willing to be gone  
To my eternal home.

- 7 By faith I see my gracious God  
On his eternal throne,  
At his right hand the loving La-  
The Spirit—three in one.  
Oh that my faith were strong to  
And bear my soul away;  
I'd shout salvation to the Lam  
In one eternal day.

- 8 Farewell, my brethren in the I  
Who are to Canaan bound:  
And should we never meet ag-  
Till Jubal's trump shall sou-  
I hope that I shall meet you th-  
On that delightful shore,  
In oceans of eternal bliss,  
Where parting is no more.

**274.** *Recovery from despair.*  
D. C. M.

- 1 YE happy souls, whose pea-  
minds  
Are free from pain and fear;  
Ye objects which kind Heav'n's  
signs

- To make its constant care;  
To you I'll vent my mournful  
Press'd by my dismal fate;  
Oh, can you with me sympathi-  
While I my case relate?

- 2 I once was happy in the Lord,  
My soul was in a flame,  
I did delight to hear his word,  
And praise his holy name.  
His children were my heart's de-  
I lov'd their company—  
I liv'd by faith, both day and n-  
hat Jesus died for me.

- 3 But woe is me, those joys are  
those blissful scenes are o'er  
I'm like a city quite laid wast  
To be re-built no more.  
In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,  
In vain I seek for rest;  
I fear the dove will ne'er retur-  
To my poor troubled breast.

- 4 Alas! alas! where shall I go!  
Jesus from me has gone;

of sorrow, grief, and woe,  
 ermore undone.  
 el, too, is hid from me,  
 h often I do hear  
 denounces death on me,  
 unders out despair.

is fled, and faith I've none,  
 word I cannot bear;  
 and reason almost gone,  
 with tormenting fear.  
 xt to do I cannot tell,  
 n my sorrows are—  
 relief I sink to hell,  
 vl in long despair.

l waiting me around,  
 ke my soul a prey;  
 hear the trumpet's sound,  
 take the wretch away!  
 pine, I groan and sigh,  
 ow has left mine eyes,  
 stly death seems drawing  
 gh,  
 at without disguise.

t I were some bird or beast,  
 f a stork or owl,  
 ty tree should bear my nest,  
 ough the desert prowl.  
 ve an immortal soul  
 n this house of clay,  
 her must with devils howl,  
 ell in endless day.

ing, pensive as I lay  
 upon the ground,  
 od began to pray,  
 t shone all around.  
 vords with power went  
 rough my heart—  
 come to set you free;  
 ell, nor grave shall ever part  
 ve, my son, from thee.'

zeon shook, my chains flew  
 to God, I cried; [off,  
 was fill'd; I cried, Enough,  
 e the Saviour died.  
 ter's past, the rain is gone,  
 flowers do appear;  
 'ning's brought a glorious  
 anish'd every fear. [sun,  
 brightest Prince, eternal  
 ord,  
 eft the blazing throne;  
 'ruth attends thy word;  
 rt thy father's son.

When on the brink of hell I lay,  
 Enclos'd in blackest night,  
 Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner  
 pray,  
 And brought my soul to light.

11 All you who're groaning in your  
 chains

Without one spark of hope,  
 Tho' inexpressible your pains,  
 Oh! still be looking up. [arise,  
 The winds may blow, and storms  
 A dark and gloomy night;  
 The morning sun will clear the  
 skies,  
 With sweet prevailing light.

275.

*Holiness.*

P. M.

1 **W**HEN shall I be delivered from  
 sorrow and from sin?  
 When will my blessed Saviour abide  
 and reign within?  
 When shall I cease to wander, and  
 love my God alone,  
 And feel, with pleasing wonder, my  
 heart become his throne?

2 I wander like a stranger or pilgrim  
 here below;  
 I long to love my Saviour, and no-  
 thing else to know;  
 But still I feel corruption abiding in  
 my breast,  
 Foreboding my destruction, if it is  
 not suppress'd.

3 When shall I gain the blessing, and  
 feel the fountain flow,  
 And plunge into that ocean that  
 washes white as snow;  
 Emerge to full salvation, cleans'd  
 by the purple flood,  
 And feel the new creation, the im-  
 age of my God?

4 The foe would fain persuade me,  
 my labour all is vain,  
 That Christ will never save me while  
 I in sin remain;  
 And when I read the promise, and  
 almost feel it true,  
 He cries, 'A sprinkled conscience  
 is not for such as you.'

5 Methinks I hear my Saviour thus  
 whispering within,  
 'My friends with me must suffer, if  
 with me they would rejoyce'

And when, through faith and patience, thy soul shall be refin'd,  
I'll give thee then to love me with all thy heart and mind.

- 6 'No more shall thy corruption or sin distress thy soul;  
But love, without obstruction, shall like an ocean roll;  
And though, through tribulation, you still your course must run,  
Your witness of salvation shall shine like yonder sun.

- 7 'Then wherefore these distresses?  
Lift up your anxious mind;  
Behold! the gentle heavens with blessings o'er thee bend;  
To taste them I invite thee; arise, and enter in;  
Now, if you can believe me, I'll save you from all sin.

- 8 'Wherefore will you dishonour God by unbelief?  
Come, cast your care upon me, and find a quick relief!  
Nor of my love be doubtful—I am no fickle friend,  
My promises are faithful, I'll love you to the end.'

## 276. Mourning Pilgrims.

D. C. M.

- 1 COME, all you longing pilgrims, hear  
The joyful news I'll tell,  
The Lord has brought salvation near,  
To save our souls from hell.  
'Twas angels brought the tidings down  
To shepherds in the field,  
That God with men is reconcil'd,  
His Son to them revealed.

### Chorus.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,  
Salvation to our king;  
Let all who're wash'd in Jesus' blood  
His glorious praises sing.

- 2 Come, mourning and afflicted souls,  
Draw near to God by prayer;  
Where Christ his boundless love unfolds,  
He says he'll meet us there;  
His glorious presence fills our souls  
With songs of loudest praise:  
Let all that want a Saviour dear,  
Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 3 There's glory, glory in my soul,  
It comes from heav'n above,  
Which makes me praise my God so bold,

And his dear children love.  
I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,  
I love his ways so well,  
Because his precious blood was spilt  
To save my soul from hell.  
Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 4 The blessed Mary went to seek  
Her Lord entomb'd in stone,  
The napkin and the sheet she found  
Together in the tomb.  
An angel said, He is not here,  
He's risen from the dead;  
And streams of grace for sinners  
As freely as his blood. [flow'd,

All glory, glory to my King,  
He's now upon his throne,  
Inviting strangers home to God,  
And claims them for his own.

## 277. The Warning Voice.

P. M.

- 1 A H, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,  
What shall thy doom be, when, array'd in terror,  
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,  
Up to the judgment?
- 2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice, [tion!  
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation  
Vain thy presumption! justice still shall triumph  
In thy destruction.
- 3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile, and ponder,  
Ere death arrest thee, and the judge, in vengeance,  
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,  
Swift to perdition.
- 4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,  
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;  
Yet he is gracious, and, with arms unfolded,  
Waits to embrace thee.
- 5 Come then, poor sinner, come away this moment,

- Just as you are, come filthy and polluted,  
Come to the fountain, open for uncleanness;  
Jesus invites you.
- But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, shall, in righteous judgment,  
Quit you for ever.
- Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,  
Seek for his favour, yet shall never find it,  
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,  
Deep in their caverns.
- Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal  
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,  
There shall a sinner spend a long for ever,  
Dying unpardoned.
- Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning,  
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;  
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,  
Death and the judgment.
- 278. *Scriptures Fulfilling.***  
8's and 9's.
- 1** SEE how the Scriptures are fulfilling,  
Poor sinners are returning home;  
The time that prophets were foretelling,  
With signs and wonders now has come.  
The gospel trumpets are a-roaring,  
From sea to sea, from land to land;  
God's Holy Spirit is down pouring,  
And Christians joining heart and hand.
- 2** Ten thousand fall before Jehovah  
For mercy, mercy, loud they cry;  
They raise a shouting hallelujah,  
All glory be to God on high.
- But many cry, 'Tis all disorder,  
And disbelieve God's holy word;  
This makes them cry and shout the louder,  
All glory, glory to the Lord.
- 3** O sinners! hear our invitation,  
You are but feeble, dying worms;  
Oh! fly to Jesus for salvation,  
Or you will meet God's awful storms.  
We charge you in the name of Jesus,  
The awful judge of quick and dead;  
But if you should refuse to hear us,  
Your blood shall be upon your head.
- 4** Now God is calling every nation,  
The bond and free, the rich and poor;  
These are the days of visitation,  
Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er.  
The Lord shall come, all clothed in thunder,  
And lightnings streaming from his eye;  
Oh! then he'll cut his foes asunder,  
And lay them where the damned lie.
- 5** The sun affrighted from his centre,  
Envelop'd in a western cloud;  
The stars to shine now dare not venture,  
Pale Phœbus clothed in scarlet shroud.  
The sea and land together burning,  
The flames ascend the melting sky;  
All nature now to nought returning,  
Hark! hark! the herald angels cry.
- 6** Rise, Zion, rise in brilliant glory,  
And march towards the judgment seat;  
Now hearken to the pleasant story,  
When Jesus and his bride shall meet.  
With smiling looks of approbation,  
Invites her to his lovely arms;  
And she is filled with transportation,  
Dissolved in his heavenly charms.
- 7** There lovely spirits harmonising  
In all the sweets of perfect love;  
Meanwhile, a gloomy cloud arising,  
And seemed towards the bar to move.

See millions of poor wretched crea-  
tures,  
Compelled by justice to appear !  
Deep horror painted on their fea-  
tures,  
And colours them with black  
despair.

8 Hideous cries and lamentation,  
But no relief can there be found ;  
The Judge pronounces condemna-  
tion,  
And seven thunders echo round.  
Down to the lake of burning fire,  
And never more my face to see ;  
You're bound to bear my dreadful  
ire,  
And blow the flames eternally.

9 Now devils drag them down the  
centre,  
Into the gulf of burning woe ;  
Poor wretches ! how they dread to  
enter,  
But, forced by vengeance, down  
they go.  
Now they are paid for persecuting,  
And opposing the work of God ;  
For all the time they spent disputing,  
And trampling on a Saviour's  
blood.

10 O Christians, double your dili-  
gence,  
With courage march the heavenly  
road ;  
Remember this, that double ven-  
geance  
Will fall on those who turn from  
God.  
Your children all must be converted,  
Or they can never rest with you ;  
God's word cannot be controverted ;  
God bless you all—Amen—adieu.

279.

7's.

1 COME, ye weary souls oppress,  
Find in Christ the promised rest ;  
On him all your burdens roll,  
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,  
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;  
To the Son of David cry,  
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,  
All you want in Jesus find ;  
This the day of mercy is,  
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

4 Debtors, who have nought to |  
Come to Jesus, haste away ;  
All your sins on him were laid  
All your debts the surety paid.

5 ' It is finished,' lo ! he cries,  
Ere on yonder cross he dies ;  
O believe the record true,  
Jesus died for such as you.

280. *A Royal Feast.*  
C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, star-  
poor,  
Behold a royal feast :  
Where mercy spreads her bound-  
store  
For every humble guest.  
See, Jesus stands, with open arm  
He calls—he bids you come ;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear a-  
But see, there yet is room.

2 Room in the Saviour's ble-  
heart :  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart  
That trembles at his feet.  
In him the Father, reconciled,  
Invites your souls to come ;  
The rebel shall be call'd a child  
Behold, there yet is room.

281. *The Union.*  
P. M.

1 COME, saints and sinners,  
me tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
Who saved me from a burning  
And brought my soul with hi-  
dwell,

And gave me heavenly union  
2 When Jesus saw me from on hi  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying eye  
And said to me as he pass'd by,  
' With God you have no union

3 Then I began to weep and cry ;  
I look'd this way and that to fly  
It grieved me sore that I must  
I strove salvation then to buy :  
But still I had no union.

But when I hated all my sin,  
 My dear Redeemer took me in,  
 And with his blood he wash'd me  
 clean,

And, oh, what seasons have I seen,  
 Since first I felt this union !

praised the Lord both night and  
 day,  
 And went from house to house to  
 pray,

and if I met one on the way  
 something always found to say,  
 About this heavenly union.

wonder why the saints don't sing,  
 and praise the Lord upon the wing,  
 and make the heavenly arches ring  
 With loud hosannas to their King,  
 Who brought their souls to union.

Oh, come, backsliders, come away,  
 And mind to do as well as say ;  
 Come, learn to watch as well as pray,  
 And bear your cross from day to day,  
 And then you 'll feel this union.

We soon shall leave all things below,  
 and quit these climes of pain and wo,  
 And then we shall to glory go,  
 Where we shall see, and hear, and  
 know,

And feel a perfect union.

Come, heaven and earth, unite your  
 lays,

And give to Jesus endless praise,  
 And, oh, my soul, with wonder gaze,  
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he  
 pays,

To give you heavenly union.

Oh that I could, like Gabriel,  
 sound

Salvation through the earth around,  
 The devil's kingdom to confound,  
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,  
 And spread this glorious union.

## 82. *Tune of the Union.* P. M.

WHILE angels strike their tune-  
 ful strings,

And veil their faces with their wings,  
 Each saint on earth sweet Jesus  
 sings,

And joins to praise the King of  
 kings,

Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners, fond of earthly toys,  
 Mock and deride when saints re-  
 joice ;

They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,  
 And make the world and sin their  
 choice,

And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and  
 day,

For them the Christians weep and  
 pray ;

But sinners laugh and turn away,  
 And join the wicked, lewd, and gay,  
 Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Ofttimes, in visions of the night,  
 God doth their guilty souls affright,  
 They tremble at the awful sight ;  
 But still again, with morning light,  
 Pursue the road to ruin.

5 Sometimes, by preaching, sinners  
 see,

They 're doom'd to hell and misery ;  
 To turn to God they then agree ;  
 But, oh, 'tis wicked company  
 Entice their souls to ruin.

6 Ofttimes, when nothing else will do,  
 Affliction will their danger show,  
 And bring the haughty sinner low ;  
 Then they 'll repent, and pray, and  
 vow,

But turn again to ruin.

7 When every way is tried in vain,  
 No more the Spirit strives with man ;  
 But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
 Death strikes the blow, the sinner's  
 slain,  
 And sinks to endless ruin.

8 O sinners, turn, long time you 've  
 stood,  
 Opposed to truth, and all that's  
 good ;

You may be sav'd through Jesus'   
 blood,

Lay down your arms, submit to God,  
 And thus be sav'd from ruin.

9 Turn, sinners, neighbours, friend,  
 or foe,

The terrors of the Lord we know,  
 Oh tell us, friends, what will you do ?

We cannot bear to let you go  
 To everlasting ruin.



**283.** *The Prodigal Son.*  
Tune—Sweet Home.

1 MY father he gave me a portion in hand,  
But shortly I wander'd to a foreign land;  
With riotous living I spent all my store,  
And no man relieved me when I became poor.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
I'd no one to help me when far from my home.

2 A famine ensued for want of true bread,

I then craved the husks on which the swine fed,  
In deepest distress a thought seized my mind,

To go to my father, who was loving and kind.

Home, home, &c.

3 Though naked I am, now my father I'll see,

And ask for reception, a servant I'll be;

I've sinned against Heaven, my cause of distress,

I'll go to my father my sins to confess.

Home, home, &c.

4 As homeward returning all loaded with shame,

And thus to relieve me my father he came;

With loving embraces he kissed his son,

And never upbraided for what he had done.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
My father forgave me for what I had done.

5 My father conducted and welcom'd me home,

Had music and dancing because I was come;

A ring on my finger and shoes on my feet,

A rich robe he gave me because it was meet.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
My father forgave me when I returned home.

6 My father with kindness his son he caress'd,

The fat calf was killed to welcome the guest;

With songs of rejoicing how charming the sound,

The dead's now alive, the lost he is found.

Home, home, &c.

7 This picture was given ourselves for to see,

And the loving Father, though sinners we be,

Rich mansions he has, now he bids us all come—

All sinners returning, he welcomes them home.

Home, home, &c.

**284.** *The Saviour Divine.*  
Tune—The Wounded Hussar.

1 O HASTEN, poor sinner, to Calvary's station,

The dying Redeemer, O haste to adore;

Go see him accomplish the work of salvation,

His body all mangled and bathed in gore.

What voice do I hear? 'Tis the Saviour that cries,

'Come see if there ever were sorrow like mine;'

Deserted and tortured, Immanuel dies,

O haste to adore him—the Saviour divine.

2 From his heart that was pierced, the last torrent was streaming,

And pale was his visage deep scarr'd by the thorn;

And dim was that eye once expressively beaming,

That glisten'd with mercy, ne'er kindled with scorn.

Well may my heart melt at the sorrowful sight,

And well may I weep that the trespass was mine;

Yet the gloom of his death is the day-spring of light;

And his blood my salvation—the Saviour divine.

- 3 'Thou shalt live,' he exclaim'd, as  
the last pang was heaving,  
'Each anguishing wound shall  
forbid thee to mourn;'  
'It is finished'—the gracious assur-  
ance believing,  
To thy cross, as my hope and my  
refuge, I turn.  
Redeemer and friend, ever tender  
and true,  
Permit me to call thee with cer-  
tainty mine;  
Then triumphant I'll bid life's poor  
pleasures adieu,  
While I rest on thy bosom—thou  
Saviour divine.

285. *Ah never, oh no.*  
*Tune*—Oh no, my love, no.

- 1 O HOW sweet to remember the  
kindness of Jesus,  
The mercy that rescued vile sin-  
ners from woe;  
When groaning in bondage, he flew  
to release us,  
And can I forget him? Ah never,  
oh no.
- 2 In the service of sin, in the paths  
of transgression,  
I thought to obtain solid comfort  
below;  
How vain was my hope and how  
true my confession,  
I did not thus find it—Ah never,  
oh no.
- 3 Thus surrounded by darkness, I  
wander'd in sadness  
Afar off from Jesus, whom I did  
not know;  
I heard the world boast of its joys  
and its gladness,  
But when did I find them? Ah  
never, oh no.
- 4 But how bright was the day, when  
the Spirit first taught me  
The only true fountain of pleasure  
to know;  
Its streams are supplied by the Sa-  
viour, who bought me,  
And shall I forsake him? Ah  
never, oh no.
- 5 O how sweet was his voice, and his  
smiles how endearing,  
When he spake words of comfort  
—'In peace, sinner, go;'

I do not condemn thee; my spirit  
ceas'd fearing,  
And can I forget it? Ah never, oh  
no.

- 6 Never shall I forget all those times  
of refreshing,  
My soul has enjoyed in his pre-  
sence below;  
When I've been delivered from  
thoughts most distressing,  
I cannot forget them—Ah never,  
oh no.
- 7 And in all my sharp conflicts, when  
Satan is thrusting,  
To Jesus my rock of salvation  
I'll go;  
I'll think of past mercies, and still  
will be trusting,  
He will not forsake me—Ah never,  
oh no.

- 8 And when I shall have pass'd o'er  
Jordan's dark river,  
Escaped from this valley of con-  
flict and woe,  
I hope to abide in his presence for  
ever,  
Nor again cease to praise him—  
Ah never, oh no.

286. *The Christian Crown of Glory.*  
See 1 Peter v. 4.  
*Tune*—Come to the Tree, my dear.

- 1 THE warrior round his temple may  
bind the laurel wreath,  
A curse is on its greenness, the curse  
of blood and death;  
A blight will quickly wither the  
fairest wreath of bay,  
But the Christian's crown of glory  
will never fade away.
- 2 On the brow of mighty monarchs  
may sparkle many a gem,  
And gold, and pearls, and jewels  
may deck the diadem;  
It shines with earthly lustre, it will  
tarnish and decay,  
While the Christian's crown of  
glory will never fade away.
- 3 Proud were the mighty conquerors  
crown'd in Olympic games,  
For they deem'd that deathless hon-  
ours entwined around their  
names;

But decay attends the parsley  
wreath, the olive and the bay,  
While the Christian's crown of glory  
shall never fade away.

4 With a harp of angel melody, and  
palm branch in his hand,  
The saint 'mid circling spirits round  
the sapphire throne shall stand;  
His song shall be enduring as hea-  
ven's eternal day,  
And the victor's crown of glory shall  
never fade away.

5 Life's storms are o'er for ever, his  
earthly course is run,  
He 's passed death's icy river, his  
Master says, Well done;  
Come join the heavenly harpers, re-  
demption's story play,  
Thy blood-bought crown of glory  
shall never fade away.

## 287.

*Calvary.*

1 ON dark Calvary's blood-stained  
mountain,

See what strange events betide,  
See Jehovah—see the fountain  
Gushing from his side.  
Can it be Jehovah, Jesus?  
Is this God's beloved Son?  
Tho' his agony increases,  
The wine-press treads alone.

2 Gazing down in silent wonder,  
Clustering angels gather round,  
All the powers of Heaven are yonder  
Crowding Calvary's mound.  
Hark! the news has reach'd th' In-  
fernal,  
Hell pours out her crowds of fire,  
Devils press to see the eternal  
God of life expire.

3 Now the wondrous news is flowing  
In dark waves o'er nature's face,  
More intense concern is growing,  
Fixed the mighty gaze.  
Hark! he groans—all nature quivers,  
Rocks and mountains rend in  
twain,  
Should he die, sure 't will deliver  
Earth to chaos again.

4 Angels, heavens, and wondering na-  
ture,  
Let your glorious gaze be turned;

Here 's a wonder, at  
A sinner unconcern  
Why sleeps thy thou  
Heaven,  
Canst thou spare a  
Can this monster be  
And saved from he

5 Rebel, sinner, stony-  
Listen—look! he d  
Dies, that thou may's  
Life in eternity.  
Oh! then, let his pit  
Out for thee at eve  
Melt thy heart—t  
leading  
Thee to sin no mo

6 On the tree of Jesu's  
Wretched mourner  
There for thee he bo  
Justice must forgi  
From his wounds, a  
tain,

See the crimson to  
Though thy sins wer  
tain,  
This should bring

7 Then let men, with s  
Gaze upon the ble  
Every meaner song d  
Bless his glorious  
Swell, oh, swell the he  
Let the glorious so  
Let the noise drive h  
Shake the solid gr

8 Hallelujah! halleluja  
Glory to our dying  
Hallelujah! halleluja  
Let all nature sing.  
Jah-Jehovah's our B  
Devils tremble at h  
Praise him, bless his  
Glory to the Lamb.

288. *Jesus the Christ*  
*Tune—' Oh! w*

1 THE Lord is my Sh  
My soul shall rejo  
I hear, and I know,  
The blest sound of  
In him is all fulness,  
No want can be m  
His power, his wis  
His love, are div

empted and wearied,  
ul is oppress,  
ss me lie down  
en pastures to rest,  
me by waters  
ilently flow,  
up my soul  
desert of woe.

ld, flesh, and Satan,  
l lead me astray;  
is, my Shepherd,  
oints out the way;  
ousness guiding  
ock of his care,  
arth is deriding,  
ark still we bear.

dark is the valley  
loomy the shade,  
low of death  
not make me afraid.  
ence is with me;  
aff and thy rod  
nfort and guide me,  
rd and my God.

thou dost  
wilderness spread;  
ght of the foe  
inointest my head;  
overflows,  
ndant and free—  
ams from the rock  
as smitten for me.

iness and grace  
ollow me still;  
ns of thy face  
al they do fill;  
n in thy temple  
ory I see,  
hout for ever,  
on to thee.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

*Be Penitent.* Tune—'Fly  
away, pretty moth.'

as are many as the stars,  
ands on ocean shore;  
the mercies of my God  
initely more.

b, Saul, and Magdalene,  
ardon'd, Lord, by thee;  
and believe it too,  
I hast pardoned me.

3 My soul was fill'd with terrors wild—  
I fear'd the wrath of God;  
But Jesus spoke, and said, 'My  
child,'  
And then I cried, 'My God.'

4 And if he sav'd a wretch like me,  
No sinner need despair.  
Oh! fly at once to Calvary,  
And find salvation there.

290. *The Farewell Hymn.*  
Tune—Sweet Canaan.

1 **W**HILST trav'ling through the  
wilderness,  
How oft we're called to sever,  
And say to friends, in much distress,  
Farewell, but not for ever.

2 For ever? no; a blissful hope  
Shall cheer us, though we sever;  
This lifts our fainting spirits up—  
Farewell, but not for ever.

3 The parting sigh is there unknown,  
Adieus are heard, no, never;  
There we shall wear a starry crown:  
Farewell, but not for ever.

4 Oh! may the God of truth and grace,  
Dear friends, forsake you never;  
But bring you all to see his face:  
Farewell, but not for ever.

5 In yon bright world, oh, may we  
meet,  
And part no more—no, never;  
But cast our crowns at Jesu's feet:  
Farewell, but not for ever.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

291. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*  
Tune—'Holy, holy, holy.'

1 **O** THOU who reign'st above the  
skies,  
Who dost thy people bless,  
Now shine upon my longing eyes,  
Thou Sun of Righteousness.

2 How cheerless will the day appear,  
Unless thou deign to bless;  
Oh! do in love my spirit cheer,  
Thou Sun of Righteousness.

3 In sorrow's dark and gloomy hour  
And seasons of distress,  
Break through the clouds, display  
thy power,  
Thou Sun of Righteousness.

4 On thee I cast my every care,  
'T is thou alone must bless ;  
Oh ! hear in love my trembling  
prayer,  
Thou Sun of Righteousness.

5 For all the mercies of the way  
My spirit shall thee bless,  
On earth and in the realms of day,  
Thou Sun of Righteousness.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

292. *Love-feast breaking up.*  
*Tune—'Oh! what shall I do?'*

1 MAY Heaven protect you, be  
Jesus your guide ;  
On the walls of our Zion may you  
ever abide ;  
Though we live at a distance, and  
you I ne'er see,  
On the banks of sweet Canaan ac-  
quainted we 'll be.

2 There all things are plenty, and the  
leaves growing green,  
And the parting of Christians no  
more to be seen ;  
No sorrow, no trouble shall enter  
that place,  
But there we shall join in a song of  
free grace.

3 And when we meet Jesus in the  
mansion above,  
Where saints and bright angels are  
feasting on love ;  
Oh, then we shall look for each  
mourner that 's here,  
How glad we shall be to meet each  
other there.

4 Farewell to all sorrows, temptation,  
and pain,  
I'm going where Jesus for ever  
doth reign ;  
I'm going to Jesus, his goodness to  
prove,  
Where saints and bright angels are  
feasting on love.

293. *Confidence in God.*  
10s and 11s.

1 GREAT Author of good, to thee  
would I fly,  
When sorrows afflict or troubles  
draw nigh ;

When clouds gather blackness, por-  
tending a storm,  
Be thou my protection, and shield  
me from harm.

2 From what thou hast done in years  
that are fled,  
What blessings thy love upon me  
hath shed,  
Oh, help me to trust thee, nor doubt  
of thy care ;  
When dangers surround me thy  
love will be there.

3 Should sorrow, and pain, and  
poverty, join—  
Should friends turn away, and with  
foes should combine—  
Yet, sure of thy favours, my cove-  
nant God,  
I'd trust in thy goodness, and bow  
to thy rod.

4 Should mortal disease bring death  
to my view,  
And should I be called the dark  
vale to go through,  
Its gloom and its shadows shall all  
disappear—  
My Father, my Guardian, my God  
will be there.

5 And when I shall leave this dwell-  
ing of clay,  
Conducted by angels, I 'll wing my  
glad way,  
And take full possession of that  
glorious throne,  
And call all the treasures of heaven  
my own.

6 My own through the purchase of  
Jesus's blood—  
My own through the goodness and  
mercy of God—  
My own, my possession, the balm  
of my soul,  
While eternity's ages continue to  
roll.

294. *The Heavenly Shout.*  
*Tune—'Glory! glory!'*

1 PRAY what 's the reason, when  
you meet,  
You make so great a noise?  
Because the Lord comes in our  
hearts ;  
And shall we not rejoice?

2 'Rebuke them,' cry the pharisees;  
But Jesus turns about,  
And says, 'If these should hold  
their peace,  
The stones would then cry out.'

3 It matters not what men may say,  
Or call us here below;  
We mean to sing, and shout, and  
pray,  
Till we to glory go.

### 295. *The Christian's Warfare.*

1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of  
war:  
Awake the powers of hell are near!  
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,  
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,  
cast my eager eyes around,  
Make haste to gird my armour on,  
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,  
Thy word, my God, the sword I  
wield;  
With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,  
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight,  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him hope, in him I trust,  
His bleeding cross is all my boast;  
Through troops of foes he'll lead  
me on  
To victory and the victor's crown.

### 296. *Praise to Jesus.* *Tune—'Oh! what shall I do?'*

1 COME, angels and men, assist me  
to sing,  
And strike a high note to Jesus our  
king:  
His blood-bought salvation demands  
all our praise,  
Our best adoration and loftiest lays.

*Chorus.*  
Break forth into singing, ye trees of  
the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing poor sinners  
to God.

2 All glory to God who ruleth on high,  
And now hath bestowed, and sent  
from the sky,  
Christ Jesus, the Saviour, poor sin-  
ners to bless,  
And bring into favour, and save  
from distress.

3 The loudest hosannahs to Jesus be-  
long,  
Who claims, for his grace, the New  
Testament song;  
Our Saviour and Lord in hymns we  
proclaim,  
And all the world over rejoice in  
his name.

4 Ye sea-faring men, his footsteps  
adore,  
His miracles see, of goodness and  
power;  
While on the rough ocean, your  
voices employ  
With hearty devotion and fulness  
of joy.

5 Ye deserts so wild, your offerings  
bring;  
Your God reconcil'd, ye villagers,  
sing;  
Exult and rejoice, ye wild moun-  
taineers,  
For lo! your salvation with Jesus  
appears.

6 Ye harlots and publicans, deep sunk  
in sin,  
Rejoice that his blood hath washed  
you clean;  
Of that mercy which snatch'd you  
from sin and from hell  
To other poor sinners remember to  
tell.

7 Him strong to redeem, ye islanders,  
praise;  
Created by him who saves the lost  
race,  
With shouts never-ceasing extol  
the Most High,  
And welcom the blessings he  
brings from the sky.

8 Let earth, air, and ocean, now lift  
up their voice,  
In heavenly emotion creation rejoice;  
In time and for ever we'll sing the  
new song,  
And louder than thunder we'll roll  
it along.

297. *Suffering Saints encouraged.*  
Tune—Mount Zion.

- 1 WHILE here I sit at Jesus' feet,  
Amid this vale of tears,  
I'll trust his grace and sing his  
praise,  
Nor yield to doubts and fears.
- 2 And when on Zion's hill I see  
My Saviour face to face,  
I'll range the land of liberty,  
And endless anthems raise.
- 3 Oh, then, how happy shall I be,  
When landed on the shore;  
I'll wave my palm of victory,  
And sing for evermore.

298. *Evening Hymn.* D.C.M.  
Tune—'Oh, what a happy  
meeting.'

- 1 AND now, while daylight closes,  
To bring the hour of rest,  
My spirit soft reposes  
On the Redeemer's breast.  
While on his aid relying,  
I shall not yield to fear;  
Living, or dead, or dying,  
My Saviour still is near.
- 2 He saw my soul in danger,  
And bid me seek his face;  
He said, 'Poor wand'ring stranger,  
Come, taste my pard'ning grace.'  
My heart for sin was mourning;  
I pray'd to be forgiven,  
And soon, to Jesus turning,  
I felt the joy of heaven.
- 3 He chased all my sadness,  
And fill'd me with his love,  
And then, with songs of gladness,  
My heart was rais'd above.  
I sing the pleasing story  
Of Jesus' cleansing blood;  
I'm on my way to glory,  
And soon shall cross the flood.
- 4 And now life's sun is clouded,  
My day is nearly o'er;  
I quickly must be shrouded,  
And live on earth no more.  
The angels now are waiting—  
They beckon me away:  
*Farewell, my friends beloved,*  
*I'm bound for endless day.*

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

299. *Look aloft.*  
Tune—Noah's Ark.

- 1 IN the tempest of life, when the  
wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing  
should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim and  
thy courage depart,  
Look aloft, and be firm, and be fear-  
less of heart.  
*Chorus—Glory be to Jesus, &c.*
- 2 If the friends who embraced in  
prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a  
tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows  
like clouds are arrayed,  
Look aloft to the friendship that  
never can fade.
- 3 Should the vision which hope  
spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow but  
brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and through tears of  
repentant regret,  
Look aloft to the sun that never can  
set.
- 4 Should those who are nearest, the  
child of thy heart,  
The wife of thy bosom in sorrow  
depart,  
Look aloft from the darkness and  
dust of the tomb,  
To that land where affection is ever  
in bloom.
- 5 And oh! when death comes in ter-  
rors to cast  
His fears on thy future, his pall on  
the past,  
In the moment of darkness, with  
hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft  
and depart.

J. LAWRENCE.

300. *'Weep not for me.'*

- 1 FRIENDS, the glittering chariot  
waits, Weep not for me;  
To bear to yon celestial gates,  
Weep not for me;  
Glorious joys are in my view,  
Though I separate from you,  
Ye may go to glory too.  
*Weep not for me.*

The angel tribes appear,  
     Weep not for me,  
 To convey me there,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 From earth I take my flight  
 To realms of endless light,  
 Calvary's to Zion's height.  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Our tears, a crown I see—  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Weave a palm of victory,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Song of love eternally,  
 Echo'd through bright Canaan be,  
 athing in ecstasy :  
     Weep not for me.  
 He is stealing o'er my frame,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Happy still through Jesu's name,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 All-sustaining power I feel,  
 Hope, with him I love to dwell,  
 Up my drooping spirits still :  
     Weep not for me.  
 He still approach the host,  
     Weep not for me,  
 As soon I shall have crossed,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Embracing Christ my king,  
 Of salvation sing  
 To heaven's high arches ring :  
     Weep not for me.  
 Well, dear friends, I feel I'm  
 Going,      Weep not for me.  
 Ever keep pursuing,  
     Weep not for me ;  
 Farther after and attain,  
 Peace under grief and pain,  
 In glory's rapture reign,  
     Eternally.

E. SQUIRE.

*The Latter-day Glory.*

O ye, brethren, and sing our  
 Saviour and king,  
 Highest hosannas creation  
 Shall ring ;  
 Revere the strain, repeat it again,  
 Shout, hallelujah, amen and  
 Amen.  
 Mountains bring peace, the  
 Little hills grace,  
 Angels, with sinners in anthems  
 Of praise ;

Bow down to the Lamb who bled  
 On the tree,  
 And purchased salvation for rebels  
 Like me.

3 The meadow is mown, the handful  
     is sown,  
 Rejoice, for the dew of his blessing  
 Comes down ;  
 Break forth into singing, ye trees of  
 The wood,  
 For Jesus is bringing lost sinners  
 To God.

4 Behold, the clouds bend, the  
 Showers descend,  
 Again swell the courses that never  
 Shall end ;  
 To the Lamb that was slain and  
 Liveth again,  
 We will shout, hallelujah, amen and  
 Amen.

5 The reign of the Son with us is  
 Begun,  
 To conquer the nations, Messiah,  
 Ride on ;  
 Thy sign in the skies, oh ! let it ap-  
 Pear,  
 And then we shall hail the millennial  
 Year.

6 Each sceptre and crown he claims  
 For his own,  
 And sovereigns with subjects fall  
 Worshipping down ;  
 The flame of his grace sets earth on  
 A blaze,  
 And makes man's dark dwelling a  
 Planet of praise.

### 302. *Jesus died for all.* 11s and 12s.

1 **F**OR you and for me he prayed on  
 The tree ;  
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner  
 Is free.  
 That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,  
 And come for the pardon God can-  
 Not deny.

2 Thy pardon I claim, for a sinner I  
 Am ;  
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name ;  
 His death is my plea ; my advocate  
 See,  
 And hear the blood speak that hath  
 Answered for me.



**303.** *Blessings on the Lamb.*  
*Tune—Iceland.*

- 1 **B**LESSINGS forever on the Lamb!  
Who bore the curse for wretched man;  
Let angels sound the sacred name;  
And every creature say, Amen.

*Chorus.*  
And we'll sing hallelujah  
To the King of Mount Zion.

**304.** *Light in Darkness.*  
*Tune—Erin go Bragh.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH the morning of life  
should be gloomy and clouded,  
Though the noontide in storms and  
in tempests should rave,  
The evening in darkness, thick  
darkness, be shrouded,  
And low'ring should close in the  
night of the grave;  
Yet the faithful, undaunted, with  
hope strong and cheering,  
Goes through the dark valley, nor  
doubting, nor fearing,  
With transport looks up to the joy-  
ful appearing,  
Of him who came lowly to seek and  
to save.
- 2 Though the world in the depth of  
affliction should leave us,  
And those we relied on desert us in  
woe;  
Though foes should oppress us and  
false friends deceive us,  
And darkness the cloud that sur-  
rounds us below;  
Yet the day-star shall rise on the  
gloom of our sorrow,  
Woe reigns here to-night, but joy  
comes on the morrow,  
From the fountain of life we blest  
comfort may borrow,  
Which earth and her princes can  
never bestow.

**305.** *The Christian called to Action.*  
*Tune—Marseilles.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of God, awake to glory,  
A host of foes before you lies,  
The saints renowned in sacred story,  
Behold them seize the glittering  
prize.

Shall frowns of earth, or hell's loud  
thunder,  
Afflict your bosom with dismay,  
Or chase you from the narrow way,  
While angels gaze with joy and  
wonder?

*Chorus.*  
To arms, to arms, ye brave,  
See, see the standard wave,  
March on, march, the trumpet  
sounds,  
For victory or death.

- 2 Launch out a feeble arm no longer,  
Rush, rush on contest, win the day,  
The foe turns pale, the saint grows  
stronger,  
While great Immanuel leads the  
way.

No more a hoard of terrors nourish,  
Nor seem of every hope bereft,  
For on the right hand and the left,  
The heavenly tempered armies  
flourish.

- Chorus—To arms, &c.*
- 3 The treacherous world stands yon-  
der smiling,  
And points to wealth's delight and  
fame,  
More venom'd than the serpent  
coiling  
She leads to anguish, want, and  
pain.  
Fly her embrace, disdain her fury;  
What though her legions she en-  
gage?  
From all the follies of her rage,  
The shield of faith can well secure  
ye.

- Chorus—To arms, &c.*
- 4 Do inward foes, thy path impeding,  
Through all thy members shout for  
war,  
Resist to blood; assured, though  
bleeding,  
You soon shall mount Elijah's car.  
Go, crucify each bold invader,  
Drive firm the nail, deep plunge the  
spear,

Bright eyes, bright hands, no  
longer dear,  
Pursue your great immortal leader,  
*Chorus—To arms, &c.*

- 5 March on, nor fear death's sable  
waters—  
The foe stands silent as a stone,

'ransom'd sons and  
ers  
o claim the promis'd  
; and crowns of highest

lms and endless songs,  
ight presence is before

*horus*--To arms, &c.  
LATE DR STAUGHTON.

*ath Song of Praise.*  
God save the Queen.  
her sweetest lay  
lad Sabbath day--  
theme.  
souls inspire--  
oly fire  
eart and lyre;  
the Lord.

erces tell,  
race to dwell--  
ir theme.  
hymns of praise  
first of days,  
e their lays,  
the Lord.

best of days,  
fill'd with praise--  
theme.  
ls our way o'ercast,  
lays be past,  
and being last,  
the Lord.

*Happy Hours.*  
'Those Evening Bells.'  
py hours, those happy  
y wakes my noblest  
ar, I first knew thy  
y Spirit from above.  
light my darkness

imming doubt effaced;  
idst all thy goodness  
thine--how is it now?  
e flame my soul in-  
e the same desire?

Those happy hours again be mine,  
And be my soul for ever thine.  
CAISTOR.

### 308. *The Departed Christian.* *Tune*--Mary's Dream.

1 THE sun has arisen o'er heaven's  
high hills,  
Which set in death's dark clouds  
below,  
And joy the parted spirit fills,  
Which flows, and must for ever  
flow;  
The flesh has laid it down to rest,  
The closed eye forgets to weep,  
No sorrow heaves the tranquil  
breast;  
Then mourn no more for those  
who sleep.

2 O'er life's rough sea they sometimes  
sailed,  
On waves of woe tumultuous  
toss'd;  
While doubts o'er feeble faith pre-  
vail'd,  
Of shipwreck'd hopes and hea-  
ven lost.  
They feared to sink in sight of land,  
And trembled to approach the  
shore;  
But now secure on heaven's blest  
strand,  
For harbour spirits weep no more.

3 O might some friend from yonder  
skies,  
Descend to tell his happy state:  
The raptures sparkling in his eyes,  
Would joys unspeakable relate.  
Then, as he spread the ready wing,  
To reach his own felicity;  
Sweet would the rising seraph sing,  
O Christian! weep no more for me.  
REV. DR COLLYER.

### 309. *Heaven.* *Tune*--Adeste Fideles.

1 OH! happy immortals, who, in  
bliss celestial,  
Escaped from the sorrows of lin-  
gering time,  
Far from the scenes I wander o'er  
terrestrial,  
Indulge in glowing pleasure all  
divine.

- 2 To bliss ye have waded through the  
chilling river,  
Where Nature must bathe first to  
purify ;  
Whose brink I tread, and feel my  
bosom shiver,  
While towards the land of promise  
darts my eye.
- 3 But shall I not pass it, with that arm  
sustaining,  
Which bore you and led you to  
heavenly rest ;  
Cease, O my spirit, cease, then, thy  
complaining,  
And quell the ruffling tempest in  
my breast.
- 4 Oh ! happy immortals, I shall,  
through my Saviour,  
Be happy and happy as saints  
above ;  
And bask in glory beaming from his  
favour,  
Who ever is unchanging in his  
love.

REV. I. COBBIN, A.M.

310.

*Second Part.*  
D. C. M.

- 1 COME, all my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are joined in one,  
Hold up your heads with courage  
bold,  
Your race is almost run—  
Above the clouds behold him stand,  
And smiling bid you come ;  
And angels whispering you away,  
To your eternal home.
- 2 A pilgrim on his dying bed,  
With glory in his soul,  
Upward he lifts his longing eyes  
Towards the blissful goal ;  
While friends and children weep  
around,  
And loathe to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.
- 3 O Christians, are you ready now  
To cross the rolling flood ?  
On Canaan's happy shore behold  
And see your smiling God.  
*The dazzling charms of those bright  
worlds*  
*Attract my soul above ;*

My tongue shall shout redeeming  
grace,  
When perfected in love.

- 4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,  
I'm bound to meet you there ;  
Although we tread enchanted  
ground,  
Be bold and never fear.  
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
The land appears in view ;  
I hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore,  
And there to meet with you.
- 5 Salvation to our conquering King,  
Then let the echo rise ;  
While the repeat is sung above,  
By armies in the skies.  
O Christians, help me praise the  
Lamb,  
Who died for you and me ;  
We'll sing his praises as we go,  
And shout eternally.
- 6 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
Until we meet again ;  
Perhaps in time, or as we rise  
Above the fiery main.  
We'll join the royal armies bright,  
In presence of the Lamb ;  
We'll tune our harps and sing free  
grace,  
In love's eternal flame.
311. *The Pilgrim and Apollyon.*  
D. C. M.
- 1 COME, all ye wand'ring pilgrims  
dear,  
Who are to Canaan bound,  
Take courage, and fight valiantly,  
Obey the trumpet's sound :  
Our Captain has before us gone—  
It's God's eternal Son ;  
Then, pilgrims dear, pray don't you  
fear,  
But let us follow on,
- 2 Through a dark howling wilderness,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore,  
A land of drought, and pits, and  
snares,  
Where chilling winds do roar.  
But Jesus Christ with us will,  
And lead us by the way ;  
Should enemies examine us,  
He'll teach us what to say.

OLLYON.  
 O brother traveller ;  
 What's your name ?  
 Is your travelling to ?  
 Whence you came ?

ILGRIM.  
 I the Pilgrim bold,  
 I am bound ;  
 Howling wilderness,  
 Shanted ground.

OLLYON.  
 That upon your head,  
 So clear and bright ?  
 Ring of your breast,  
 To my sight ?  
 Shoes are those you

ou boldly stand ?  
 Shining instrument  
 Your right hand ?

ILGRIM.  
 Hope upon my head,  
 Breast my shield ;  
 Right sword I mean to

the field.  
 And with gospel peace,  
 Boldly stand ;  
 Lived to fight till death,  
 For Canaan's land.

OLLYON.  
 Stay with me, young

our journey o'er ;  
 Now is out of sight,  
 As 'I'll see no more.  
 I am by name,  
 Elongs to me :  
 Arms and pilgrim's

all to thee.

ILGRIM.  
 The Pilgrim bold,  
 I disdain ;  
 Crown of righteousness,  
 All obtain.  
 Faithful prove,  
 Lord's commands ;  
 Be heir with him,  
 To his richest lands.

elds in Canaan's land  
 As to behold ;

The vallies clothed with living green,  
 The mountains ting'd with gold.  
 The trees of life, with heavenly life,  
 Behold how thick they stand ;  
 Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul  
 Away to Canaan's land.

### 312. *Longing for Heaven.* C. M.

1 LIKE Paul I would desire to die,  
 I long for death's arrest ;  
 If any ask the reason why—  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

2 My unbelief, that bosom foe,  
 Which lurks within my breast,  
 So often seeks my overthrow—  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

3 Should friends and kindred on me  
 frown,  
 And leave my soul oppress'd ;  
 Should evils crush my comforts  
 down—  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,  
 To sound from east to west ;  
 I'd tell the honour-seeking throng,  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

5 O come, my Saviour, quickly come,  
 And cheer my fainting breast ;  
 I long to reach my heavenly home—  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,  
 And fly to thee, my rest ;  
 There with the church triumphant  
 sing—  
 'To be with Christ is best.'

### 313. *O'er Mountain Tops.* C. M.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of  
 God  
 In latter days shall rise,  
 Above the summit of the hills,  
 And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,  
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
 Up to the mount of God, they'd say,  
 And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's  
 hill  
 Shall lighten every land ;

- The King who reigns in Salem's towers,  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide,  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men  
Exchange their swords and spears;  
Nor shall they study war again,  
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy graces shine.
- 314. *Zion's Volunteer.***  
D. C. M.
- 1 **H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters,  
They sound for volunteers,  
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,  
Behold the officers.  
Their horses white, their garments bright,  
With crown and bow they stand;  
Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,  
A soldier I will be;  
I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
And fight for liberty.  
They want no cowards in their band,  
They will their colours fly;  
But call for valiant-hearted men,  
Who 're not afraid to die.
- 3 The armies now are on parade,  
How martial they appear!  
All dressed and armed in uniform,  
They look like men of war.  
They follow their brave general,  
The great eternal Lamb!  
His garments stained with his own blood,  
King Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell;  
How dreadful is our God in arms,  
The great Immanuel.  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
*The eternal Son of God;*  
*And march with us to Canaan's land,*  
*Beyond the swelling flood.*
- 5 There is a green and flow'ry field,  
Where fruits immortal grow;  
All clothed in white, with angels bright,  
And our Redeemer know.  
We'll shout and sing for evermore,  
In that eternal world;  
But Satan and his armies too,  
Shall down to hell be hurled.
- 6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption 's drawing nigh;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,  
That shakes both earth and sky.  
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,  
And leave the world on fire;  
And meet around the starry throne,  
To tune the immortal lyre.
- 315. *Praise to our King.***  
7s and 8s.
- 1 **C**OME, and let us praise our King:  
He is worthy to be praised;  
Should his saints refuse to sing,  
How would angels stand amazed!  
Oh, exalt the sinner's Friend!  
Let his praises never end.
- 2 There he dwells whom angels sing;  
Once he bore the cross below;  
Jesus, heaven's eternal king,  
Lived on earth a man of woe.  
Now he lives and reigns above,  
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
- 3 Hail, immortal King of heaven!  
Endless praise surround thy throne;  
Lamb of God, for sinners given,  
'Thou art worthy,' thou alone.  
Thee we serve, and thee we sing!  
Jesus, hail! eternal King!
- 316. L. M.**
- 1 **H**ARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,  
The token of redeeming love?  
From hill to hill we hear the sound,  
The neighb'ring vallies echo round.
- 2 O Zion, hear the turtle dove,  
The token of your Saviour's love;  
They 've come the barren land to cheer,  
And welcome in the jub'lee year.

ast, the rain is o'er,  
lling wind no more;  
me, and summer too,  
ar divinely new.

it the watchmen cry,  
n's drawing nigh;  
ons from abroad,  
the mount of God.

ounds both far and

why will ye die?  
stand the gospel

ist, gird on your arms.

ys that were foretold,  
s, by prophets old;  
ee this glorious light,  
d without the sight.

have now come on,  
re flocking home;  
owd the gospel road,  
r the mount of God.

will join that band,  
y heart, and here's  
;  
and no more I'll be,  
hrist and liberty.

n shall be unfurl'd,  
ne to judge the world;  
it we then shall stand,  
fair Canaan's land.

moon shall darkened

nsue the land and

on worlds together

d loud hosannas raise.

*ing Pilgrim.*

P. M.

Buy a Broom.

ill of glory,  
spires my tongue;  
with angels,  
m a song.

Jesus,  
his charms,  
to bear me  
r arms.

2 Methinks they're descending,  
To hear while I sing,  
Well pleased to hear mortals  
Praising their King.  
O angels! O angels!  
My soul's in a flame,  
I faint in sweet raptures  
At Jesus's name.

3 O Jesus! O Jesus!  
Thou balm of my soul,  
'Twas thou, my dear Saviour,  
That made my heart whole.  
O bring me to view thee,  
Thou precious sweet King,  
In oceans of glory,  
Thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven, sweet heaven!  
I long to be there,  
To meet all my brethren,  
And Jesus my dear.  
Come angels, come angels,  
I'm ready to fly;  
Come, quickly convey me  
To God in the sky.

5 Sweet spirits attend me  
Till Jesus shall come;  
Protect and defend me,  
Till I am called home.  
Though worms my poor body  
May claim as their prey,  
'Twill outshine, when rising,  
The sun at mid-day.

6 The sun may be darkened,  
The moon turned to blood;  
The mountains shall melt,  
At the presence of God;  
Red lightnings are blazing,  
Loud thunders may roar,  
All this cannot daunt me,  
On Canaan's sweet shore.

7 A glimpse of bright glory  
O'erpowers my soul;  
I sink in sweet vision  
To view the bright goal.  
My soul, while I'm singing,  
Is leaping to go—  
This moment for heaven  
I'd leave all below.

8 Farewell, my dear brethren,  
My Lord bids me come;  
Farewell, my dear children,  
I'm now going home;

Bright angels are whisp'ring  
So sweet in my ear;  
Await to thy Saviour  
Thy spirit we'll bear.

- 9 I'm singing, I'm going,  
But what do I see?  
'Tis Jesus in glory,  
Appears unto me.  
To heaven, to heaven,  
I'm going—I am gone;  
O glory! O glory!  
'Tis done, it is done.

- 10 To regions of glory  
The spirit is fled,  
And left the poor body  
Inactive and dead,  
With angelic armies  
In glory to blaze,  
On Jesus's beauties  
For ever to gaze.

- 11 When the sixth seal shall open  
The trumpet shall sound,  
To awake God's dear children  
Who sleep under ground;  
Their souls and their bodies  
Shall then join in one;  
And each from their Saviour  
Receive a bright crown.

### 318. *The Happy Sick Man.* C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love  
Lie just before mine eye;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd to those rivers fly.  
I'd rise superior to my pain,  
With joy outstrip the wind;  
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
And leave the world behind.

- 2 While I'm imprisoned here below,  
In anguish, pain, and smart,  
Oftimes those troubles I forego,  
When love surrounds my heart.  
In darkest shadows of the night,  
Faith mounts the upper sky,  
I then behold my heart's delight,  
And would rejoice to die.

- 3 I view the monster Death, and smile,  
Now he has lost his sting;  
Though Satan rages all the while,  
Yet still the triumph sing.

I hold the Saviour in my arms,  
And will not let him go;  
I'm so delighted with his charms,  
No other good I'll know.

- 4 A few more days or years at most,  
My troubles will be o'er;  
I hope to join the heavenly host,  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and  
feast,  
In love's unbounded sea;  
The glorious hope of endless rest  
Is ravishing to me.

- 5 Oh, come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky;  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;  
Make haste and bring it nigh.  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be for ever thine.

- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,  
To my eternal King;  
Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
I'll make his praises ring.  
All hail, eternal Son of God,  
Who died on Calvary,  
And sav'd me with thy precious  
blood,  
From endless misery.

- 7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,  
To praise the eternal Three;  
Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
In deep humility.  
They rise and tune their harps of  
gold,  
And sweep the immortal lyre,  
And ages that can ne'er be told  
Shall raise thy praises higher.

### 319. D. C. M.

- 1 SINCE I've known a Saviour's  
name,  
And sin's strong fetters broke,  
Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my easy yoke.  
Joyful now my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward;  
All the work I do below,  
Is light, for such a Lord.

desert or the cell,  
hers blindly fly ;  
evil world I dwell,  
for its enmity.  
And a house of prayer,  
rich I inwardly retire ;  
unconcern'd in care,  
unconsum'd in fire.

All the world might know  
ing, Lord, to thee ;  
air heaven begun below,  
ere thy goodness see ;  
all the works prepared  
se to exercise their grace,  
y gain their full reward,  
ee thee face to face.

*The Good Old Way.*

L. M.

up your hearts, Immanuel's  
riends,  
e the pleasure Jesus sends ;  
ing cause you to delay,  
en on the good old way.

dicts here, though great they

t prevent our victory,  
t strive, and watch, and pray,  
diers in the good old way.

l old way, how sweet thou  
t,  
e of us from thee depart ;  
our actions always say,  
arching in the good old way.

Satan may his powers em-  
oy

piness for to destroy,  
r fear, we 'll gain the day,  
tand sing the good old way.

n on Pisgah's top we stand,  
y by faith the promised land :

may sing, and shout, and  
ay,

ch along the good old way.

it souls, for heaven contend,  
er glory 's at the end ;

will wipe all tears away,  
have run the good old way.

beyond this mortal shore,  
et with those who're gone  
ore,

it to think we 've gain'd  
day

ing in the good old way.

321.

8s and 6s.

1 THE Lord has to his garden come,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive ;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine  
From Jesus flow, the living vine,  
And make each branch revive.

2 Oh that this dry and barren ground  
With springs of water may abound,  
And fruitful soil become !—  
The desert blossom as a rose,  
And Jesus conquer all his foes,  
And make his people one !

3 The glorious day is rolling on,  
That gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is.  
I taste, and know that grace is free ;  
And all of human kind like me  
May come to Christ and live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all receive ;  
None are too vile who will repent—  
Out of one sinner legions went—  
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew their Lord,  
And would but only taste his word,  
His sweet forgiving love,  
They'd rush through storms of  
ev'ry kind,  
And leave all earthly cares behind,  
To gain a crown above.

6 Come, brethren, you that love the  
Lord,  
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,  
In Jesus' ways go on ;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

7 We feel that heaven is now begun ;  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high ;  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink  
again,  
And yet we still are dry.

8 And when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We 'll drink a full supply.  
Jesus will lead his ransom'd forth  
To living streams of richest w  
That never will run dry



9 And then we'll shine, and shout,  
and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
When all the saints get home.  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
We soon shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.

10 Amen, amen, my soul replies;  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim a mansion there.  
Now, here 's my heart, and here 's  
my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

322.

P. M.

1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike  
my sense,  
And all my passions capture;  
Eternal beauties round me shine,  
Infusing warmest rapture.  
I dive in pleasures deep and full,  
In swelling waves of glory,  
And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
And groan to tell my story.

2 I feast on honey, milk, and wine—  
I drink perpetual sweetness;  
Mount Zion's beauties through me  
shine,  
While Christ unfolds his bright-  
ness.  
No mortal tongue can show my joys,  
Nor can an angel tell them—  
Ten thousand times surpassing all  
Terrestrial words or emblems.

323. *The Wandering Sinner.*  
7s and 6s.

1 COME, tell me, wandering sinner,  
Say, whither dost thou roam?  
O'er this wide world a stranger,  
Hast thou no Saviour known?  
He calls you to his bosom,  
But ah! you still delay!  
He'll fit your soul for heaven,  
And guide you in the way.

2 Angels are now attending  
To waft the news above,  
Your Saviour still presenting  
*The joys of pard'ning love.*  
*Oh come, accept the offer*  
*Of pardon and free grace,*  
*And own the mighty pow'r*  
*In songs of love and praise.*

3 All thy sorrows he'll remove,  
His grace and peace bestow;  
Heaven's glories you shall prove,  
As angels now do know.  
All his love can ne'er be told  
While here on earth we stay,  
Still his glory will unfold  
In realms of endless day.

324.

8s and 7s.

1 GLORY to Jesus for his love,  
Flowing to every nation,  
Bowels of sweet compassion move,  
Offering free salvation.  
Here may the poor, the lame, the  
blind,  
Every needed blessing find:  
Justice and mercy here combine,  
Offering free salvation.

2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,  
Why will you slight his favour?  
Now he invites you to his charms,  
Willing to be your Saviour.  
Oh, that you would on him believe!  
All your transgressions he'll for-  
give;  
Comfort and peace shall you receive,  
Flowing from Christ for ever.

3 Now is the time, no more delay,  
Fly from the path of nature;  
Fear not what scoffing sinners say,  
Yield to your great Creator.  
So shall your dying souls obtain  
Freedom from all your guilt and  
pain;  
So shall you soon in glory reign,  
Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring—  
'Glory to God our Saviour!'  
Angels and saints shall join to sing  
Praises for all his favour.  
Then shall the theme of perfect love,  
Sounding through all the courts  
above,  
Every tuneful passion move,  
Praising the Lord for ever.

325.

P. M.

1 HARK! brethren, don't you hear  
that sound?  
The martial trumpets now are  
blowing.

- Men in orders listening round,  
And soldiers to the standard flowing.  
Bounty offered, joy and peace—  
To every soldier this is given—  
When from toils of war they cease,  
A mansion bright, prepared in  
in heaven.
- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,  
And felt the hand of dire oppression—  
All their debts are freely paid,  
And they endow'd with large possessions;  
Those who 're sick, or blind, or lame,  
Their maladies are also heal'd;  
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,  
Receive a pardon freely seal'd.
- 3 The battle is not to the strong,  
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder;  
None so aged or so young  
But he may list and be a soldier.  
Those who cannot fight or fly  
Beneath his banner find protection;  
None who on his name rely  
Shall be reduced to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good;  
Come, who will to the crown aspire?  
In this cause the martyrs bled,  
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire;  
In this cause let's follow on,  
And soon we 'll tell the pleasing story,  
How by faith we gain'd the crown,  
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun;  
Behold the army now in motion!  
Some by faith behold the crown,  
And almost grasp their future portion.  
Hark! the victors singing loud,  
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,  
*Mourners weeping thro' the crowd,*  
*And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.*
- 6 Hark! ye rebels, come and list,  
The officers are now recruiting;  
Why will you in sin persist,  
Or spend your time in vain disputing?  
All your cavil, sure, is vain,  
For if you do not sue for favour,  
Down you 'll sink to endless pain,  
To bear the wrath of God for ever.
326. *Tune*—'Will you come to the Bower?'
- 1 WILL you come to the banquet of  
Jesus's love?  
Your fare shall be glorious—sent  
down from above:  
Will you, will you, will you,  
will you,  
Come to the feast?  
Will you, will you, will you,  
will you,  
Come to the feast?
- 2 Will you walk along with me in the  
pleasant fields of grace?  
Here's many a flower whose beau-  
teous form has never met thy  
gaze:  
Will you, &c.,  
Walk along with me?
- 3 Will you come to the fountain of  
Jesus's blood?  
'Twill wash away your guilty stains,  
and reconcile to God:  
Will you, &c.,  
Try its virtue now?
- 4 Will you bathe in the river of ever-  
lasting life?  
Its stream will cool the feverish  
heat found in temptation's  
strife:  
Will you, &c.,  
Plunge into the flood?
- 5 Will you sail with me upon the sea  
—the ocean of God's love?  
That breeze shall never change  
about which wafts our souls  
above:  
Will you, &c.,  
Sail along with me?
- 6 Will you seek with me a country at  
present out of sight?  
But from that world, upon our path,  
there shines a beam of light.  
Will you, &c.,  
Go to heaven with me

*Second Part.*

7 Will you go to the concert of angels  
in light?

Their golden harps shall thrill thy  
soul with glorious delight:

Will you, &c.,

Go to heaven with me?

8 Will you go along with me to the  
land of endless bliss?

The joys of *that* shall make amends  
for all the cares of *this*:

Will you, &c.,

Go to heaven with me?

9 Will you rest with me to-night on  
the pillow of God's peace?

From worldly toil, and vexing care,  
'twill grant you sweet release:

Will you, &c.,

Give your heart to God?

10 Will you see with me the glorious  
Sun of Righteousness arise?

Its cheering beams shall wipe away  
those dew-drops from thine  
eyes:

Will you, &c.,

Trust in Jesus now?

11 Will you mount along with me in  
the chariot of fire?

Leave earth behind, and to eternal  
sunshine aspire?

Will you, &c.,

Mount along with me?

J. W. W.

### 327. *Christ the End of the Law.*

*Tune—'M'Lean.'*

1 WHEN trembling with fear at  
Mount Sinai I lay,  
To terror and wrath my soul was a  
prey;

Its threat'nings and curses they  
filled me with awe,

Yet drove me to Jesus, the end of  
the law.

#### *Chorus.*

Come to Jesus just now.

2 'Twas night with my soul, and I  
knew not the way,

Was deluged with guilt, with shame,  
and dismay;

*At length, in the gospel, this fair  
one I saw,*

*Jesus, my surety, the end of  
the law.*

3 He show'd me his hands, by sin  
they were torn,

Whilst weaving a robe my soul to  
adorn;

He told me through faith he this  
robe would bestow,

So I ventur'd, and found him the  
end of the law.

4 This robe, which my Father does  
freely bestow,

Will screen me from storms while  
I wander below;

And when all the tempests of life  
they shall end,

To Jesus in glory my soul shall  
ascend.

### 328. *Saints meeting in Glory.*

1 SAINTS in Jesus they shall meet  
Around the Saviour's glorious  
seat,

And sin and sigh no more;

Oh, that will be joyful,

Free grace all victorious;

Oh, that will be joyful, when they  
meet to part no more.

2 Full sail, in port, by grace they  
meet,

With all the blood-bought ran-  
som'd fleet,

Where billows cease to roar;

Oh, that will be joyful,

Triumphant and glorious.

Moor'd for ever, they shall meet,  
Palms, and harps, and robes com-  
plete,

Through Calv'ry's crimson gore;

Oh, that will be joyful,

Glory, glory, glory.

4 Singing songs of praise they meet,  
Harmony celestial, sweet,

And all their sorrows o'er.

Oh, that will be joyful,

Heavenly, melodious.

5 Families, friends, and churches  
meet,

Throu'd in glory's blissful seat,

On Canaan's happy shore;

Oh, that will be joyful,

Bapt'rous and triumphant.

- 6 Brothers and sisters they shall meet,  
Transparent gold beneath their feet,  
Pure Salem's heav'nly floor;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Brilliant, bright, and glorious.

*Second Part.*

- 7 Fathers and mothers they shall meet,  
Casting their crowns at Jesus' feet,  
And angel hosts adore;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Overwhelming glorious.

- 8 Teachers and schools redeem'd shall meet,  
Christ the Lord the whole shall treat

With marriage festal store;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful.

- 9 Orphans and parents they shall meet,  
In holy high communion sweet,  
To weep and die no more;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Consummate and glorious.

- 10 Soldiers and sailors they shall meet,  
Earth, and seas, and storms retreat—  
Anchor, furl sails, and moor;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Heav'nly bliss all glorious.

- 11 Missionaries and converts meet,  
From cold, disease, and frost, and heat,  
And every distant shore;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Transporting and glorious.

- 12 Preachers and people they shall meet,  
Walking in Salem's golden street—  
'All hail!' their anthems soar;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Triumphant and glorious.

*Third Part.*

- 13 All the ransom'd hosts shall meet,  
Chaunting hymns of glory sweet,  
And God in Christ adore;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Transporting and glorious.

- 14 Come with us, oh, come and meet—  
*Sinners, fall at Jesus' feet,*  
*And free grace now implore;*  
*Oh, you will be joyful,*  
*Pardon'd, sav'd, and glorified.*

- 15 There, in Jesus may we meet—  
'Thund'rings' 'Alleluia' greet,  
As ocean's 'waters' roar;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Perfect bliss and glorious.

- 16 Souls and bodies then shall meet,  
Glorified victorious fleet,  
Ascending up to heaven;  
Oh that will be joyful;  
Lo, the trumpet sounds, arise!

- 17 Farewell sin, behold, we meet;  
Holiness is now complete,  
All like our glorious Lord;  
Oh, that will be joyful;  
Shout, through Jesus, Victory.

- 18 There, in glory moored at last,  
Every storm and billow past,  
'No curse' and 'no more sea.'  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Perfect, everlasting bliss;  
Oh that will be joyful when we  
meet to part no more.

329. *The Smile of Jesus.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet the smiles of Jesus,  
When at his cross we meet!  
How sweet this blessed station!  
'Tis there I fain would keep.  
How sweet his pardoning mercy,  
When Jesus doth appear!  
How sweet transporting praises,  
When God delights to hear.

- 2 How sweet celestial breezes,  
When saints in concert join!  
How sweet the streams of glory!  
The healing blood divine.  
How sweet to feel we're rising,  
On eagle-wings above!  
How sweet to know we're saved,  
And filled with perfect love!

- 3 How sweet the name of Jesus,  
Who died on Calvary!  
How sweet, divine compassion,  
The news of liberty.  
How sweet yon blissful mansions,  
Where songs incessant rise!  
How sweet to swell the chorus,  
And wear the glittering prize.

- 4 How sweet to sing for ever  
Triumphant songs of praise!  
How sweet to join with angels  
And shouts of glory raise!

How sweet when all the ransomed  
Before him prostrate fall!  
How sweet to meet in heaven!  
That's sweeter far than all.

**330.** *The Favour of God.*  
*Tune—'My harp alone.'*

**I** WAS a sinful, earthly child,  
Estrang'd from God, by sin defil'd:  
'Twas thou my grov'ling thoughts  
didst raise.

Thy bright dreams shone  
Into my heart; to thee be praise,  
My God, alone.

**2** Sunk deep in nature's gloom I lay,  
Thou chang'd the darkness into day,  
Woke me from sleep, pointing the  
To thy blest throne. [way  
Lord, keep me still, my spirit, stay  
On God alone.

**3** And once I sought thy heaven to gain  
By my own works, foolish and vain,  
Forgetting that my God was slain,  
For me to atone;  
But now I'll sing in humblest strain,  
My God alone.

**4** When trouble brought me to the  
dust,  
An earthly arm I made my trust:  
Till brought by grace to thee to run;  
In anxious tone,  
Then could I say, Thy will be done,  
My God, alone.

**5** When this poor sinful body dies,  
And in the cold grave mould'ring  
lies,  
Thou wilt welcome my darkling eyes,  
And raise me soon,  
To render praises in the skies  
To God alone.

**6** And now my highest hopes are raised  
To that bright world where Christ  
is praised,  
In noblest strains and happiest song.  
Be this my boon,  
Glory to shout with heaven's throng,  
To God alone.

**331.** *The Saviour.* *Tune—'How  
sweet in the woodlands.'*

**I** *HOW* great that compassion,  
My Saviour, my God,  
Which led thee to purchase  
Our peace with thy blood.

When clouds and dark vengeance  
Encompass'd the throne,  
'Twas pity, soft pity,  
That brought Jesus down.

**2** More mild than the morning,  
The Saviour was seen,  
His heart all compassion,  
His spirit serene.  
His hair crown'd with thorns,  
And extinguished his eyes,  
'My Father, forgive them,'  
He whispers, and dies.

**3** Assist me, Redeemer,  
That pardon to gain,  
Which thou, at the price  
Of thy life, didst obtain.  
Speak peace to my spirit,  
Then call me away  
To triumph with thee,  
In the mansions of day.

**332.** *Psalms 137.*  
*Tune—Auld lang syne.*

**1** **BY** foreign streams that murmured  
round,  
While captive Israel mourn'd,  
Their mind was free, their thoughts  
unbound,  
Were still tow'rs Zion turn'd.

**2** Their silent harps neglected hung  
Along the willow shade;  
The wind that sigh'd the strings  
among,  
A mournful whispering made.

**3** With cruel scorn, the heathen band  
A solemn song require,  
And bid them sweep their trembling  
hand  
Across the melting lyre.

**4** 'How can we tune the harp of joy,'  
The sacred tribe replied,  
'Which we delighted to employ  
Before our comforts died.

**5** 'But here no Sabbath days return,  
No temple spreads its shade,  
Sighs are the notes of those who  
mourn—  
The music ye have made.

**6** 'Before ye ask us to resume  
The hymn of sacred praise,  
O teach us to forget our home,  
Or Zion's bulwarks raise.

glad, this parching

d silent be,  
mony of song  
in me.

faithful memory  
er depart,  
ath, th'expiring sigh,  
from my heart.

*ister's Farewell  
Hymn.*

ative land, I love thee.

l, my friends beloved,  
hile on earth to part,  
love has proved  
lness to my heart.

aviour

to you impart.

ny spirits languish,  
ile I speak the word:  
with anguish  
ve with one accord;  
you

n of your Lord.

'tis duty calls me;

e haste away;

on earth befalls me,

et to pray

elfare,

rim here I stay.

should meet you

of God below,

I'll greet you;

fire there shall glow.

iding

shall ever know.

rrive before me

nly shores above,

n I come to glory,

the throne of love.

racing,

we'll prove.

on earth you're

l,

our resting place;

y through fears and

eyour Saviour's face.

T,

deeming grace.

friends, I leave you,

friendship's lasting

I of joy would not bereave you,  
Hoping soon to meet again.  
Here as pilgrims,  
Or in glory free from pain.

8 May the God of heaven bless you,  
With the choicest of his grace;  
To his bosom closely press you,  
With his mercy's arms embrace.  
Left upon you  
All the brightness of his face.

9 May he fill with consolation,  
Be your everlasting friend;  
Visit with his full salvation,  
All your sins and sorrows end.  
In his presence,  
May you countless ages spend.

10 Fare ye well, my friends beloved,  
I repeat with grief, farewell;  
Ever since we met we've loved,  
Still let friendship's chorus swell.  
I must leave you,  
Dearest friends, farewell, farewell.  
J. STAMP, ASSISTED BY A FRIEND.

### 334.

7s and 6s.

1 'COME, all ye Christian soldiers,'  
And gird your armour on,  
Fear not the hellish forces,  
Be firm, be bold, be strong;  
Our Captain's name is Jesus,  
He will our foes restrain,  
'And we should see our Zion  
Revive and rise again.'

2 We'll fight with holy fervour,  
And firm reliance too;  
Girt with the sacred armour,  
We'll cut our passage through;  
We're sure to be victorious,  
While we our ranks maintain;  
'The Lord will make our Zion  
Revive and rise again.'

3 What, though the foes are daring,  
And rage with hellish spite,  
Yet, let us not be fearful,  
But war with all our might.  
Our Jesus holds the monsters  
Bound with a mighty chain,  
'And he will make our Zion  
Revive and rise again.'

4 Stand to your arms, ye soldiers,  
And keep the prize in view,  
Our Captain is victorious,  
Through him we'll conquer too

Come, preachers, leaders, members,  
Believe, and watch, and pray,  
And we may see our Zion  
Revive and rise TO-DAY.

## 335.

*Prayer.*

1 PRAY on! pray on! ye saints of  
God,

By prayer ye stem the raging flood;  
Pray on! pray on! the foe must fly  
Before that God who rules on high.

2 Pray on! pray on! nor shun the  
cross,  
All earthly gain account but loss;  
Nor shrink from duty—fear no pain,  
Christ will his servants' cause  
maintain.

3 Pray on! pray on! till round the  
world,  
Shall float the flag of truth un-  
furl'd:  
Till heathens, Jews, and pagans call  
On Him who bore the cross for all.

4 Pray on! pray on! and never cease,  
Till all mankind be blest with peace;  
When washed in Christ's atoning  
blood,  
Loud each will sing the praise of  
God.

5 Pray on! pray on! to Him we love,  
Till raised to share the joys above;  
'Midst deathless hosts your voices  
raise,  
And shout your great Redeemer's  
praise.

## 336.

*The Church.*

1 THE Christians of old, united in  
one,  
As sheep in a fold were never alone;  
As birds of a feather all flock'd to  
their nest,  
And sheltered together in Jesus's  
breast.

2 However employed, their joy was  
the same;  
They never were cloyed in hymning  
the Lamb;  
Their sole recreation to sing of his  
praise,  
And publish salvation by Jesus's  
grace.

3 Small learning they had, and  
wanted no more,  
Not many could read, but all could  
adore;  
No help from the college or school  
they received,  
Content with his knowledge in  
whom they believed.

4 No riches had they, but riches of  
grace;  
No fondness for play, or passion for  
praise;  
No moments of leisure for trifling  
employs,  
Possessed of the treasure in God to  
rejoice.

5 Men in their own eyes were  
children again,  
And children were wise and solid  
as men;  
The women were fearful of nothing  
but sin,  
Their hearts were all cheerful, their  
consciences clean.

6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service  
and love,  
They lived and adored, like angels  
above;  
To keep in his favour their lives  
they laid down,  
And now with their Saviour inherit  
the crown.

## 337.

*The Gospel Ship.*

1 WHEN driving near a lee shore,  
rocks and sands  
Threatening death, every surge of  
the white foaming wave;  
And the heart's blood strikes cold  
midst the cry of all hands,  
Save, Jesus, deliver from death and  
the grave.  
We perish, O Lord, thou only  
canst aid,  
O come o'er the waves, and say,  
'Be not afraid.'

2 All glory to Jesus, he walks on the  
sea,  
To cheer all the crew, and to smile  
upon me;  
All glory to Jesus, he says, 'It's I,  
Be of good cheer on board, for your  
Saviour is nigh.'

All glory to Jesus, the sea knows  
its Lord,

And the winds and the waves  
must be calm at his word.

Then sunk is the ship, waterlogg'd  
to the deck,

And the sailors for refuge ascend  
up on high;

Then provisions are drowned, and  
the bark half a wreck,

Still God in high heaven will hear  
the crew cry,

A strange sail send down, O Lord,  
to relieve,

The souls that in Jesus still pray  
and believe.

Ill glory to Jesus, a sail heaves in  
sight,

And the famishing sailors are res-  
cued at night;

Ill glory to Jesus—though faintly  
they cried,

He bowed down the heavens and  
their misery espied,

All glory to Jesus—he brought  
them to land,

And the trophies of mercy, to-day  
here they stand.

When all our exertions to help on  
the cause

Of sailors and soldiers in this roll-  
ing sea,

Overwhelmed with reproach, though  
deserving applause,

Seem destined to ruin, we hasten to  
thee.

Help, Lord, or we sink! this  
prayer is heard,

And Christ through all storms  
now the vessel has steered.

Ill glory to Jesus, our pilot and  
friend,

He loved and still loves all his own  
to the end;

Ill glory to Jesus, no shipwreck  
we'll fear,

For He always is ready, and always  
is near.

All glory to Jesus, by tempest  
we're tossed,

But while He's on board, oh we  
cannot be lost.

### 338. *A Pilgrim in the Wilderness.* *Tune—Love of Jesus.*

1 **A** PILGRIM in the wilderness,  
I now am travelling on apace:  
I soon shall see my Saviour's face,  
In glory, glory, glory.  
In this vain world I cannot stay,  
But hasten to eternal day,  
And soon I hope to fly away,  
To glory.

2 I bid farewell to grief and care,  
Yonder 's my home, my portion's  
there,  
I soon the crown of life shall wear,  
In glory.  
Though now I see as through a glass,  
I soon shall see him face to face;  
And sing the triumphs of his grace,  
In glory.

3 I find sweet manna on the road,  
Descending from the mount of God,  
I soon shall reach my blest abode,  
In glory.  
I then shall praise his holy name,  
And shout hosannah to the Lamb;  
Through all eternity the same,  
In glory.

### 339.

1 **H**E that a sprinkled conscience  
hath,  
He that in God is merry,  
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,  
Joyful and never weary.  
Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
Hearty and never ceasing;  
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
Honour, and thanks, and blessing.

2 Who hath a right like us to sing?  
Us, whom his mercy raises;  
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,  
Cheerful are all our faces.  
Who of his love doth once partake,  
He ever more rejoices;  
Melody with our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

3 Come, let us try if Jesus' love  
Will not with joy inspire us;  
This is the theme of those above—  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Jesus' name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill our souls with the life of grace,  
And carry us up to heaven.



- 4 Then let us in his service join,  
Triumph in his salvation;  
Glory ascribe to love divine,  
Worship and adoration.  
Heaven already is begun,  
Open'd in each believer,  
Only believe, and still sing on,  
Heaven is yours for ever.

**340.** *The Gospel Ship in a Storm.*  
*Tune—'Oh, what shall I do?'*

- 1 **W**HEN wave after wave is pursuing my soul,  
And tempests of hell make the billows loud roll;  
From the depths of the sea, O my God, hear my prayer,  
When I cast on my Saviour my sorrows and care.  
Increase my faith, teach me to pray,  
And mount up to glory, thro' Jesus the way.
- 2 All glory to Jesus who saw all my grief,  
And who came down on purpose to give us relief;  
All glory to Jesus, whose bowels could move,  
And descend full of mercy for me from above;  
All glory to Jesus, the true Lamb of God,  
Who saves us from hell by his own precious blood.
- 3 When climbing the mountains, our masts pierce the skies,  
Or plunging beneath, our keel downward flies;  
Or to and fro reeling, or stag'ring along,  
Our souls melt with trouble amidst all the throng.  
Hear us, O God; save us, O Lord;  
Remember the promise of Christ in thy word.
- 4 All glory to Jesus on board of the ship,  
We'll awake him with prayer, who seems now asleep;  
All glory to Jesus whose heart open'd wide,  
He pour'd forth his blood from his dear wounded side;

- All glory to Jesus, he will hear our cry,  
And prove by his grace that he is always nigh.
- 5 When armies of aliens beset us around,  
And traitors and foemen obstruct all the ground;  
Be thou, Lord, my shield, and my rock, and my tower,  
O save me from all their accursed skill and power,  
Destroy all their plans, save me by grace,  
And bring my soul out to a large wealthy place.
- 6 All glory to Jesus who fought, bled, and died,  
My fortress, my Saviour, whom men crucified;  
All glory to Jesus who loves to the end,  
Each one who can say he is Christ my dear friend.  
All glory to Jesus whose word cannot fail,  
Nor even the gates of proud hell e'er prevail.

**341.** *Exhortation to Mourners.*

- 1 **C**OME now, ye mourners, come to Jesus;  
You are blest, you are blest!  
He gave, he gave himself to save you;  
You are blest, you are blest!  
He bids you turn and seek his face,  
And taste of his redeeming grace,  
That you in heaven may have a place;  
Don't delay, don't delay.
- 2 You who are waiting to be free,  
Now believe, now believe;  
You shall his great salvation see,  
Now believe, now believe!  
Although your sins as mountains rise,  
There's mercy yet above the skies,  
Redeeming grace can yet suffice,  
He can save, he can save.
- 3 Christ is here, he's come to save you,  
Now believe, now believe!  
Bid all your doubts and fears adieu;  
Now believe, now believe!  
On Jesus' word you may rely,  
For him who comes he'll not deny  
Hear now, O Lord! the mourners  
We believe, we believe.

42.

*Free Grace.***SINNERS**, come, make no delay,

Grace is free, grace is free;

Why do you from Jesus stay?

Grace is free, grace is free.

Hurl then your reeds at once aside,

And cast your souls into the tide,

Sink in the fount of Jesu's side,

Grace is free, &amp;c.

Behold, your Saviour bids you come,

Grace is free;

His bleeding heart invites you home,

Grace is free.

If now your all on him you cast

He will forgive all sin that 's past,

And you shall reign with him at last,

Grace is free.

When at the throne of God we meet,

Grace is free—

We 'll cast our crowns at Jesu's feet,

Grace is free.

'Midst flaming seraphs loudly sing

All honour to our heavenly King,

Who did us home to glory bring,

Grace is free.

Strong with the strength of endless  
life:

Grace is free:

And far beyond the reign of strife:

Grace is free:

We 'll wave our bloodless palms on  
high,

We 'll swell the chorus of the sky,

And shout the praise of Deity,

Grace is free, grace is free.

43.

*Faith.**Tune*—Glory, Glory.**FAITH** has for its foundation broad

A stable rock on which I stand,

The truth and faithfulness of God—

All other grounds are sinkingsand.

*Chorus.*—He is faithful and true.The frame of Nature shall decay,  
Time-changes break her rusty  
chains;Yea, heaven and earth shall pass away,  
But Faith's foundation firm re-  
mains.

He is, &amp;c.

Heaven's promises so fix'dly stand,  
Engraved with an immortal pen,In great Immanuel's mighty hand  
All hell's attempts to raze are vain.  
He is, &c.4 Did faith with none but truth advise  
My steady soul would move no  
moreThan stable hills when tempests rise,  
Or solid rocks when billows roar.  
He is, &c.5 I would, when dying comforts fly,  
As much as when they present  
were,  
Upon thy living joy rely;  
Help, Lord, or else I daily err.  
He is, &c.

344.

*The Prodigal's Sweet Home.*1 **YE** wanderers, attend, and give  
ear while I sing  
The love and compassion of Jesus  
my king;  
To you he is calling: he cries, There  
is room,  
Return to your Saviour and there  
find a home.*Chorus.*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Christ still is inviting poor wander-  
ers home.2 Long time did I wander from Jesus  
my Lord;  
His grace I refus'd and rejected his  
word;  
On sin's barren mountains did I roam,  
Forsook my kind Father and wan-  
der'd from home.3 The voice of the gospel at length I  
obey'd,  
And from my kind Father no longer  
I stray'd;  
I heard the sweet voice which call'd  
me to come,  
And when I obey'd he welcom'd me  
home.4 And when I came home what re-  
joicing was there,  
To see my dear Father receive his  
lost heir;  
Rejoice, all my house, for my son  
being come,  
The dead is alive and the lost one  
at home.

- 5 And now I enjoy the sweet smiles  
of his face,  
How happy am I in the Saviour's  
embrace,  
Tho' still on the ocean where sor-  
row may come,  
Eternity's near, and I soon shall go  
home.
- 6 I soon shall be free'd from this body  
of clay,  
Bright angels to heaven my soul  
shall convey;  
Yes, I to the mansions of glory shall  
come,  
And eternity spend with my Father  
at home.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

### 345. *The Christian Sailor.*

D. C. M.

- 1 OH for a breeze of heavenly love,  
To waft my soul away,  
To that celestial world above,  
Where pleasures ne'er decay.  
Eternal Spirit, deign to be  
My pilot here below;  
To steer through life's tempestuous  
sea,  
Where stormy winds do blow.
- 2 From rocks of pride on either hand,  
From quicksands of despair,  
Oh, guide me safe to Canaan's land,  
To see thy glories there;  
Anchor me in that port above,  
On that thrice happy shore,  
Where dashing billows never move,  
Where tempests never roar.
- 3 And when I step on Zion's land,  
I'll put put to sea no more,  
But join my Captain's conquering  
hand,  
To shout our conflicts o'er.  
Then let me hasten to that day,  
Where nought but calm shall  
come;  
I'll spread my sails and steer away  
To my eternal home.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

### 346. *Negro Song.*

Tune—Oh, that will be joyful.

- 1 NEGRO walk de golden street,  
Cast his crown at Jesu feet,  
And sing de happy song,  
Oh, dat will be joyful.

2 Negro friends hab cross'd de flood,  
Join'd dat army bought wid blood—  
Dem looking out for me.

3 God will wipe poor negro tears,  
Banish all his doubts and fears,  
Den we in heaben shall dwell.

4 Den me weep and die no more,  
Negro shout his conflict's o'er,  
And join his friends again.

5 Buckra massa me shall see,  
Tell him Jesu die for me,  
He tell me dis on earth.

6 Negro wear a starry crown,  
And on massa's throne sit down,  
Oh, happy, happy place.

7 You get home ere negro do,  
Tell dem negro coming too,  
Him on his happy way.

8 Should poor negro first get home,  
He come to meet you when you  
come,

Den fly wid you to heaben.

9 Me tink poor negro almost dere,  
Me happy now mid toil and care,  
Tank God me on my way.

10 But I must bid you all adieu,  
May Jesu massa be wid you.  
Me bid you all farewell.

11 But when we meet in heaben above,  
To sing of Jesu dying love,  
Our bliss no tongue can tell.  
Oh, dat will be joyful.

JOHN STAMP.

### 347. *The Hour of Prayer.*

1 THE time is sweet when Christians  
meet

To spend an hour in prayer;  
And heart and hand each other  
greet,  
Redeeming love to share.

2 There Jesu's name dispels all fear,  
And bids the heart rejoice;  
He calls the wounded sinner near,  
With an inviting voice.

3 Come, sinner, turn, why will you die,  
And hell's dark misery share?  
Behold, the bleeding Saviour's nigh,  
Come, spend an hour in prayer.

4 Come in this hour, no longer wait,  
Come, now salvation share;  
To-morrow it may be too late,  
This is the hour of prayer.

- 5 O happy hour, sweet hour of peace,  
When saints new glories share;  
And rally round the throne of grace,  
And leave their sorrows there.

348. *Longing for Zion's prosperity.*  
*Tune—Gospel News.*

- 1 O THOU who reignest enthroned  
above,  
Regard our humble cries;  
Descend, display thy power and love,  
And let our Zion rise.
- 2 Thy presence can the work effect,  
Thou canst not prayer despise;  
The wandering sons of men collect,  
And let our Zion rise.
- 3 To Thee may wandering souls re-  
turn,  
Forsaking earthly joys;  
Pardon their wanderings while they  
mourn,  
And bid our Zion rise.
- 4 The careless soul from sin awake,  
Ere he for ever dies,  
On thee to call, his sins forsake,  
And let our Zion rise.
- 5 To preachers grant the sacred fire,  
That bliss thou ne'er deniest;  
Fulfil each pious blest desire,  
And let our Zion rise.
- 6 With holiness thy people fill,  
Strengthen affection's ties,  
Each tumult and contention still,  
And bid our Zion rise.
- 7 Accept the mourner's humble plea,  
Regard his tears and sighs,  
Pardon and set the captive free,  
And let our Zion rise.
- 6 To all impart the pious flame,  
Which every foe defies;  
May we believe in Jesu's name,  
And see our Zion rise.

JOHN STAMP.

349. *The Separation.* L. M.  
*Tune—*'I have a sweet hope.'

- 1 THIS happy season now is o'er,  
And we, perhaps, may meet no  
more;  
No more surround the throne of  
grace,  
Nor tune the united song of praise.

- 2 Oh! for the penitential tear,  
The fire of love, the holy fear,  
The faith which God alone imparts,  
To warm and purify our hearts!

- 3 Then in the strength of Christ we'd  
go,  
Nor quit our friend, nor fear the foe;  
Living, pursue the heavenly road,  
And, dying, sleep to wake with God.

- 4 Then, should we meet on earth no  
more,  
There is a calm, a blissful shore,  
Where, brethren, we may meet again,  
To dwell in love, with Christ to reign.

350. *The Class Meeting.*  
8. 7. 4.

- 1 WELCOME, friends! with joy  
we greet you,  
On this spot to mem'ry dear,  
Spared in love once more to meet you,  
Let our hearts unite in prayer.  
Sweet communion  
May we now enjoy with God.
- 2 While the harps of heaven are telling  
Jesus' love for dying men,  
Let our tongues, the chorus swelling,  
Sweetly praise the Lamb once slain,  
Till all nations  
Echo round the long Amen.
- 3 Blessed Saviour! o'er us bending,  
Deign our feeble strains to hear,  
And thy Holy Spirit sending,  
Sanctify this meeting here.  
O protect us,  
Travellers through a world of care.
- 4 Round thy cross behold us clinging;  
Sinners, we thy mercy crave,  
Helpless souls to Jesus bringing;  
All our cry is, Jesus, save!  
We have wandered;  
Let thy precious blood atone.

351. *The Backslider's Lamentation.*

- 1 A H me, wretched sinner! oh,  
where shall I go?  
To whom shall I tell my sad story  
of woe?  
In a dark stormy night I was left all  
alone,  
I sought my beloved, but lo! he was  
gone.

2 When troubles upon me like billows  
did roll,  
His comforts refresh'd and supported  
my soul;  
His love, like the sun, chased each  
shadow away,  
And the night, in his presence, was  
clear as the day.

3 But, ah me, alas! since no longer  
he's here,  
I sink in my sorrow, o'erwhelmed  
with fear;  
From judgment, in vain, I endeavour  
to fly,  
Return, my beloved, or else I shall  
die.

4 By night, on my bed, I could find no  
repose,  
All restless I started, and suddenly  
rose;  
Abroad in the streets of the city I  
rove,  
Did you see, O ye daughters, the  
seal of my love.

5 Weep with me, my friends and companions, I pray,  
The sins and the follies that drove  
him away;  
And tell him, O tell him, my sorrow,  
and mourn,  
No more to be joyful, until he return.

6 Hark! listen, methinks 'tis his voice  
that I hear,  
He leaps o'er the mountains, I see  
him appear;  
He's healed all my wanderings, my  
soul is at peace,  
And from all my troubles he's  
brought a release.

### 352. *The Dying Saint.* *Tune—Sweet Canaan.*

1 **W**EEP not for me, but dry those  
tears,  
Which now so fast are falling,  
The chariot of my Lord appears,  
There's nought in death appalling.  
Help me to sing of Jesus' love,  
While I have strength remaining;  
I'm nearly at my rest above,  
The prize I just am gaining.

2 *Weep not for me, to heaven I go,  
My heart-strings now are breaking;*

Farewell to grief, and pain, and woe,  
You all I am forsaking.  
Life's struggle it is nearly past,  
I feel the moments fleeting,  
Adieu—come on—and stand ye fast,  
Till our eternal meeting.

3 If God permit, I'll come again,  
To guide you o'er Death's river,  
Then we shall sing the Saviour slain,  
And part no more for ever.  
Let this your drooping spirits cheer,  
Think of my exaltation;  
And when, through grace, you're  
landed there,  
We'll ever sing salvation.

JOHN STAMP.

### 353. *Divine Guidance.* *Tune—Isle of Beauty.*

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,  
and afterwards receive me to glory.—  
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1 **L**EAVE me not, O God of grace,  
Let me thy protection share;  
Let me see thy smiling face,  
While a weary pilgrim here.  
Let me hear thy gentle voice,  
Sweetly whisper, 'Thou art mine';  
Make my doubting heart rejoice,  
With this sound of love divine.

2 When my wandering footsteps stray,  
When I from my Saviour roam;  
Restore me to the narrow way,  
Recall my roving spirit home;  
Cleanse my soul from every sin,  
Clothe me in thy righteousness—  
Make me white and pure within,  
Recipient of eternal peace.

3 Grant me every needed grace—  
Faith and meekness, truth and  
love;  
Saviour, grant my soul a place  
In thy shining realms above.  
When my pilgrimage is o'er,  
Bid my waiting spirit rise—  
Land me safe on Canaan's shore,  
To thy mansions in the skies.

REVIVALIST.

### 354. *The Penitent.* *Tune—Troubadour.*

1 **S**OFTLY the penitent  
Offers his prayer—  
Now doth his yielding soul  
Heav'nward repair.

all my heart  
ne—  
Saviour Lord,  
e own.

Saviour Lord  
bove;  
aketh words  
h love;  
ee have I  
ie,  
tent,  
ine own.

e penitent  
od,  
h gladsome feet,  
is trod;  
all my heart  
ne;  
Saviour Lord,  
ine own.

*Sunset.*  
esper Hymn.  
all no more go down.'

inks the orb of day,  
still each parting ray;  
the western sky,  
it fades away.  
's sinking, now he's  
g,  
brilliant sun is gone.

still, now parted quite,  
shades of night;  
e nether world  
e breaks, with cheerful

rising, now he's rising,  
nds have rosy morn

d the hour of death,  
the pious soul;  
e shall gild the scene,  
everlasting goal.

rises, now it rises,  
ings have borne it home.

est rays are shed,  
ides of death are spread  
rtal, but the soul  
realms of bliss has fled.  
, jubilate, jubilate,

356. *Heavenly Rest.*  
*Tune*—We'll go and gather  
roses. C. M.

1 **B**EYOND the grave there is a rest,  
Free from the cares of life,  
Where nought can dwell within the  
breast,  
Of this world's pain and strife.

2 Nor sin nor death can enter there,  
Nor waves of sorrow roll;  
No storms of passion and despair—  
There tempests never howl.

3 From broken hearts escape no sigh,  
Nor falls the tear of woe;  
The widow's grief, the orphan's cry,  
The bless'd shall never know.

4 Eternal sunshine gilds the air,  
And flowers bestud the plains;  
And spring without a tempest there,  
For evermore it reigns.

5 What thrilling symphonies arise  
From twice ten thousand lyres,  
While Christ, the author of their  
joys,  
The endless song inspires.

6 They see the Saviour face to face,  
And bow before his throne;  
And all the glorious ransom'd race,  
They hymn the great Three-one.

7 When from life's toils my soul is  
free,  
Oh, may I join the train,  
To chant through all eternity,  
The Lamb for sinners slain.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

357. *The Holy Sabbath.* P. M.  
*Tune*—Behold the simple man.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy drowsy frame:  
Mount up towards the skies,  
And catch an angel's flame.  
May love seraphic fire my breast,  
To hail the day of sacred rest.

2 Ye gilded toys of earth,  
I bid you all adieu;  
Farewell, fantastic mirth,  
No bliss belongs to you.  
To Zion's dome I will repair,  
And seek my God by fervent prayer.

- 3 'Tis there he lends an ear  
To all our sad complaints,  
In radiant glory there  
Appears to bless his saints.  
His smile bears joy and life around,  
And makes our heaven on earthly  
ground.

- 4 May this returning day  
Be crowned with Jesus' love,  
Till I shall soar away,  
To join the church above,  
Where all is life and joy serene,  
Nor sin nor pain shall intervene.

- 5 And when I reach my home,  
The city in the sky,  
No more on earth to roam,  
But swell the song on high,  
My Sabbath there shall never end,  
That endless Sabbath may I spend.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

358. *The Millennium.* 10s 11s.  
Tune—Blood of the cross.

- 1 OH, Jesus our Saviour, we wait  
for thy reign,  
We wait thy appearance on earth  
once again;  
We wait for thy light to illumine  
all the east,  
And spread till it reaches the south,  
north, and west.

- 2 Approach, Mediator, victorious King,  
While with timbrel and harp thy  
praises we sing;  
And, mingling with angels, we hear  
the glad cry,  
The mighty Jehovah and Saviour  
is nigh.

- 3 Jerusalem's king and herald of peace,  
Oh, haste thy approach, and thy  
people release,  
From all the turmoils and cares of  
this life,  
And plant the green olive on war-  
fare and strife.

- 4 Our Jesus, our Saviour, we wait for  
thy reign,  
We wait thy appearance among us  
again;  
Then angels and mortals shall join  
their glad lays,  
To the glorious king Jesus, the  
ancient of days.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

359. *The Great Wonder.* C. M.  
Tune—Bassett.

- 1 HOW great will be the wonder,  
When time shall be no more,  
To see so great a sinner  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
2 How loud will be the singing,  
How sweet will be the song,  
To see me there safe landed,  
With all the happy throng!  
3 How sweet the harps of glory  
Will sound while angels sing;  
How endless is the story,  
Salvation to my sing.  
4 How sweet to meet our children,  
Who are already there;  
Poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
Where you this bliss shall share.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

360. *Heavenly Freedom.* S. M.  
Tune—Emma Williams.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately freed  
By the Redeemer's grace,  
A rough and thorny path we tread,  
In hopes to see his face.  
2 The flesh dislikes the way,  
But faith approves it well;  
This only leads to endless day,  
All others lead to hell.  
3 The promised land of peace  
Faith keeps in constant view;  
How different from the wilderness  
We now are travelling through.  
4 Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our sun will always shine.  
5 Here grief, and care, and pains,  
And fear, distress us sore;  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.  
6 Lord, pardon our complaints,  
We follow at thy call;  
The joys prepared for suff'ring  
saints  
Will make amends for all.  
7 When safe o'er Jordan's flood,  
And landed in the sky,  
We'll join the army bought with  
blood,  
And 'Holy, holy' cry.

ie ransom'd throng,  
at the victory;  
ree grace, shall be our  
nity.

ED BY JOHN STAMP.

*'s Pilgrims.*

-Glory, glory, glory.  
your heads, ye pious

by sovereign grace;  
r way to Canaan's land,  
and steady pace.

y the lamp of light,  
uneruing word,  
ity out of sight,  
ilder is the Lord.

he howling wilderness,  
not go astray;  
ways guide and bless,  
by night and day.

people like a flock,  
pastures green,  
he shady cooling rock,  
he does them screen.

and appears in sight,  
ow behold;  
built of jaspers bright,  
are pav'd with gold.

ing band, who 've gone

ir Father's throne,  
; Lamb for evermore,  
or sin atone.

o the grace that's given,  
ll join them there;  
soul shall fly to heaven,  
eir glory share.

JOHN STAMP.

*'weet Home.*

, ye redeemed, your  
cts how bright,  
n of glory faith opens to

i for a season you're  
'd to roam,  
ou'll be welcom'd to  
n your home.

*Chorus.*

, sweet, sweet, home,  
converted, and on my  
e.

2 A crown in reversion awaiteth you  
there,

A banquet in which all the blood-  
wash'd shall share;

And Jesus will shortly invite you  
to come,

To taste all the pleasure of glory  
your home.

3 With rapture and transport, un-  
known in exile,

You 'll hymn the dear Saviour, and  
live on his smile;

With songs everlasting to Zion  
you 'll come,

And no more be banish'd from  
heaven your home.

4 There sorrow and sighing eternally  
cease,

Nor sin nor temptation shall enter  
the place;

How happy the spirits who thither  
have come,

From great tribulation to heaven  
their home.

5 There all the Lord's family finally  
meet,

Exulting in glorification complete;  
The Saviour hath will'd it that they

there should come,  
And banquet eternally with him at  
home.

6 And what are thy prospects, my  
soul, in the case?

Hast thou yet obey'd the calls of  
his grace,

To Jesus for pardon and holiness  
come,

Then only prove faithful, and  
heaven's thy home.

7 Of all that are wash'd in the Lamb's  
cleansing blood,

And brought to inherit the king-  
dom of God,

There's none more unworthy who  
thither have come,

To that everlasting, that permanent  
home.

8 I pant, bless'd Redeemer, to gaze  
on thy face,

And give thee the glory that's due  
to thy grace;



Soon as to thy kingdom and glory  
I come,  
In songs everlasting I'll praise thee  
at home.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

363. *The Heavenly Host.* S. M.  
Tune—The Gospel Day.

- 1 **B**EHOLD yon bright array  
Before the sapphire throne,  
There young, nor old, nor rich, nor  
poor,  
There bond nor free are known.
- 2 At once they strike the lyre,  
At once break off, and all  
With trembling joy and silent love,  
In adoration fall.
- 3 Whate'er their lot below,  
As fellow-heirs of bliss,  
In heaven their services are one;  
Let earth be one in this.
- 4 As brethren so may we  
Worship with one accord;  
In stillness wait in prayer, bow  
down,  
Stand up, and bless the Lord.
- 5 As pilgrims on our way,  
God's earthly courts we fill,  
And travel on from strength to  
strength,  
Abreast to Zion's hill.
- 6 There may our spirits meet,  
When faith is chang'd to sight,  
Where the Lord God himself shall  
be  
The temple, life, and light.
- 7 Where on the sea of glass  
The ransom'd nations sing;  
And to the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Eternal glory bring.
- 8 They sing to death farewell,  
They shout their conflicts o'er;  
Redemption's heavenly theme they  
swell,  
And shall for evermore.
- 9 And I am on the way  
To join the blood-bought throng;  
*Yes, I shall reign in endless day,  
And vict'ry be my song.*

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

364. *Sinners invited to glory.* C. M.  
Tune.—Welton Dale.

- 1 **P**OOR sinner, haste, and go with  
me  
To Zion's happy land,  
And thou in heaven shalt Jesus see,  
And dwell at his right hand.
- 2 Bless'd millions they have gone be-  
fore  
To realms of endless day;  
But still there 's room for millions  
more,  
Oh, haste and come away.
- 3 They sing of Jesus' dying love,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
And thou shalt join the host above,  
If thou wilt go with me.
- 4 They stand before the throne of  
God,  
While palms adorn each hand;  
With garments wash'd in Jesus'  
blood,  
They range the better land.
- 5 A few more trials here below,  
Then I shall join the train;  
Yes, home to glory I shall go,  
And sing the Saviour slain.
- 6 For ever and for evermore  
I shall my Jesus see,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore,  
To all eternity.

JOHN STAMP.

365. *A view of glory.* C. M.  
Tune—And we'll sing harvest  
home.

- 1 **R**AISE my affections, God of light,  
Up to thy courts above,  
Where Jesus shines in splendour  
bright,  
And every beam is love.
- 2 The ransom'd nations cast their  
crowns,  
And worship at his feet;  
Then strike their golden harps at  
once,  
And his high praise repeat.
- 3 They sing of grace and dying love,  
And faithfulness divine;  
Oh, gracious Spirit from above,  
Shall their employ be mine?

es, dearest Lord, though weak I  
am

While in this vale of tears,  
too shall see the glorious Lamb,  
With joy sublime as theirs.

'tough journeying through this  
land of might,

Where sin impedes my way,  
shall in glory shine as bright,  
And sing as loud as they.

want a tongue while here on earth,  
To speak my Saviour's praise,  
and show his glorious beauties  
forth,

And celebrate his praise.

and when I see him on his throne,  
And with his choir attend,  
'll sing the wonders he hath done,  
In songs that never end.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

366. *Christ the Conqueror.*

*Tune*—Sound the loud timbrel.

SOUND the high praises of Jesus  
our king,  
he came and he conquered, his vic-  
tory sing;

ing, for the power of the tyrant is  
broken,

The triumph's complete over  
death and the grave;

'ain is their boasting, Jehovah hath  
spoken,

And Jesus proclaimed himself  
mighty to save.

ound the high praises of Jesus our  
king,

he came and he conquered, his vic-  
tory sing.

'raise to the conqueror, praise to  
the Lord,

'he enemy quailed at the might of  
his word;

n heaven he ascends and unfolds  
the great story,

The host of the blessed exult in  
his fame;

n love he looks down from the  
throne of his glory,

And rescues the ruined who trust  
in his name.

ound the high praises of Jesus our  
king,

he came and he conquered, his vic-  
tory sing.

BY THE REV. J. SWAN.

367.

*Lot's Wife.*

1 HOW prone are professors to rest  
on their lees,  
To study their profit, their pleasure,  
and ease,  
Tho' God says, Arise, and escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—remem-  
ber Lot's wife!

2 Awake from your slumber, the  
warning believe;  
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the mes-  
sage receive;  
While dangers are pending, escape  
for your life,  
And look not behind you—remem-  
ber Lot's wife!

3 The first bold apostate will tempt  
you to stay,  
And tell you, no dangers are found  
in the way;  
He means to deceive you, escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—remem-  
ber Lot's wife!

4 How many poor souls has the ser-  
pent beguiled!  
With specious temptations how  
many defiled!  
Then be not deluded, escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—remem-  
ber Lot's wife!

5 The ways of religion true pleasures  
afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of  
the Lord;  
Forsake, then, the world, and escape  
for your life,  
And look not behind you—remem-  
ber Lot's wife!

6 But if you're determined the call  
to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction  
to choose;  
For hell you shall part with the  
blessings of life,  
And then, if not now, you 'll re-  
member Lot's wife!

368.

*Gospel Day.*

S.M.

1 YE sleeping souls, arise,  
And cast your sins away.

Shake off the slumber from your eyes,  
This is the gospel day.

- 2 O give your hearts to God,  
And walk in wisdom's way;  
Wash in the fountain of his blood,  
This is the gospel day.
- 3 He offers you his grace,  
He bids you watch and pray;  
You now may turn and seek his face,  
This is the gospel day.
- 4 His love to you is great,  
No longer now delay;  
For after death 't will be too late,  
This is the gospel day.
- 5 Should you to hell be driven,  
'T will be in vain to pray;  
Turn now, and find your way to heaven,  
This is the gospel day.

### 369. *Hope for the Sailor.*

- 1 BLESSED be that voice, now heard  
afar,  
O'er the dark rolling sea,  
That whispers to the hardy tar,  
'Sailor, there's hope for thee!'
- 2 Blest be that pure, that Christian  
love,  
That boundless charity,  
Which bears the olive, like the dove,  
Brave, generous tar, to thee.
- 3 Blest be those lips, in accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
That first proclaimed to ocean's child  
'Sailor, there's hope for thee.'
- 4 Long hadst thou rode the foamy  
wave,  
From sin nor danger free,  
Till mercy stretched her arm to  
save,  
To save, brave sailor, thee.
- 5 God of the just! Oh, lend thine ear,  
And blessings rich decree  
On those who spread these tidings  
dear—  
'Sailor, there's hope for thee.'

J. L. HARWOOD.

### 370. *Soldier's Hymn.* 4 lines 6s and 2 8s.

**MARK!** hear the trumpet's sound,  
Tells both loud and shrill;

- The soldiers now surround  
The top of yonder hill;  
See! see the flag on yonder pole!  
The very sight delights my soul.
- 2 What numbers round it stand!  
They seem as if combin'd,  
To fight with heart and hand,  
And with undaunted mind;  
Determined to maintain their ground,  
Though devils, earth, and hell sur-  
round.
  - 3 The sergeant says, 'I'm here  
In Jesus' name to-day;  
Come, be a volunteer,  
No longer now delay;  
Come, join the ranks, be not afraid,  
The King himself is on parade.'
  - 4 Your clothing will be white,  
Your bounty very large;  
You 'll never need to fight  
A warfare at your charge.  
But all that come must surely be  
Determined, Lord, to fight for thee.
  - 5 'Tis Jesus who commands,  
'Tis he who does desire  
To pluck you all as brands  
Out of eternal fire;  
Oh! seize your arms, to Jesus fly,  
Resolved for him to live and die.

### 371. *Love of God.* C.M.

- 1 WHERE shall my soul begin to  
sing  
The great Redeemer's love?  
To praise the everlasting King,  
Who left his throne above?
- 2 O love, what a delightful theme!  
How charming is the sound!  
'Twas love that did the world re-  
deem,  
No other help was found.
- 3 Angels have strove, but all in vain,  
To view the great design:  
'Tis mystery all—they can't explain  
The depth of love divine.
- 4 My feeble voice I cannot raise  
As angels do above;  
Yet while I've breath, I'll sing the  
praise  
Of his redeeming love.
- 5 And when I lose this stammering  
tongue,  
I'll sing as loud as they;

shall be all my song,  
one eternal day.

L. M.

to know my Saviour's  
; O glory, hallelujah.  
fix my heart above; O  
y, hallelujah.  
re grace to conquer sin;  
ory, hallelujah.  
eel new life within; O  
y, hallelujah.

rist's robe of righteous-  
hat bright and glorious  
s;  
ay my own aside;  
ly from sin and pride.  
ean on Jesu's breast,  
im my eternal rest;  
Spirit's cleansing fire;  
, more love, to raise me  
er.

h Jesus to sit down;  
ear my heavenly crown;  
kingdom promis'd me;  
nore, O Christ, but thee.

*ieu to the World.*

C. M.

ly pleasures, now begone,  
you all adieu!  
gth to strength I travel

ry in my view.

righter worlds above,  
n can never come;  
keep me lest I rove,  
e shall lead me home.

is! let your willing feet  
enly way pursue;  
I reach the blissful seat,  
meet with you.

o more shall parted be,  
love unite;  
e King of glory see,  
ship in his sight.

*Living Vine.*

P. M.

is now united  
rist, the living vine;  
long have slighted,  
feel him mine.

I was to God a stranger,  
Till Jesus took me in,  
And free'd my soul from danger,  
And pardon'd all my sin.

2 Soon as my all I ventur'd  
On the atoning blood,  
His Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God.  
Still Christ is my salvation;  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation;  
My Father's wrath is o'er.

3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I now my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded  
With glory in my view.  
I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
And need not fear a frown;  
Christ is my joy and treasure,  
My glory and my crown.

### 375. *Union with Christ.*

P. M.

1 THO' in a world of sickness,  
While on my Saviour's breast,  
He strengthens all my weakness,  
And makes me truly blest;  
He cheers my drooping spirit,  
And fills me with his love,  
And soon I shall inherit  
Those shining realms above.

2 While on the banks of Jordan  
I now would launch away,  
But, oh! this earthly burden  
Still forces me to stay.  
Could I but see my Jesus,  
And scale the mountain's height,  
How would I shout his praises  
In yonder realms of light.

3 Christians, be not faint-hearted,  
Tho' least among the flock;  
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,  
While built upon the rock.  
Let's mend our pace to glory;  
We soon shall meet above,  
And sing the pleasing story  
Of his redeeming love.

### 376. *Calvary.*

11s.

1 COME, Saviour, and bless us, thy  
mercy make known;  
Be present and precious to each of  
thy own.

Thy name is still Jesus; thy love  
who can tell?  
Thou didst to release us from sin,  
death, and hell.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah, salvation, and glory,  
we'll sing  
To thee, our great Prophet, our  
Priest, and our King.

2 Since thou hast once suffered and  
died on the tree,  
Thy mercy is offered, thy pardon is  
free;  
None e'er was rejected, though sin-  
ful and base;  
But all are accepted, who trust in  
thy grace.

3 Those who have repented (though  
long they withstood),  
The moment they ventured their all  
on thy blood,  
Their sins were all pardoned, their  
souls were made free,  
And all who are burden'd may come  
unto thee.

4 Then let us be viewing thy hands  
and thy side;  
Thy blood is still flowing, the foun-  
tain is wide;  
It saved a Manasseh, a thief, and a  
Saul,  
And sure it can wash us, though  
bruised by the fall.

5 If plunged in thy ocean, we soon  
shall arise,  
To meet thee, our portion and  
Head, in the skies;  
And when thou shalt raise us, to  
join the bright throng,  
We'll show forth thy praises, and  
sing the new song.

**377.** *Invitation.*  
C. M.

1 **Y**E guilty souls, to Jesus bow,  
Who made your peace with  
heaven;  
'Tis he himself invites you now,  
Repent, and be forgiven.

2 *Your sins may be in number more  
Than sand by tempest driven;  
But, if his mercy you implore,  
They may be all forgiven.*

3 No longer slight his offered love,  
Lest you to hell be driven;  
He left his Father's throne above,  
That we might be forgiven.

4 Only believe the record true;  
Believe, and yours is heaven;  
Believe that Jesus died for you,  
And all your sin's forgiven.

**378.** *Camp-meeting Farewell.*  
P. M.

1 **D**EAR brethren and sisters, awhile  
we must part;  
But, though separated, we'll keep  
one in heart;  
Our way we'll pursue, and tri-  
umphantly sing,  
Salvation and glory to Jesus, our  
king.

*Chorus.*

To Jesus, who died, but now liveth  
again,  
We'll sing, Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Amen.

2 The love of the Saviour can ne'er be  
express'd;  
In holding camp meetings the pro-  
phets were bless'd;  
They laid the foundation—we're  
building the wall,  
And soon the dire kingdom of Satan  
shall fall.

3 Farewell, guilty sinners, who still  
live in sin,  
This day we have show'd you the  
danger you're in;  
The mercy of Jesus you long have  
abused;  
He often has called, but as oft  
you've refused.

4 But still from destruction he calls  
you away,  
Come now to the Saviour, no longer  
delay;  
You all may find mercy since Jesus  
hath died,  
Come, wash in the fountain that  
flows from his side.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren, who  
trust in his grace,  
And constantly walk in the light of  
his face;

Tho' oft we may part while on earth  
we remain,  
When landed above we shall ne'er  
part again.

- 6 Our troubles and trials will then be  
all o'er,  
The head of camp meetings we  
there shall adore;  
There, there, we shall join the as-  
sembly above,  
And dwell in the ocean of Jesus's  
love.

### 379. *Gospel Feast.* L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a table richly spread,  
With wine, and milk, and hea-  
venly bread;  
A plenteous feast of gospel grace,  
A feast prepared for all our race.
- 2 The Saviour's name is now adored  
By thousands who surround the  
board;  
Jesus invites poor sinners still,  
And all may come whoever will.
- 3 Ye worms of earth, no longer doubt,  
The Saviour will not cast you out;  
Why should you meet an awful  
doom,  
When Jesus cries, There yet is room?
- 4 Room in the precious means of grace,  
Room in the Saviour's sweet em-  
brace;  
Room in the fountain of his blood,  
Come, now, and plunge beneath the  
flood.
- 5 Room in the kingdom of his love,  
Room in the Father's house above;  
Ten thousand saints his name adore,  
But still he cries, There 's room for  
more.

### 380. *Burning Bush.* 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a bush that burns with  
fire,  
Yet unconsumed amidst the fire;  
Moses beheld with strange desire,  
Not knowing how or whence it  
came.  
He turned aside with humble fear,  
But little thought that God was  
there.

- 2 Truly the burning bush appears,  
An emblem of the church below;  
Though much oppressed with  
doubts and fears,  
From conquering we to conquer  
go.  
While unconsumed amidst the  
flame,  
We shout our great Deliverer's  
name.

- 3 He hears the cry of all his saints,  
For he was once oppressed with  
grief;  
His heart is touched with their  
complaints,  
And soon he gives them sweet  
relief.  
He bears a part in all their pain,  
And joins them with the dazzling  
train.

- 4 Though daily tried as in the fire,  
They shall come forth as gold re-  
fined;  
On wings of faith they shall aspire,  
And leave the world and sin be-  
hind.  
The church shall find eternal rest,  
When safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast.  
W. S.

### 381. *Heavenly Rest.* C. M.

- 1 **W**E seek a glorious rest above,  
A land of endless light;  
A heaven of happiness and love,  
A city out of sight.
- 2 We seek a house not made with  
hands,  
Where pleasures never die;  
Which on a sure foundation stands,  
Eternal in the sky.
- 3 We many sore temptations meet,  
While in this vale of woe;  
But these will make our joys more  
sweet,  
When we to glory go.
- 4 Then let us now as soldiers fight,  
Against the world and sin;  
For if we keep our armour bright,  
We shall the battle win.

- 5 Though the Egyptians are behind,  
And rocks on either hand,  
We who in Christ are sweetly joined  
Shall reach the promised land.
- 6 We'll bid farewell to all our grief,  
Our cares will soon be o'er;  
A few more storms will land us safe  
On that eternal shore.
- 3 Leaders and their members found,  
Escaped to Canaan's happy  
ground;  
Where everlasting praise abound,  
Will meet to part no more.

**382.** *The Pilgrim's Hymn.*  
*Tune*—Banks of the Shannon.

- 1 ON Zion's flowery banks I strayed  
In my pastoral care;  
And Zion's children there I heard,  
With ravish'd heart and ear,
- 2 They sang of Jesus' dying love,  
They sang it o'er and o'er;  
'For me he died,' each one replied,  
Let all the world adore.
- 3 They each were clad in pilgrims' dress,  
With rod and staff in hand;  
All travelling through the wilderness,  
To Canaan's happy land.
- 4 A fiery pillar led the way,  
Oh, what a glorious sight!  
It was a cooling shade by day,  
A heavenly light by night.
- 5 They gather'd manna on the road,  
And drank the stream so pure;  
And we, while travelling home to God,  
Shall find his blessing sure.
- 6 They sung of Jesus' dying love,  
They sung it o'er and o'er;  
And, when we meet in heaven above,  
We'll sing it evermore.

JOHN STAMP.

**383.** *The Happy Meeting in Glory.*

- 1 THAT happy day soon will be,  
When we shall our Redeemer see;  
And spend a long eternity,  
And meet to part no more.

*Chorus.*

O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
*joyful,*  
O, that will be joyful, to meet and  
part no more.

- 2 Ministers and people meet,  
Cast their crowns at Jesu's feet;  
There they will each other greet,  
And meet to part no more.
- 3 Husbands will their wives embrace,  
And see their Saviour's smiling  
face;  
With the holy ransom'd race,  
Will meet to part no more.
- 5 Parents meet their children dear,  
All before the throne appear;  
Jesus wipes their every tear,  
And meet to part no more.
- 6 Brothers and sisters gone before,  
Will meet on that eternal shore,  
Where their sufferings will be o'er,  
Shall meet to part no more.
- 7 Holy martyrs there shall stand,  
Of every age, from every land;  
A royal blood-wash'd chosen band,  
Shall meet to part no more.
- 8 Angels and archangels join,  
And all the saints of God combine,  
To sing the songs of love divine,  
And never part no more.

**384.** *God is Love.*  
*Tune*—Will you go?

- 1 WHAT sound is this thro' heaven resounding—God is love;  
From earth I hear the song rebounding—God is love.  
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim  
Love is his nature, love, his name,  
My soul in rapture cries the same—  
God is love.
- 2 This song repeat, ye saints in glory  
—God is love;  
And saints on earth, shout back the  
story—God is love;  
In this let heaven and earth agree,  
To sound his love both full and free,  
And let the theme for ever be—God  
is love.
- 3 Creation's thousand tongues proclaiming—God is love;  
And Providence unites, exclaiming  
—God is love;

the burden'd sinner hear  
 the trumpet sounding, loud and clear,  
 thy soul, both far and near—  
 God is love.

Heavenly love all round is flowing—  
 God is love;  
 my heart the fire is glowing  
 —God is love;  
 God is love' I know full well,  
 and I power his love to tell,  
 the sweetest notes my song should  
 well—God is love.

Love of God is now my pleasure  
 —God is love;  
 only this, shall be my treasure  
 —God is love;  
 hence shall be my song below,  
 when I home to glory go,  
 praise eternally shall flow—God  
 is love.

*Return to thy Rest, O my Soul.*  
 P. M.

Return to thy rest, return, O my  
 soul,  
 heaven of peace, to the hea-  
 venly goal;  
 to thy Maker, thy Father,  
 thy Friend,  
 showers of blessings shall on  
 thee descend.

#### *Chorus.*

O Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 thou shalt be bless'd;  
 haste to the mountain,  
 thou shalt find rest.

to thy Saviour, Redeemer,  
 and Lord,  
 peace, and joy shall be thy  
 reward;  
 to that Spirit that strives  
 with thee now,  
 comfort unceasing on thee  
 he'll bestow.

Isaiah thee himself, and invites  
 thy return,  
 not his offer, his grace do not  
 turn;  
 angels, and Christians, re-  
 joice the cry,  
 their bidding—Why hesi-  
 tate, why?

4 Art thou happier now, than when  
 thou couldst say,  
 Thine anger, O Lord, is from me  
 turn'd away;

Than when in an ecstasy thou couldst  
 exclaim,  
 Joy and peace are my portion,  
 through Jesus's name.

5 Oh no, for no hope of a heavenly  
 home  
 cheers the path where thy footsteps  
 unhappily roam;  
 Hasten back to thy God, with his  
 people enrol,  
 Return to thy rest, return, O my soul

### 386. 'Tis I, be not afraid.

1 LOUD was the wind and wild the  
 tide,  
 The ship her course delayed,  
 The Lord came to their help, and  
 cried,  
 "'Tis I, be not afraid."

2 Who walks the waves in wondrous  
 wise,  
 By Nature's laws unstaid?  
 "'Tis I," a well-known voice replied,  
 "'Tis I, be not afraid."

3 He mounts the deck, down drops  
 the sea,  
 The tempest is allayed;  
 The prostrate crew adore, and he  
 Exclaims, Be not afraid.

4 And thus, when winds and waves  
 are high,  
 Come, Saviour, to my aid,  
 Come when no other help is nigh,  
 And say, Be not afraid.

5 Speak, and my fears no more are  
 heard,  
 Speak, and my griefs are laid;  
 Speak, and my heart shall bless the  
 word,  
 "'Tis I, be not afraid."

6 When on the bed of death I lie,  
 And stretch my hands for aid,  
 Stand thou before my glazing eye,  
 And say, Be not afraid.

7 Before the judgment seat above,  
 When I shall sink dismayed,  
 Sustain me, Lord, and cry in love,  
 "'Tis I, be not afraid."



### 387. *A Warning to Sabbath Breakers.*

- 1 **R**EAD the fifteenth of Numbers,  
and then tell me plain,  
Whither breaking the Sabbath be  
the way to get gain;  
A Sabbath day's gain is eternity's  
loss,  
And the gold you so gain, it will  
soon turn to dross.

### 388. *Hosannah in the Highest.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour dwells upon a throne,  
Where angels sing Hosannah,  
And saith to his children, Come,  
And join to sing Hosannah.
- 2 Bless'd millions, they have gone be-  
fore,  
To sing the song Hosannah,  
But yet there 's room for millions  
more,  
Then come and sing Hosannah.
- 3 Some of our friends have cross'd the  
flood,  
And now they sing Hosannah,  
They 've join'd that army, bought  
with blood,  
Who chant the theme Hosannah.
- 4 Poor sinner, fly to Jesu's side,  
Then thou shalt sing Hosannah;  
Oh plunge beneath the purple tide,  
Then shout aloud Hosannah.
- 5 O poor backslider, come again,  
And learn the song Hosannah;  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
Then thou shalt sing Hosannah.
- 6 Poor drunkard, haste, and leave the  
bowl,  
And sing with us Hosannah;  
Come, get religion in thy soul,  
Then thou shalt shout Hosannah.
- 7 Come, parents, children, teachers, all  
Unite and sing Hosannah;  
To Him who saves you from the fall,  
Come haste and sing Hosannah.
- 8 Ye preachers, leaders, saints of God,  
Oh swell the note Hosannah;  
Get sanctified in Jesus' blood,  
Then you will sing Hosannah.
- 9 *We feel we're on our journey home,  
So we will sing Hosannah;*

And when to Death's cold flood w  
come,  
Our song shall be Hosannah.

- 10 And in the great decisive day,  
Oh, how we 'll sing Hosannah;  
When heaven and earth are fled awa  
Then we will sing Hosannah.
- 11 And then with heaven's countle  
hosts,  
We 'll ever sing Hosannah;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
We'll sing aloud Hosannah.

#### *Chorus.*

'Tis good employ—good employ—  
I love to sing Hosannah;  
'Tis good employ—good employ—  
Then come and sing Hosannah

JOHN STAMF

### 389. *The Bleeding Lamb.*

**W**ORTHY, worthy, is the Lam  
that was slain;  
Jesus is the bleeding Lamb that w  
slain;  
I've an interest in the Lamb th  
was slain;  
Glory, glory, to the Lamb that w  
slain;  
Heaven and earth, adore the Lam  
that was slain;  
Ministers, proclaim the Lamb th  
was slain;  
Saints of God, exalt the Lamb th  
was slain;  
Penitents, fall on the Lamb that w  
was slain.

### 390.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the heralds of  
cross,  
To heavenly joys invite us;  
Proclaim the everlasting joys  
Which to our God unite us;  
They cry to all the world to come  
Thy Saviour's gone before thee  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, hon  
To glory, glory, glory.
- 2 Numbers increase, from day to da  
In Jesu's courts uniting;  
Sorrow and sadness flee away,  
'Tis what our hearts delight

bands stretch out their  
s,  
he pleasing story;  
nds march from distant

,  
&c.

cleans'd, the dead are  
l,  
—they walk before him,  
—they speak their Sa-  
's praise,  
see and adore him:  
he poor, the young, the

t, and the hoary:  
ough Christ their crown  
e,  
&c.

rally round the cross,  
worldly pleasure;  
reckon all things loss,  
our hidden treasure.  
sing, the Lord is king,  
repeat the story;  
e the heavenly arches

get home to glory.

*Hosannah.*

in the wilderness  
d by heavenly manna,  
rough Jesus' righteous-

sing Hosannah.  
theme, redemption's

e,  
us sing Hosannah,  
e seemed a heavenly

we sang Hosannah.

camp each night it fell,  
call it manna,  
ves our souls from hell,  
st sing Hosannah.  
g bread, here 's living

O sing Ho-annah;  
aned, for us he bled,  
ed, sing Hosannah.

descending, down it

as filled with manna;  
e precious name  
we sing Hosannah.

The bread of God, the bread of God  
Is Christ, then sing Hosannah;  
Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood,  
We 'll praise and shout Hosannah.

4 Each day the host were well sup-  
plied,

Double for Sabbath manna;  
Thus Christ for us was crucified,  
Sing twice as much Hosannah.  
On Lord's day sing, on Lord's day

sing,  
To Jesus loud Hosannahs;  
Praise Him, our soul's redemption  
king,  
In Zion sing Hosannahs.

#### SECOND PART.

5 Men, women, children, gathered  
food,

And forty years ate manna;  
But Jesus gave his flesh and blood  
To feed our souls, Hosannah.  
Lord evermore, Lord evermore,  
Give us this bread, Hosannah:  
Immanuel our souls adore,  
On him we 'll live, Hosannah.

6 The doors of heaven opened wide,  
He rained down corn as manna;  
A soldier pierced the Saviour's side,  
Redemption flowed, Hosannah.  
Water and blood, water and blood,  
To save and cleanse, Hosannah;  
This fountain rolls a crimson flood,  
Here wash my soul, Hosannah.

7 Humbled and tried for forty years,  
He fed them still with manna;  
But Jesus poured strong cries and  
tears,

To save from hell, Hosanna;  
'Tis angels' food, 'tis angels' food,  
To sing his love, Hosanna;  
But we can sing of precious blood,  
Much more than they, Hosanna,

8 When Israel conquered Canaan's  
land,

They ceased to gather manna;  
But when we reach our golden strand,  
We 'll never cease, Hosannah.

Eternally, eternally,  
We 'll sing and praise Hosanna.  
With saints and angels gloriously  
We 'll chaunt the song, Hosanna.

## THIRD PART.

- 9 The ark within the veil contained  
Their golden pot of manna;  
But Christ being come, has glory  
gained,  
Our great high priest, Hosannah.  
The holy place, the holy place,  
He entered in, Hosannah;  
Redemption and eternal grace  
Is food for us, Hosannah.
- 10 Our fathers in the wilderness  
Are dead, who lived on manna;  
But Jesus' blood and righteousness  
Give endless life, Hosannah.  
His flesh and blood, his flesh and  
blood  
Is meat and drink, Hosannah;  
May this be all our daily food,  
Through faith and hope, Hosannah.
- 11 'To him that overcomes,' he said,  
'I'll give this hidden manna;'  
Give us, O Lord, this daily bread,  
To strengthen us, Hosannah.  
Victorious, victorious,  
We'll never die, Hosannah:  
But live for ever glorious,  
On Christ, and sing Hosannah.
- 12 The multitude rejoiced and sang,  
On Salem's road, Hosannah;  
All glory in the highest, rang  
For Christ our heavenly manna.  
Immediately the stones would cry,  
Did we not sing Hosannah;  
Then lift your hearts and souls on  
high,  
And join to sing Hosannah.

## FOURTH PART.

- 13 The children in the temple cried,  
To David's son, Hosannah;  
Chief priests and scribes the song  
deride,  
Shall children sing Hosannah?  
Sucklings and babes, sucklings and  
babes,  
Shall perfect praise, Hosannah;  
To still the foe, souls overflow,  
And chant and sing Hosannah.
- 14 Behold in heaven a glorious throne,  
There's Christ our glorious manna,  
Like jasper and a sardine stone,  
With rainbow truth, Hosannah.

Like emerald, an evergreen  
Encircled round, Hosannah;  
His covenant of grace is seen,  
Brilliant and sure, Hosannah.

- 15 By faith enlisted, now I'll sing,  
My ration is this manna;  
A good soldier of Christ, my king,  
Oh, I would sing Hosannah.  
Brave soldier like, brave soldier like,  
I'll serve for daily manna;  
His royal standard never strike,  
It waves on high, Hosannah.
- 16 If you reach home before I do,  
With saints to sing hosannah,  
Tell them, by grace, I'm coming too,  
To sing, with them, Hosannah.  
Farewell to sin, I'll mount and sing,  
Victorious, Hosannah,  
I'll conquer all through Christ, my  
king,  
For ever sing Hosannah.

392. *A Song of Praise.*  
*Tune — Swiss Boy.*

- 1 A LOUD anthem of praise to our  
Jesus we'll raise,  
Who for all on the cross did expire:  
Who, though tortured and slain,  
lives in glory again,  
And baptizes his people with fire.  
Our risen Lord we will proclaim:  
Both old and young shall bless his  
name.  
We will move, we will move, on the  
swift wings of love,  
Till the nations have all caught  
the flame.
- 2 And with wisdom and might for our  
Captain we'll fight,  
In his name we'll our banner  
lift up;  
Though our foes may be strong  
they'll be vanquish'd ere long  
Mighty thunders upon them shall  
drop.  
Jehovah's powerful arm awakes  
The trembling gates of hell he  
shakes.  
God's dear Son, God's dear Son,  
his chariot rides on;  
Of the heathen possession he's

3 The pure gospel of God is now flying abroad,  
And the night swiftly passeth away;

The glad season draws near, the acceptable year;  
Then all nations his word shall obey.

Jesus, on thee, in faith, we call,  
Let thy great kingdom rule over all.

Mighty Lord, mighty Lord, give success to thy word,  
And the empire of darkness shall fall.

4 Oh! if all men, just now, to our Jesus would bow,  
And from every evil depart;

They the blessings would find which for all were designed,  
And the Saviour would dwell in each heart.

Hasten, O Lord, the promised hour,  
Then all shall know thy saving power;

To the world, to the world, let thy cross be unfurled,  
And thy name let all creatures adore.

393. *The Christian's Dismissal of this vain World.*  
Tune—Begone, dull Care.

1 **B**EGONE, vain world, thou hast no charms for me;  
My captive soul had long been held by thee;

I listened long to thy vain song,  
And thought thy music sweet,  
And thus my soul lay grovelling at thy feet.

2 What are thy charms? Could I command the seas,  
Thy mingled sweet dews never feed the soul.

A nobler prize attracts mine eyes,  
Where trees immortal grow,  
A fruitful land, where milk and honey flow.

3 My soul, through grace, on wings of faith shall rise,  
Towards that dear place where my possession lies;

That sacred land,  
At God's right hand,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my cause his own.

4 Amazing grace! does Jesus plead for me? [free;

Then sure I am the captive must be  
For, while he does

For sinners plead,  
He's anxious to prevail, [fail.

5 He sign'd the deed with his atoning blood,

And ever lives to make the payment good;

Should hell and sin  
And law come in,

To urge a second claim,  
They all retire at mention of his name.

6 His sacred name tunes all the harps above,

Their songs, free grace, and everlasting love;

Amazing love,  
No saint above,

A sweeter note can sing,  
Nor Gabriel's harp can touch a loftier string.

7 Then let me rise and hasten to that day;

The grace, the song, invite my soul away;

Tun'd with that love,  
My soul above,

Shall join the blissful throng,  
And grace, free grace, and glory crown the song.

394. *Closet Prayer.*  
Tune—Sweet Home.

1 **I**F sorrows surrounds us, if friends are all fled,

And Satan would hint that each comfort is dead:

If burdened with sorrows, with sickness or care,

We'll fly to our closets—there's nothing like prayer.

*Chorus.*

Sincere humble prayer, there is nothing like prayer,

With firmly believing the Father is here.

2 How sweet is the hour when alone  
with our Head;  
How sacred the spot where the  
pious may tread;  
When no one can see him and  
know he is there,  
How sweet is the closet, there's no-  
thing like prayer.

3 Oft thither I've gone with my bosom  
oppress'd,  
I've knelt at the foot-stool and  
panted for rest;  
And Jesus has come for to chase  
my despair,  
How sweet is my closet, there's no-  
thing like prayer.

**395. *The Gospel Ship.* P. M.  
Tune—Glory, glory, glory.**

1 THE gospel ship—she is on sail;  
Sing glory, Hallelujah,  
And every day she does prevail,  
sing glory;  
She has on board a happy crew,  
And Jesus is our captain too,  
We have the promised land in view,  
sing glory.

2 We've many thousand souls on  
board, sing glory;  
All well equipp'd with shield and  
sword, sing glory;  
And, standing as a watch on guard,  
To face our foes we are prepar'd,  
We are pressing for the great re-  
ward, sing glory.

3 Sometimes a boisterous sea comes  
on, sing glory,  
But Jesus speaks, and soon it's  
gone, sing glory.  
Come, see what Christ our Lord  
can do,  
We'll trust him all our passage  
through,  
And, with the promis'd land in view,  
sing glory.

4 Come, all you wanderers on the  
shore, sing glory,  
There's room for you and thou-  
sands more, sing glory;  
Forsake your sins and join the  
crew,

And then you will be happy too,  
You will have the prize in view,  
sing glory.

5 Some say we are a noisy crew, sing  
glory;  
We shout for joy—oh yes, it's true,  
sing glory.  
Who can forbear, with all their  
might,  
To praise and pray, both day and  
night,  
With such a glorious prize in sight?  
sing glory.

6 Let every heart and every voice  
sing glory,  
We are commanded to rejoice, sing  
glory;  
And when we reach the happy shore,  
Sorrow and sin shall be no more,  
And then we shall for evermore  
sing glory.

**396. 'Tis all for the best.  
Tune—Ye hills and ye dales.**

1 MY soul, now arise, my passions  
take wing,  
Look up to the skies and cheerfully  
sing;  
Let God be the object, in praises  
address'd,  
And this be the subject, 'tis all for  
the best.

2 Search all the world through, ex-  
amine and see,  
And what canst thou view more  
suited to thee  
Than this declaration, in Scripture  
expressed,  
That God, thy salvation, does all for  
the best?

3 If here, day by day, his love should  
see good,  
Upon me to lay his fatherly rod;  
Oh, be not dejected, however op-  
pressed,  
Though sorely afflicted, 'tis all for  
the best.

4 On creatures below I'll not set my  
heart,  
For well do I know we shortly must  
part;  
And though when God gives them  
his name's to be blest,  
And when he removes them, 'tis all  
for the best.

s of his grace are passing  
worth,  
s of his face are heaven on  
th ;  
me he shows them, what  
fills my breast,  
he withdraws them 'tis  
for the best.

afflicts begin from various  
ts,  
throws in his fiery darts ;  
n full sorely my soul he  
ests,  
know surely, 'tis all for  
best.

through the whole I meet  
h while here,  
ort my soul and silence  
fear ;  
and praying ere long to  
blest,  
g and saying 'tis all for  
best.

e bright day that soon will  
e,  
ed from my clay I mount  
he skies ;  
ll I recover my heavenly  
;  
sing for ever, 'twas all  
the best.

*ymn for a Revival.*

*ne—Poor Mary Ann.*

CHRIST is now amongst  
Only believe.  
to bless and save us,  
Only believe.  
ng, kind, and gracious,  
ood is efficacious ;  
I may feel him precious,  
Only believe.

ne that 's seeking pardon ?  
Only believe.  
m your heavy burden,  
Only believe.  
tan longer grieve you,  
orld and sin deceive you ;  
e Lord will now receive  
,  
Only believe.

ne who has backslidden ?  
Only believe.  
walked in paths forbid-  
Only believe.

Oh, how sinful thus to leave him,  
Thus to slight, despise, and grieve  
him ;

But again you may receive him,  
Only believe.

4 Is there who wants sanctifying ?  
Only believe.

Jesus' blood is purifying,  
Only believe.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;  
From all sins he does deliver,  
Only believe.

### 398. *The Pilgrim journeying Home.* *Tune—Ashford.*

1 I WANDER through this vale of  
tears,

Where sorrow is my doom ;  
But Jesus oft my spirit cheers,  
With prospects of my home.

2 Temptations sore beset my way,  
Afflictions spread their gloom ;  
It turns my darkest hours to day,  
To think upon my home.

3 The world with all its fleeting  
charms,  
Would lure my soul to roam ;  
But resting in my Saviour's arms,  
I hasten to my home.

4 He kindly holds my trembling  
hand,  
And guides me lest I roam ;  
By faith on Pisgah's mount I stand,  
And view my distant home.

5 The manna of his love I taste,  
Descending from his throne ;  
Inspired with heavenly joy I feast,  
While on my journey home.

6 From yonder rock a fountain rolls,  
And here its waters come ;  
Refreshing weary pilgrims' souls,  
Who seek a better home.

7 The wondrous cloud directs the  
way  
So plain, I need not roam ;  
Its fire by night, its shade by day,  
Shall guide me safely home.

8 Soon, having cross'd bold Jordan's  
flood,  
I'll sound through heaven's high  
dome,

The eternal praises of my God,  
With all the saints at home.

### 399 *To Preachers.* *Tune—Press Forward.*

- 1 YE heralds of Jesus, go forth and proclaim  
Salvation to sinners through faith  
in his name;  
Go tell them in Zion there 's plenty  
of room,  
And supper provided—compel them  
to come!
- 2 Of all that you meet with let none  
stay behind,  
But bring them to Jesus, the friend  
of mankind:  
Persuade them to wander no longer  
from home;  
To feast with the Saviour, compel  
them to come.
- 3 Go tell them it 's ready, the table is  
spread,  
The wine is God's blessing and  
Christ is the bread,  
The distressed and needy, invite  
them all home  
To take of the supper—compel  
them to come.
- 4 Your work is important, then make  
no delay,  
But lift up your voices, and work  
while 'tis day;  
If the rich will not listen, but care-  
lessly roam,  
To the poor preach the gospel—com-  
pel them to come.
- 5 And, oh! may the lovers of Jesus  
pray on,  
That you may succeed till the great  
work is done;  
Till all are converted and find their  
way home,  
To the kingdom of glory where we  
hope to come.
- 6 Come, preachers and members,  
now let us agree,  
To work altogether and then we  
shall see  
Our number increase and our Zion  
arise;  
*And we shall get nearer our home  
in the skies.*

### 400. *Missionary Hymn.* *Tune—Golden Streets.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,  
Great David's greater Son;  
Hail! in the time appointed  
His race on earth begun.
- 2 Before him on the mountains,  
Shall peace the herald go,  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see.
- 4 With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean,  
In tribute at his feet.
- 5 Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing.
- 6 For he shall have dominion,  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 7 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.
- 8 The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
Jehovah, God of love.

### 401. *Christ in the Garden.* *Tune—Cliff.*

- 1 WHILE nature was sinking in  
silence to rest,  
The last beams of day shone dim in  
the west,  
O'er the fields, by the moonlight, to  
a lonely retreat,  
In deep meditation, I wandered  
my feet.
- 2 While passing a garden, I paused  
to hear  
A voice, faint and faltering, from  
one who was there;

he voice of the mourner affected  
my heart,  
While pleading in anguish the poor  
sinner's part.

Offering to heaven his petition-  
ing prayer,  
The spake of the torments the sin-  
ner must bear;  
His life as a ransom he offered to  
give,  
That sinners redeemed in glory  
might live.

Heard with attention the tale of  
his woe,  
While tears like a fountain of water  
did flow;  
Vept to behold him, I asked him  
his name,  
He answered, 'Tis Jesus, from  
heaven I came.

Thy Redeemer, for thee I must  
die,  
The cup is most painful, but it can-  
not pass by;  
My sins like a mountain are laid  
upon me,  
And all this deep anguish I suffer  
for thee.

How sweet was the moment he bade  
me rejoice,  
His smiles, oh! how pleasant, how  
charming his voice!  
How from the garden to spread it  
abroad,  
And shouted salvation, oh! glory to  
God!

Now on my journey to man-  
sions above,  
My soul's full of glory, of light,  
Peace, and love;  
Think of the garden, the pains,  
and the tears,  
That loving stranger who banished  
my fears.

The day of bright glory is rolling  
around,  
When Gabriel descending, the last  
trump shall sound;  
My soul, then, in raptures to glory  
will rise,  
To gaze on the stranger with un-  
clouded eyes.

# 402. *The Love of Jesus.* *Tune—Begone, dull care.*

1 COME, let us join to sing of Jesus'  
love:  
Sing how for us he left his throne  
above,  
Came down to earth, a man by birth,  
Then died upon the tree,  
And brought salvation, endless, rich,  
and free.

2 Sing how he burst the barriers of  
the grave,  
And rose in triumph, guilty men to  
save,  
Ascended high, no more to die,  
But seated on his throne,  
'Mid angel choirs our worthless  
names to own.

3 Sing how before his Father's throne  
he pleads,  
For all mankind in mercy intercedes,  
Pities their woes, subdues their foes,  
Their every want supplies,  
And bids their souls in triumph to  
him rise.

4 Sing how he poured his Spirit from  
on high  
To give his people life, no more to  
die,  
And by his word, his Spirit's sword,  
Subdues the heart of stone,  
While angels sing another victory's  
won.

5 Sing of his grace which all our  
hearts renewed,  
Cleansed us from sin in his atoning  
blood,  
Removed our grief, and gave relief  
From Satan's galling chain,  
And soon will raise our souls with  
him to reign.

6 In higher worlds we'll join his grace  
to praise,  
Where heavenly choirs will add  
their highest lays:  
Worthy the Lamb, praised be his  
name  
Who saved us by his blood,  
And raised our souls to dwell in  
light with God.

JOHN STAY



**403.** *The Gospel Sound.*  
*Tune*—Auld Lang Syne.

**1** **H**OW sweet the gospel trumpet  
sounds,  
Its notes are grace and love;  
Its echo through the world resounds  
From Jesus' throne above.

*Chorus.*

It is the sound, the joyful sound,  
Of mercy rich and free;  
Pardon it offers, peace proclaims:  
Sinner! it speaks to thee.

**2** It tells the weary soul of rest,  
The poor of heavenly wealth,  
Of joy to heal the mourning breast;  
It brings the sin-sick health.  
It is the sound, &c.

**3** Its words announce a heavenly feast  
Of water, milk, and wine,  
And manna in the wilderness,  
Provisions all divine.  
It is the sound, &c.

**4** It speaks of boundless grace, by  
which  
The vilest are forgiven;  
To Christians it proclaims a rich  
Inheritance in heaven.  
It is the sound, &c.

**5** To men in every clime, degree,  
Its message is address'd;  
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,  
Are with its blessings bless'd.  
It is the sound, &c.

JOHN STAMP.

**404.** *Look to the Cross.*  
*Tune*—Poor Mary Ann.

**1** **C**OME, poor guilty, anxious  
mourner,  
Look to the cross;  
Leave the proud, the gay, the  
scorner—

Look to the cross.  
Lift an eye of faith to Jesus,  
He from sin's hard bondage frees  
us,  
When we grieve his grace can ease  
us;

Look to the cross.

**2** Bow in humble prayer before him—  
Look to the cross.

**3** Now by hope and love adore him—  
Look to the cross.

Let thy guilt no more distress thee,  
Peace and pardon soon shall bless  
thee,  
And the Saviour's love caress thee;  
Look to the cross.

**3** Jesus waits to grant his favour,  
Look to the cross;  
He's an all-sufficient Saviour,  
Look to the cross;  
Though thy crimes reach high as  
heaven,  
Thou 'gainst grace and truth hast  
striven,  
Here the vilest are forgiven,  
Look to the cross.

**4** Dost thou feel thy spirit harden?  
Look to the cross;  
See repentance joined with pardon,  
Look to the cross;  
Hear what words of grace are spoken,  
Love presents her highest token,  
Gaze till thy hard heart is broken,  
Look to the cross.

**5** Wouldst thou hear thy Saviour  
claim thee?  
Look to the cross;  
Wouldst thou feel his love inflame  
thee?  
Look to the cross;

Hark! he speaks, but not in thunder,  
Hear, O earth, let angels wonder,  
'I have snapp'd thy chains asunder,  
Look to my cross.'

**6** Thence flows full and free salvation,  
Look to the cross;  
Bought for all of every nation,  
Look to the cross;  
Life and joy for all the dying,  
Come, 't is offer'd without buying,  
Dry thy tears and stay thy sighing,  
Look to the cross.

JOHN STAMP.

**405.** *The Sabbath.*  
*Tune*—'Those Evening Bells.'

**1** **T**HE Sabbath day, the Sabbath day,  
It wakes the Christian's joyful  
lay;  
The day of worship, faith, and love,  
Which lifts our thoughts and hearts  
above.

**2** The day of rest, the day of rest,  
When 's calm'd the Christian's  
troubled breast,

And many hearts find sweet repose,  
In God, from all their griefs and woes.

The day of praise, the day of praise,  
On which our thanks to heaven we  
raise;

And mercy's gifts, in holy songs,  
Awake our powers, and tune our  
tongues.

The day of prayer, when souls ascend,  
And kindred minds their wishes  
blend,

'Neath Jesus' throne, remote from  
strife,  
And breathe a higher, purer life.

The day of grace, when Jesus bows  
To hear the contrite sinner's vows,  
With cords of mercy binds his heart,  
And bids each grief and doubt depart.

The day of hope, when spirits rise  
To scenes of bliss beyond the skies,  
A long eternity to spend  
Where praise and Sabbaths never  
end.

Hail! day of God, foretaste of heaven,  
The happiest, brightest of the seven!  
With humble heart and holy mind,  
In thee my God and heaven I find.

JOHN STAMP.

106. *Bound for Glory.*  
*Tune—'Holy War.'*

COME on, my brethren dear in the  
Lord,  
Come on, my brethren dear, you have  
no portion here,  
For endless bliss you steer, in the  
Lord.

Dear sisters, join the band in the Lord,  
Dear sisters join the band, unite  
with heart and hand,  
And march for Canaan's land, in the  
Lord.

Poor guilty sinners, turn to the Lord,  
Poor guilty sinners, turn, or else in  
hell you'll burn,  
And there for ever mourn in despair.

Christ waits to save, you know, I  
believe;  
For you the Saviour died, and from  
his wounded side  
Rolls down a healing tide for your  
souls.

5 Fly to the blood-stained tree—sinner  
fly;

Fly to the blood-stain'd tree, thy  
Saviour died for thee,  
He waits to set thee free, I believe.

6 Ye saints of God, press on to your  
home;

Ye saints of God press on; then,  
when your race is run,  
Your Lord will say, Well done, reign  
with me.

7 There is a better day coming on,  
A day without a night, where all the  
sons of light  
Shall, in their Saviour's sight, sit on  
thrones.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

407. *The Happy Choice.*  
*Tune—Mrs Staves.*

1 YE friends of Jesus, hear while I  
sing,  
I have something good to say about  
the narrow way,  
For Christ the other day saved my  
soul.

2 I feel the holy fire in my heart;  
I am happy all day long, salvation  
is my song,  
And I've left the giddy throng, bless  
the Lord.

3 My old companions said, he's gone  
mad;  
But could they only see, how Jesus  
set me free,  
They would be as mad as me, I be-  
lieve.

4 Then let the world deride, I'll go  
on;  
I know religion's right, so now, vain  
world, good night,  
I mean to urge my flight, to a  
throne.

5 Poor sinner, let me say, Will you go?  
The Spirit long has striven, but now  
I am forgiven;  
I am on my way to heaven, will you  
go?

6 You may be happy too, will you go?  
You may be happy too, for Jesus  
died for you,  
And he will guide you through,  
you'll go.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

408. *Negro Hymn, or Meeting in Glory.**Tune—Cliff.*

- 1 OH, we are going to see Father Abraham,  
Oh we are going to praise our Lord,  
For we hope to die a shouting in  
the army of the Lord,  
Yea, we mean to die a shouting in  
the army.

*Chorus.*

Reign, oh reign, reign, my Saviour,  
Reign, oh reign, good Lord, shower  
down.

- 2 Oh, we are going to see all the prophets,  
Oh, we are going to praise our Lord.
- 3 Oh, we are going to see all the martyrs,  
Oh, we are going to see our Lord.
- 4 Oh, we are going to see Father Wesley,  
Oh, we are going to see our Lord.
- 5 Oh, we are going to see all the blood-wash'd,  
Oh, we are going to see our Lord.
- 6 Oh, we are going to sing hallelujah,  
Oh, we are going to see our Lord.
- 7 Oh, we are going to meet our children,  
Oh, we are going to praise our Lord.

409. *The Suffering Negro Song.*

- 1 BLESS God, I'm on my journey home,  
Though in the wilderness I roam;  
Ten thousand foes do me surround,  
Yet Jesus will them all confound.

*Chorus.*

Why he has been with us, and he  
still is with us,  
And he says he will go with us to  
the end.

- 2 Although you see me suffering so,  
And toss'd with tempest here below,  
I'm on the good old way,  
That leads to endless day.

- 3 Though earth and hell my soul  
withstand,

Yet I shall gain the better land;  
The cloudy pillar guides the way,  
A fire by night, a shade by day.

- 4 Although Voltaire and Thomas Paine,

They tried to prove religion vain;  
Though Robert Owen and Carlile,  
They do the bleeding Lamb revile;

- 5 Oh, come poor sinner, fly with me,  
Then thou shalt God's salvation see;  
Repent, and have thy sins forgiven,  
Believe, and go with me to heaven.

- 6 If you get home before I do,  
Look out for me, I'm coming too;  
If I reach home before you do,  
I'll tell them you are coming too.

- 7 And when we land on Canaan's shore,

We will bless him who went with  
us to the end;

We'll sing salvation evermore,  
And we'll bless him who went with  
us to the end.

JOHN STAMP.

410. *Sailing to Glory.*

- 1 WE'RE sailing to a better world,  
Sing glory, hallelujah;  
Our every sail is now unfurled,  
Sing glory, hallelujah.

- 2 Our Jesus does the vessel steer,  
Sing glory, hallelujah;  
The heavenly port we're drawing  
near,  
Sing glory, hallelujah.

- 3 Our ship's the vessel of free grace,  
Sing glory, hallelujah;  
The heavenly port's our landing  
place,  
Sing glory, hallelujah.

- 4 The prophets in this ship went  
home,  
Sing glory, hallelujah;  
But still a guilty world may come,  
Sing glory, hallelujah.

- 5 Apostles, martyrs, Wesley, too,  
Sing glory, hallelujah.

nly Pilot steered them  
igh,  
y, hallelujah.  
the Lord I've got on  
d,  
y, hallelujah;  
ss is God's holy word,  
y, hallelujah.  
the heavenly port we  
,  
y, hallelujah,  
; the Lamb for sinners  
,  
y, hallelujah.

*Chorus.*

we are a noisy crew;  
not all, we're happy too.

JOHN STAMP.

*Invitation.*

S. M.

y souls, arise,  
go with us to heaven;  
now in mercy cries,  
st may be forgiven.

, come again,  
ment, and be bless'd;  
Lamb for sinners slain,  
' regain thy rest.  
the blood,  
thy Saviour's side;  
ow plunge thee 'neath the  
,  
't be sanctified.

oor suffering saint,  
ows soon shall end;  
r hears thy sad complaint,  
thy soul defend.

hall land above  
an's peaceful shore;  
hall sing redeeming love  
, evermore.

JOHN STAMP.

*Spiritual Railway.*

to heaven by Christ was  
euly truth the rails are  
heaven to earth extends,  
rnal, where it ends.  
is the station, then,  
engers are taken in;

No fee for them is there to pay,  
For Jesus is himself the way.

3 God's word is the first engineer,  
It points the way to heaven clear,  
Through tunnels dark and dreary  
here,  
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's word the fire, his truth the  
steam,  
Which drives the engine and the  
train;  
And all who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ and there abide.

5 In first, and second, and third class,  
Repentance, faith, and holiness;  
You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ can never reign.

6 Come, then, poor sinners, now 's  
the time,  
At any station on the line;  
If you repent, and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

413. *Glory, Hallelujah.*  
*Tune*—In my Cottage near a  
Wood.

1 GLORY be to God on high,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Through the rich atoning blood  
Of the spotless Lamb of God;  
Therefore let us ery aloud,  
Glory, hallelujah.

2 Glory be to Christ on high,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Who for sinners came to die,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
By his death we are assured,  
He Jehovah's wrath endur'd,  
And life to guilty man secur'd,  
Glory, hallelujah.

3 Now the law's demands are paid,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
All its precepts Christ obey'd,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Glory to redeeming grace,  
Shines in our Immanuel's face,  
Towards all our guilty race,  
Glory, hallelujah.

4 Glory to the sacred Three,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Who are One and all agree,  
Glory, hallelujah!

In their record of the Son,  
God is pleas'd with what he's done,  
And the Spirit makes us one,  
Glory, hallelujah.

**414.** *Haste to the Sky.*  
*Tune—Poor Mary Ann.*

1 **FRIENDS** of Jesus, bound for heaven,

Haste to the sky;  
Ye who feel your sins forgiven,  
Haste to the sky;  
Strains of grateful praises pouring,  
Matchless grace and love adoring,  
Let our spirits e'er be soaring  
Up to the sky.

2 Christ our Lord and Saviour's reign—  
Up in the sky; [ing,  
Glorious conquests ever gaining,  
Up in the sky;  
He invites each blood-wash'd spirit,  
Destitute of claim or merit,  
Crowns and thrones of light t' inherit,  
Up in the sky.

3 Now we draw our every pleasure  
Down from the sky;  
There's our everlasting treasure,  
Up in the sky;  
Jesu's grace shall onward cheer us,  
Hope, and love, and joy, prepare us,  
Prayer and faith unite to bear us  
Up to the sky.

4 We must pass through tribulation,  
Up to the sky;  
And escape from great temptation,  
Up to the sky;  
Pain and sorrow will attend us,  
Sinful pleasures oft offend us,  
But the Saviour will befriend us,  
Up to the sky.

5 Then, all clad in robes of glory,  
Up in the sky;  
We shall sing redemption's story,  
Up in the sky;  
In that high and blissful dwelling,  
Jesu's love we'll e'er be telling,  
And the anthem ever swelling,  
Up in the sky.

JOHN STAMP.

**415.** *Immanuel.*  
*Tune—Rule Britannia.*

**WHEN** Jesus Christ, at heaven's  
command,  
Descended from his azure throne,

Attending angels joined his praise,  
Who claimed the kingdom for his  
own;  
Hail, Immanuel! Immanuel we'll  
adore,  
And sound his fame from shore to  
shore.

2 Girt with omnipotence supreme,  
The powers of darkness trembling  
stood,  
To hear the dire decree, and feel  
The vengeance of the mighty God.

*Chorus—Hail, Immanuel, &c.*

3 Not with the sword that warriors  
wear,  
But with a sceptre dipt in blood;  
He bends the nations to obey,  
And rules them with the love of  
God.

4 May the memory of his name  
Inspire our armies for the fight;  
Our vaunting foes shall die with  
shame,  
Or quit our coasts with hasty  
flight.

5 In his salvation is our board,  
And in the strength of Israel's  
God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners  
high,  
Our navies spread their flags  
abroad.

6 Soon may the kingdoms of the  
earth,  
From sin and Satan's dreadful  
thrall  
By thy great power and grace be  
freed,  
And Christ alone be all in all.

7 Ride on and prosper, King of  
kings,  
Till all the powers of hell resign  
Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,  
And endless glories shall be  
thine.

8 Go with thy servants, glorious Lord,  
And bid them tread the tempter  
down;  
Be more than conqueror by thy  
word,  
And wear the universal crown.

monster sin submit  
sceptre to thy call;  
earth's author, soon  
Christ be all in all.

*Transformation.*

Light of other Days.  
ing train around me  
ed the light of joy;  
tempest-cloud, en-  
d  
n from a boy.  
ove their glittering  
estive scene,  
ury form of pleasure  
s a dream.

of my soul was terror,  
strong anchor brokel  
a sea of error,  
gladness woke.  
n Calvary's summit

g,  
Jesus rose,  
earth its glory stream-  
d sweet repose.

y light has never  
darkest hour;  
lightness clouds have

its power.  
ights of earth may

air sickly rays;  
s light can never  
-  
o' endless days!

*British Martyrs' Hymn.*  
Flowers of the Forest.

gladness in Zion, her  
d was flying,  
battlements, glorious  
;  
morning shone forth  
ning,  
foes was her goodly

2 There is mourning in Zion, her  
standard is lying  
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a  
prey;  
And now there is wailing, and sor-  
row prevailing,  
For the best of her children are  
weeded away.

3 The good have been taken, their  
place is forsaken,  
The man and the maiden, the green  
and the gay,  
The voice of the weepers wails over  
the sleepers;  
The martyrs of Scotland that now  
are away.

4 The hue of her waters is crimson'd  
with slaughters,  
And the blood of the martyrs has  
redden'd the clay;  
And dark desolation broods over  
the nation,  
For the faithful are perished, the  
good are away.

5 On the mountains of heather they  
slumber together,  
On the wastes of the moorlands  
their bodies decay;  
How sound is their sleeping, how  
safe is their keeping,  
Though far from their kindred they  
moulder away.

6 Their blessing shall hover their  
children to cover,  
Like the cloud of the desert by  
night and by day;  
Oh, never to perish, their names  
we shall cherish,  
The martyrs of Scotland that now  
are away.

418. *The Resolution.*  
*Air—The Rose of Content.*

1 FAREWELL, sinful pleasures! to  
mansions of glory,  
My way I'll pursue to the regions  
above;  
The world and its trifles no more  
shall annoy me,  
I'll live to the glory of Him whom  
I love.

*Chorus.*

Secure in his arms, protected  
from foes,  
I'll seek in my Saviour true peace  
and repose,  
Enjoying the blessings by Pro-  
vidence sent:  
No sorrow distressing,  
Religion possessing,  
I wear in my bosom the source of  
content.

- 2 The mourner I'll cheer with a song  
of my Zion,  
When groaning beneath the huge  
load of his crime,  
Relieve the afflicted, distressed, and  
the dying,  
And point them to Jesus, their  
Saviour and mine.

*Chorus.*

Secure in his arms, protected  
from foes,  
I'll seek in my Saviour true peace  
and repose,  
Enjoying the blessings by Pro-  
vidence sent;  
No sorrow distressing,  
Religion possessing,  
I wear in my bosom the source of  
content.

419. *Meet me when evening shall  
close.*

*Tune*—Meet me by moonlight alone.

- 1 SO meet me when evening shall  
close,  
In secret we'll offer a prayer;  
To God all our wishes disclose,  
If we meet in His name He'll be  
there.

*Chorus.*

So meet me when evening shall close.

- 2 Oh, remember to pray for me too,  
I will offer a vesper for thee;  
That his grace may distil as the dew,  
Descending on you and on me.
- 3 In the temple our praise may arise  
Amidst the profane and devout;  
But 'tis prayer made in secret I  
prize,  
When the world and its cares are  
shut out.
- 4 Remember, be sure to be there,  
That our prayers may together  
ascend;

For there's nothing on earth we  
need fear,  
While in heaven we know we've  
a friend.

420. *The Better Land*  
*Tune*—Happy Land.

- 1 KNOW ye that better land,  
Where care's unknown?  
Know ye that blessed band,  
Around the throne?  
There, there is happiness,  
There are streams of purest bliss;  
There, there are rest and peace—  
There, there, alone.

- 2 Yes, yes, we know that place,  
We know it well;  
Eye hath not seen his bliss,  
Tongue cannot tell:  
There are the angels bright,  
And the saints enrobed in white—  
All, all, are clothed in light,  
There, there, they dwell.

- 3 Oh, we are weary here,  
A youthful band;  
Yet soon in glory there,  
We hope to stand:  
Then let us haste away,  
Speed along this world's dark way,  
Unto that land of day,  
That better land.

- 4 Come! hasten that sweet day,  
Let time begone;  
Come, Lord! make no delay;  
On thy white throne,  
Thy face we wish to see,  
For to dwell and reign with Thee,  
Thine, thine, for ever be,  
Thine, thine, alone.

421. *The Hour of Prayer.*  
*Tune*—Those evening bells.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet  
hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care;  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes  
known.  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief;  
And oft escaped the tempter's  
snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour  
of prayer!

The joy I feel, the bliss I share;  
Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
With strong desires for thy return.  
With such I hasten to the place  
Where God my Saviour shows his  
face;

And gladly take my station there,  
To wait for the sweet hour of  
prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour  
of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear;  
To Him whose truth and faithful-  
ness

Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And, since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his  
grace,

I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for the sweet hour of  
prayer!

4 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour  
of prayer!

May I thy consolations share;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty  
height,

I view my heaven, and, at the sight,  
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise  
To gain the everlasting prize;  
And realise for ever there  
The fruits of the sweet hours of  
prayer.

422. *The Matchless Love.*  
*Tune—Alice Gray.*

1 OH! had I Gabriel's harp of fire,  
I'd sweep the sounding string;  
Wake each responsive note of love,  
To Christ—of love the king.

For none could love as He has loved,  
Attest, thou bloody tree;  
And my heart o'erflows with glad-  
ness,

For his matchless love to me.

2 The pit in darkling horror yawned,  
Dread gulph! by sin prepared;  
And, rushing on with giddy steps,  
Its penal flames I dared.

But Christ appeared—and to His  
cross,

From wrath He bid me flee;  
And my heart o'erflows with glad-  
ness,

For his matchless love to me.

3 As gentle mothers lead their babes,  
Me by the hand He led,

To where His crimson fount of life,  
For human guilt was shed.

There, blood-bedew'd—sin's links  
dissolved,

My soul from guilt was free;  
And my heart o'erflows with glad-  
ness,

For his matchless love to me.

4 Then, throwing round my sprinkled  
soul

A robe of dazzling hue;

He wrote His name upon my breast,  
While angels stooped to view.

Then through all heaven he cried,  
Behold—

The fruit of Calvary;

Oh! my heart o'erflows with glad-  
ness,

For His matchless love for me.

423. *A Warning to the Youthful  
Sinner. Tune—Holy War.*

1 REMEMBER, sinful youth, you  
must die;

Remember, sinful youth,  
Who hates the way of truth,  
And in your pleasures boast, you  
must die.

2 Though you dance and rush along,  
you must die;

Though you dance and rush along;  
And sing the drunkard's song,  
And join the giddy throng, you  
must die.

3 Though you 're young, and blithe,  
and gay, you must die;

Though you 're young, and blithe,  
and gay,

Youthful beauty fades away,  
And your strength will soon decay:  
you must die.

4 Though you 've got wealth in store,  
you must die;

Though you 've got wealth in store,  
And men may you adore,  
We tell you o'er and o'er, you must  
die.

5 Unless you turn to God, you must  
die,

Unless you turn to God,  
And plunge you 'neath the flood,  
And wash in Jesus' blood, you must  
die.



6 But Mercy's gentle voice whispers,  
Live,  
But mercy's gentle voice  
Says, Make the Lord thy choice,  
And in his ways rejoice.—Hear and  
live!

JOHN STAMP.

424. *The Pious Scholar's Song.*  
Tune—Ann Carr.

- 1 THERE is a heaven above the  
sky, that place I long to see,  
A land where pleasures never die,  
Christ bought that heaven  
for me;  
And, if I'm faithful to his grace, I  
soon shall fly above,  
And then I 'll see my Jesus' face,  
and sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus has washed my sins away—I  
feel they're all forgiven,  
I never shall forget the day when I  
set out for heaven;  
I never shall forget the hour when  
I for mercy cried,  
By faith I grasped the saving power,  
and felt the blood applied.
- 4 And now the Spirit leads me on re-  
ligion's flowery way,  
I bid the toys of earth begone, lest  
they should lead astray;  
Come, parents, teachers, children  
all, arise and go with me;  
Make haste, obey the heavenly call;  
then you that heaven shall see.
- 5 Millions of children will be there,  
all clothed in spotless white,  
And each a heavenly palm-branch  
bear—oh, what a glorious  
sight!  
A golden harp each child will play,  
and wear a dazzling crown,  
And through a long eternal day, on  
Jesus' throne sit down.
- 6 Our tears shall all be wiped away  
for ever from our eyes,  
And we in heaven shall ever stay,  
beyond the starry skies;  
My happy spirit longs to soar, I  
pant my home to see,  
To range o'er Zion's flow'ry mount,  
with Him who died for me.

JOHN STAMP.

425. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

- 1 IN the gay scenes of life I was  
active and bold;  
But thrice-blessed Jesus the truth  
did unfold.  
I then did repent of my ways, and  
bemoan  
That I 'd wandered so far from my  
precious sweet home.

*Chorus.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
From Pisgah's high mountain I  
view my sweet home.

- 2 Thus, while I was mourning, I met  
with the Lord:  
How sweet to my soul was his  
pardonning word!  
'Twas then I desired from earth to  
be gone,  
For I felt a foretaste of the pleasures  
of home.
- 3 How sweet to the heart that in  
Jesus believes;  
How sweet to the soul that salva-  
tion receives,  
To find at the banqueting-house  
there is room,  
And feel, in God's temple, the  
blessings of home.
- 4 Some years of my warfare, through  
mercy, I've spent;  
The war has been rough, but I do  
not repent.  
Though waves of affliction around  
me may foam,  
All, all will be calm, when I'm  
landed at home.
- 5 At times I feel weary, and long to  
be free  
From all that doth hinder com-  
munion with thee;  
Still, still I will wait till the Master  
shall come,  
And angels convey me to mansions  
at home.
- 6 Though pressed with affliction, and  
trouble, and pain,  
If faithful I prove, I am sure I shall  
gain

- The fair haven of rest—the port so  
well known—  
And sing, with the blood-washed,  
in heaven at home.
- 7 Oh! aid me to fight in thy cause  
till I die;  
Then, through blood divine, I shall  
victory cry.  
I shout, while I muse on the millions  
who 're gone  
To regions of glory, the pilgrim's  
sweet home.
- 8 We 've parents and children with  
Jesus in heaven,  
And husbands and wives, who from  
us have been riven.  
Our friends and relations before us  
are gone;  
Then let us urge forward—we 'll  
meet them at home.
- 9 'Tis there, in the presence of God,  
we shall stand,  
And bless and adore his compas-  
sionate hand.  
With Jesus, our Saviour, we 'll sit  
on a throne.  
And reign, with ten thousands, in  
glory at home.

JACKSON.

126. *Sunday School Hymn.*  
*Tune—Port of Hull.*

- HERE we suffer grief and pain;  
Here we meet to part again;  
In heaven we part no more.
- Chorus.*  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful;  
Oh! that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven will go,  
And sing with saints above.
- 3 Little children will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday school.
- 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,  
And our pastors whom we love  
Shall meet to part no more.
- 5 Oh! how happy we shall be,  
For our Saviour we shall see  
Exalted on his throne.

- 6 There we all shall sing with joy  
And eternity employ,  
In praising Christ the Lord!
- 7 Glitt'ring crowns we then shall  
wear,  
Conqu'ring palms we too shall bear,  
And bow before his throne!
- 8 We shall walk with him in white,  
Feast for ever in his sight,  
And God in Christ adore!
- 9 There th' exalted Lamb will feed,  
And to living fountains lead,  
And wipe away our tears.

427. *Dying Saint.*  
*Tune—Down in the Grave.*

- 1 FARE ye well, I'm going to Jesus,  
weep not for me;  
From my thralldom he releases;  
weep not for me;  
O how glad I am to hear him  
Bid so sinful worm come near him;  
Why should I distrust or fear him?  
Weep not for me.
- 2 All my sins they are forgiven, weep  
not for me;  
Backward all my foes are driven;  
weep not for me;  
Best of blessings he 'll provide me,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide  
me,  
Safe to glory he will guide me,  
Weep not for me.
- 3 Though the spark of life is waning,  
weep not for me;  
Though the languid eye is straining,  
weep not for me;  
Though the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis my fetter'd soul releasing.  
Weep not for me.
- 4 Now the pangs of death assail me,  
weep not for me;  
Christ is mine; he will not fail me,  
weep not for me;  
Farewell, friends, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you;  
Now my crown appears in view,  
Weep not for me.
- 5 Soon I shall behold his glory, weep  
not for me;  
Cast my glittering crown before  
him, weep not for me;

Join among the countless number,  
Roll along his praise like thunder,  
And for ever gaze and wonder.  
Weep not for me.

**428.** *The Farewell.*  
Tune—*Isle of Beauty.*

1 SHADES of sin were wrapt around  
me,  
Darker than the hermit's call;  
Siren pleasures fast had bound me,  
But fair truth has broke the spell.  
Gay companions, once I prized you,  
Wandering in the flowery dell:  
Though my heart has not despised  
you,

Yet, I bid you all farewell.

2 Autumn leaves, by tempests riven,  
On the foaming tide are tost;  
Thus was I by folly driven,  
Merged in sin till nearly lost.  
Sin and folly, come not near me,  
With you now I will not dwell;  
Your light laugh can no more cheer  
me,

So I bid you both farewell.

3 As the sunbeam on the billow,  
Or its white and sparkling spray;  
Or the dew drops on the willow,  
Worldly pleasures pass away.  
But I now have higher pleasure,  
Sacred joys my bosom swell,  
Bright as stars, as seas in measure,  
Worldly pleasure, fare thee well.

4 Once thro' sin's enchanted bowers,  
Lured by folly's train, I trode;  
Pleased to pluck the tempting  
flowers, [strew'd.  
O'er the downward pathway  
Now I tread the path to heaven,  
There I hope with him to dwell,  
Who has all my sins forgiven;  
Sin and folly, fare you well.

**429.** *The Cross.*  
Tune—*Will you go?*

1 THE Saviour laid his crown aside,  
For the cross,  
And there for all the world he died,  
On the cross;  
His cheeks were smote, his flesh  
was torn,  
His sacred temples felt the thorn,  
While heaven and earth in dark-  
ness mourn,  
Round the cross.

2 Our sins were all upon him laid,  
On the cross;  
For all he hath atonement made,  
On the cross;  
His pierced feet, his hands and side,  
Pour forth redemption's healing  
tide;  
Life's cleansing fount was open'd  
wide,

On the cross.

3 Ten thousand foes did him surround,  
On the cross;  
But lo! he did them all confound,  
On the cross;  
His heavenly Father veil'd his face,  
While devils throng'd the sacred  
place;

Still he redeem'd our fallen race,  
On the cross.

4 Oh! haste, my soul, and see him die  
On the cross,  
Hark! hear that last expiring cry,  
On the cross.  
He says, I suffer'd this for thee,  
Approach in faith the blood-stain'd  
tree,

And thou shalt my salvation see;  
On the cross.

5 Oh, come, poor sinner, come with  
To the cross, [me,  
There's blood-bought pardon flow-  
ing free

From the cross;

He waits to wash your sins away,  
Arise! this is the gospel day;  
Make haste, poor sinner, come away,  
To the cross.

6 When foes assail, oh, may I fly  
To the cross;  
When strength shall fail, oh, let  
me die

Near the cross;

And when I reach fair Salem's plain,  
And join yon high and dazzling train,  
I'll sing the Lamb for sinners slain  
On the cross.

JOHN STAMP.

**430.** *Heavenly Freedom.*  
Tune—*Harp of the Hills.*

1 OUR bondage it will end, by and  
by,  
From Egypt's yoke set free;  
Hail, the glorious jubilee;  
And to Canaan we'll return, &  
and by.

- 2 The deliverer he will come, by and by,  
Our sorrows they will end,  
With our threescore years and ten;  
And his glory crown the day, by and by.
- 3 Though our enemies be strong, we 'll go on,  
Our hearts dissolve with fear,  
Yet Sinai's God is near,  
Where the fiery pillar moves, we 'll go on.
- 4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we 'll go on;  
Though Baca's vale be dry,  
And the land yield no supply,  
To a land of corn and wine, we 'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's flood we have come,  
Jehovah rules the tide,  
And the waters he 'll divide,  
While the ransom'd hosts shall shout, Ye are come.
- 6 Our friends we 'll meet again, whom we loved;  
Our embraces will be sweet,  
At the dear Redeemer's feet,  
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.
- 7 There, with the happy throng, we 'll rejoice,  
Shout glory to our King,  
While the heavenly arches ring,  
And to all eternity we 'll rejoice.
830. *The Negro's Hymn.*  
*Tune—Strength of the Hills.*  
'Your fathers, where are they?'
- 1 **W**HERE is now the martyr Abel?  
Where is now the martyr Abel?  
Where is now the martyr Abel?  
Safe in the promis'd land.
- 2 He went up thro' blood & slaughter,  
He went up thro' blood & slaughter,  
He went up thro' blood & slaughter,  
Safe to the promised land.
- 3 By and by we hope to meet him;  
By and by we hope to greet him;  
By and by we hope to see him,  
Safe in the promised land.
- ! When we meet, we 'll sing hallelujah;
- When we meet, we 'll shout hosannah;  
When we meet, we 'll sing for ever,  
Safe in the promised land.
- 5 Where is now the faithful Abraham?  
&c.,  
He went up by faith and prayer.
- 6 Where is now our father Noah? &c.  
He went through a flood of water.
- 7 Where is now the good Elijah? &c.  
He went up in a fiery chariot.
- 8 Where is now the meek man Moses? &c.  
He went from the top of Pisgah.
- 10 Where is now the prophet Daniel?  
He went through a den of lions.
- 11 Where are now the Hebrew children?  
They went through a fiery furnace.
- 12 Where are now the holy prophets?  
They went up through faith in Jesus.
- 13 Where is now the good old Simeon?  
He 's gone to the arms of Jesus.
- 14 Where are now the twelve apostles?  
They went up through persecution.
- 15 Where is now poor, suffering Lazarus?  
He went up to Abraham's bosom.
- 16 Where are now the conquering martyrs?  
They went up through racks and tortures.
- 17 Where are now the bless'd reformers?  
They went up through Smithfield fires.
- 18 Where is now devoted Wesley?  
He went shouting, God is with us.
- 19 Where are now our pious parents?  
They went up by holy living.
- 20 Where are now our little children?  
Angels they came down to fetch them.
- 21 Where is now our Saviour Jesus?  
He went through great tribulation.
- 22 How do we expect to meet him?  
Walking in the steps of Jesus.
- ALTERED BY JOHN STAM

431. *Song of the pious Slave.**Tune*—Highland Mountains.

- 1 DE poor negro he will go—some one day,  
Over de mountains, over de snow—far away,  
Over de mountains big and high—some one day,  
To dat country in de sky—far away.
- 2 De poor negro will be free—some one day,  
Jesu say, come reign wid me—far away;  
Jesus massa, call me home—some one day;  
Yes, him smile and bid me come—far away.
- 3 Sin no more make my heart rove—some one day,  
When landed wid the host above—far away;  
Driver lash my back no more—some one day,  
When wafsted to dat happy shore—far away.
- 4 Wife and children not be sold—some one day;  
Negro walk yon streets of gold—far away;  
My good massa say well done—some one day,  
Den me dwell wid de Holy One—far away.
- 5 De poor negro wear a crown—some one day,  
And on massa's throne sit down—far away;  
Oh! how happy me shall be—some one day,  
Come poor white man, come wid me—far away.
- 6 Den me meet my friends again—some one day,  
Praise de Lamb for negro slain—far away,  
Den me rest my weary soul—some one day,  
Where endless joys in torrents roll—far away.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

432. *Why will you die?**Tune*—Down in the grave.

~~~~~  
 NERS hastening down to ruin  
 —why will ye die?

Jesus is our souls pursuing—why will ye die?

Though from him you still are flying, all his power and love defying,

Hark how loudly he is crying—why will ye die?

2 Drunkards, swearers, Sabbath breakers—why will ye die?  
Harlots, liars, pleasure-takers—why will ye die?

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ask you by their boundless merit,  
Will you endless life inherit?—why will ye die?

3 Sinai asks in loudest thunder—why will ye die?

Heaven and earth cry out with wonder, Why will ye die?

Sinners sunk in degradation, while neglecting God's salvation,

This is heaven's expostulation—why will ye die?

4 Jesus groans from Calvary's mountain—why will ye die?

Speaks in blood that fills the fountain—why will ye die?

Blood that ransomed every nation, fits for heaven's exalted station,

Sinners now accept salvation—why will ye die?

5 Death and hell cry out while hastening—why will ye die?

And your strength cries out while wasting—why will ye die?

When you cross cold Jordan's river, and your doom is fixed for ever,

God will ask no more, no never—why will ye die?

6 But through everlasting ages—then you must die,

While hell's howling tempest rages then you must die,

Stripped of every earthly pleasure, lost for ever heavenly treasure,

Burning vengeance without measure—but cannot die.

JOHN STAMP.

3. *Salvation.**Tune—Canaan.*

'E sinful wanderers from the  
Lord,  
To Christ make application,  
is promis'd in the blessed word,  
You shall obtain salvation;  
though your crimes are multi-  
plied,

You yet are on probation,  
id you may live (for Christ hath  
died)

To prove his full salvation.

Salvation! salvation!

Accept this great salvation;

Escape from death and end-  
less wrath,

Made happy with salvation.

tan he long has led you on,

The way to sure damnation!

flee the monster now, and run

To Jesus for salvation;

now with open arms invites,

Go without hesitation;

reaches out the glorious prize—

Your precious souls' salvation!

Salvation! salvation!

Come, sinners, seek salva-  
tion;Adore the Lamb, and in his  
name

Believing, claim salvation.

trembling penitents give ear,

Regard his invitation;

faith, this moment now draw  
near,

And eager seek salvation;

s cleansing blood still flows for  
you

He left his lofty station;

s vesture keeps its bloody hue,

He offers all salvation.

Salvation! salvation!

Receive with exultation;

Then, when you die, you'll  
prove on high

His uttermost salvation.

E. SQUIRE.

4. *The Christian Sailor in Death.**Tune—'Land of the Brave.'*OON as we quit this cumbrous  
clay,

And from life's vale remove;

gels shall waft our souls away  
o see the God we love.2 Yes, when life's stormy voy'ge shall  
end,And we the harbour gain,  
Then long eternity we'll spend,  
And sing the Saviour slain.3 The heavenly port appears in sight,  
The breezes fill our sails;  
We sail and sing with sweet delight,  
Before those prosperous gales.4 Ten thousand stand upon the pier,  
To hail us safe to shore;  
We'll greet our friends when lauded  
there,  
And put to sea no more.

JOHN STAMP.

435. *'The Lord hath done great  
things for us.'*—Ps. cxxvi. 3.  
*Tune—Lonsdale. S. M.*1 JESUS from heaven came down  
To save a ruined race;  
He laid aside his dazzling crown,  
That we might taste his grace.2 He was in Bethlehem born,  
And in a manger laid,  
Angels announced his natal morn,  
And sang, 'Be not afraid.'3 He liv'd awhile below,  
That we might live above;  
On earth his praises let us show,  
In heaven we'll sing his love.4 He died upon the tree,  
That we might never die;  
His blood has ransomed you and me,  
Then to his arms let's fly.5 He conquer'd death and hell,  
And burst the gloomy grave;  
Then flew above the sky to dwell,  
And ever lives to save.6 Before the throne he stands,  
And pleads his cleansing blood;  
He shows his wounds, and spreads  
his hands,

And claims our peace with God.

7 My sins are all forgiven,  
And cleans'd my every stain;  
And I shall sing when safe in heaven,  
The Lamb for sinners slain.

J. STAMP.

436. *An Address to Zion's Pilgrims.*  
*Tune—'Old Adam.' D.C.M.*1 YE followers of the Saviour, bound  
to bright worlds above,

Who now enjoy his favour, and taste  
his pardoning love,  
March on, march on to glory, in  
spite of earth and hell,  
And with redemption's story let  
every bosom swell.

- 2 When tried with fierce temptations  
his promises shall cheer,  
Then sing of God's salvation, and  
never yield to fear;  
For this dark day of anguish shall  
quickly pass away,  
Then saints no more shall languish,  
but dwell in endless day.

- 3 Be faithful to your calling, in Jesus  
persevere,  
He 'll keep your feet from falling  
while you to Zion steer;  
He will with manna feed you, and  
chase your foes away,  
By night a fire shall guide you, and  
a cooling shade by day.

- 4 And when you cross death's river,  
the cold and freezing flood,  
For ever and for ever you 'll reign  
on high with God,  
Then share immortal pleasure, in  
mansions built by love,  
And glory without measure, in hap-  
pier climes above.

JOHN STAMP.

437. *The Christian's Hope.*  
*Tune—'Auld Lang Syne.'*

- 1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie, that  
binds  
Our glowing hearts in one;  
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our  
minds  
To harmony divine,  
It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' death has given,  
The hope, when days and years are  
past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.  
We all shall meet in heaven at last,  
We all shall meet in heaven;  
The hope, when days and nights  
are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.

- 2 What, tho' the northern wintry blast  
Shall howl around our cot;  
What, tho' beneath the eastern sun  
Be cast our distant lot;

Yet shall we share the blissful hope  
Which Jesus' grace hath given,  
The hope, &c.

- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's  
strand,  
From India's burning plain;  
From Europe, from Columbia's land,  
We hope to meet again;  
It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace has given,  
The hope, &c.

- 4 No lingering look—no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows;  
There friendship beams from every  
And hope immortal grows. [eye  
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!  
Which Jesus' grace hath given,  
The hope, &c.

438. *I love Jesus.*  
*Tune—Holy Hill.*

- 1 HARK! the gospel news is sound-  
ing,  
Christ hath suffer'd on the tree;  
Streams of mercy are abounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free.

*Chorus.*

I love Jesus, hallelujah!  
I love Jesus, yes, I do,  
I love Jesus, he's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

- 2 Oh escape to yonder mountain,  
Now begin to watch and pray,  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away.
- 3 Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied,  
Still it flows as fresh as ever,  
From the Saviour's wounded side.
- 4 Christ alone shall be my portion,  
Soon we hope to meet above,  
Then we 'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love.

W. S.

439. *A Missionary Hymn.*  
*Tune—I'd be a Butterfly.*

- 1 I WOULD be a missionary, yea I  
would labour,  
The gospel of Christ I'd to sinners  
proclaim,

r distant lands, I would tell of  
the Saviour,  
re error, and darkness, and ig-  
norance reigns ;  
ross the ocean, billows should  
bear me,  
ls, ye should waft me far o'er  
the sea,  
e a missionary, heathens should  
hear me  
aim the glad tidings, that mercy  
is free.

istians, I 'd leave you, nought  
should detain me,  
hers nor sisters should force  
me to stay,  
love of my Saviour sweetly con-  
strains me,  
rist bids me go then I gladly  
obey.

ing should harm me, Christ  
should defend me,  
d crown the labours, the work  
of my hands ;  
be a missionary, Christ would  
attend me,  
he 'd support me in far distant  
lands.

would not labour ? this cause  
so glorious  
ands great exertions, and calls  
forth my zeal ;  
gospel of Jesus will prove all  
victorious,  
all men shall hear it, and all  
hearts shall feel.

knowledge and glory of God far  
extending,

the waves of the ocean, shall  
spread far and wide.

be a missionary, thousands at-  
tending,

uld flock to the Saviour who on  
Calvary died.

*The Blood of the Cross.*

• *Tune*—Ye hills and ye dales.

I, trust not, my soul, to the  
visions of sense,  
let its gay dreams hold thy  
pow'rs in suspense ;

h's hopes are delusive, earth's  
treasures are dross ;

opes rest secure on the blood  
of the cross.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah to Jesus who purges my  
dross,  
And cleanses my soul by the blood  
of the cross.

2 If riches entice thee, or pleasures  
decoy,  
Beware of their false fascinations  
of joy ;  
Adieu ! vain enchantments, I count  
you but dross,  
My hopes rest secure on the blood  
of the cross.

3 Though round me the storms of ad-  
versity roll,  
Though the waves of destruction  
encompass my soul,  
In vain this frail vessel the tempest  
shall toss,  
My hopes rest secure on the blood  
of the cross.

4 Then, Saviour, to thee I my spirit  
commend,  
And implore thee to pilot its course  
to the end ;  
That when at thy bidding I yield  
up my breath,  
The blood of thy cross may refresh  
me in death.

5 And when the last trumpet of judg-  
ment shall sound,  
And wake all the nations which  
sleep in the ground ;  
Then, when earth and heaven are  
melting away,  
I'll sing of the blood of the cross  
in that day.

6 And then with the ransomed, by  
Jesus my head,  
From fountain to fountain I then  
shall be led ;  
I'll fall at his feet and his mercy  
adore,  
And sing of the blood of the cross  
evermore.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

441. *A Sailor's Hymn*—'Land  
Ahead.' *Tune*—Little Fred.

'They shall behold the land that is  
very far off.'—Isa. xxxiii.

1 **W**E are toss'd on life's tempe-  
stuous sea,  
O'erwhelmed with fear and dre-



Exposed to storms and misery;  
But faith sees land ahead.

- 2 With pirates near and foe-ships  
round,  
Our souls are filled with dread,  
Until we hear the cheering sound,  
Fear not, there 's land ahead.

- 3 The winds they blow, and tempests  
beat—  
The sky is overspread;  
But Jesus says, in accents sweet,  
Fear not, there 's land ahead.

- 4 Midst rocks and quicksands of  
despair  
We oftimes heave the lead;  
But still we cast on Christ our care,  
And smile that land 's ahead.

- 5 Sweet thought! it cheers each  
drooping soul;  
Why should we be afraid?  
Tho' stormy billows o'er us roll,  
We still see land ahead.

- 6 Far off it lies, with glory crown'd  
(Where reign the pious dead),  
And death in vict'ry shall be  
drown'd  
When we gain land ahead.

- 7 Then we our pension shall receive;  
Our Captain he hath said,  
Eternal life to all he 'll give,  
Who reach the land ahead.

JOHN STAMP.

**442.** *Mary, the Master is gone.*  
*Tune—How happy are we.*

- 1 **A**T the dawn of the day came  
Mary away,  
To see the sepulchre and mourn;  
But how did she fear an angel to  
hear  
Say, Mary, the Master is gone.

- 2 Surprised at the sound, she in si-  
lence profound  
Stood trembling and mute at the  
stone;  
Yet none did she find for to comfort  
her mind,  
Poor Mary, the Master was gone.

**R**flows from her eyes, love  
heaves in her sighs,  
passive she utters her moan;

The stone is removed, lost is all that  
she loved,

Ah! Mary, the Master is gone.

- 4 In vain was my care the perfumes  
to prepare,  
An attempt to embalm him alone;  
Taken hence from my view, what,  
alas, shall I do?

Ah! Mary, the Master is gone.

- 5 Alas! 'tis in vain to seek ease in my  
pain,  
From a bosom as callous as stone;  
None on earth seems to calm with  
sweet sympathy's balm,  
My grief, for the Master is gone.

- 6 Hallelujahs arise, and assist me ye  
skies,  
To rejoice with the Master that 's  
mourn'd;  
Hence sorrow, hence care, to the  
wind with despair,  
Rabboni, the Master 's returned.

**443.** *Crucifixion.*  
*Tune—'Essex.' P. M.*

- 1 **J**ESUS died for all mankind  
Upon the accursed tree,  
All may now salvation find,  
Though e'er so vile they be.

- 2 Yes, my Lord and Saviour died  
To set poor captives free;  
See the fountain from his side,  
Gush'd forth on Calvary.

- 3 He hath all our sorrows borne,  
Our griefs and misery;  
He with whips was lash'd and torn,  
Sinners, for you and me.

- 4 Lo! at Pilate's bar he stood,  
The lamb-like Jesus, he;  
See the suffering Son of God,  
Condemn'd for you and me.

- 5 See him bear his heavy cross  
Away to Calvary,  
See him fainting through the loss  
Of blood he spilt for thee.

- 6 Rise, my drowsy soul, arise  
To life and liberty;  
Hark! thy dying Jesus cries,  
'I die! I die for thee.'

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

**444. *A Sabbath School Hymn.***  
*Tune*—Poor Mary Ann.

Dedicated to Samuel Fox, Esq., Manchester.

[Much has been said against teaching children to sing the praises of God. Hear the holy Wesley on the subject:—"About three o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's day, April 20th, 1788, I met between nine hundred and a thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday schools in Bolton. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean as well as plain in their apparel; all were serious and well behaved; many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as I believe England or Europe can afford. When they all sung together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre, and what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation. These are a pattern to all the town; and this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms, as in this town. There cannot be, for we have near one hundred such trebles, boys and girls selected out of our Sunday schools, and accurately taught, as are not to be found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they sing, and the beauty of many of them so suits the melody, that I defy any to excel it, except the singing of angels in our Father's house above."]

- 1 JESUS little children blesses,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     Fondly he each lamb caresses,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     Men may frown and disrespect them,  
     But their wrath shall not affect them,  
     Jesus will from harm protect them,  
     Oh, how he loves.
- 2 In his arms he'll kindly bear them,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     None can from his bosom tear them,  
     Oh, how he loves;

In his pasture see them feeding,  
 And their shepherd's voice they're heeding,  
 See the shepherd kindly leading,  
     Oh, how he loves.

- 3 He who on the tree once bleeding,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     Now for them is interceding,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     Sheds upon them all his Spirit,  
     Saves them by his boundless merit;  
     They through him shall life inherit,  
     Oh, how he loves.
- 4 When they leave this world of sighing,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     He'll support their souls when dying,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     Guide them safe o'er Jordan's river,  
     Then they'll die no more, no never,  
     But with Jesus reign for ever,  
     Oh, how he loves.
- 5 Then they'll sing the song of glory,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     May we swell with them the story,  
     Oh, how he loves;  
     With the angels ever vying,  
     Holy, holy, holy crying:  
     Free from sorrow, pain, and sighing,  
     Oh, how he loves.

JOHN STAMP.

**445. *Chorus for Parting.***

'Be thou faithful unto death.'—  
 Jesus.

OH, preachers, be faithful,  
     Faithful, faithful, faithful;  
 Oh, preachers, be faithful,  
 Till we all arrive at home,  
 Then we shall see Jesus,  
 When we all arrive at home;  
 Oh, that will be joyful,  
 When we all arrive at home.

\* This chorus admits of great variety, such as—"Oh, Leaders, be faithful"—"Oh, Teachers, be faithful"—"Oh, Members, be faithful"—"Oh, Brothers, be faithful"—"Oh, Sisters, be faithful"—"Oh, Children, be faithful;" &c., &c.

# 446. *A Spiritual Dialogue.* *Tune—Mrs Piercey.*

- M.* TELL us, O sisters, we would know whither so fast ye move?  
*W.* We 're call'd to leave this world below, we 're seeking one above.
- M.* Whence came you, say, and what's the place that you are travelling from?  
*W.* From tribulation, we through grace are now returning home.
- M.* Is not your native dwelling here? like you not this abode?  
*W.* We seek a better city far, a city built by God.
- M.* But what induc'd you first to start along this thorny road?  
*W.* A keen conviction in the heart, all was not right with God.
- M.* But what's the reason, as you go, you make so great a shout?  
*W.* If we should hold our peace, you know, the stones they might cry out.
- M.* Why do you shun that pleasing path, which worldlings love well?  
*W.* Because it is the road to death, the open way to hell.
- M.* But some of you are much despised, and lacking daily bread?  
*W.* Still we're of boundless wealth possess'd, with hidden manna fed.
- M.* Why do you keep that rugged road, that dark and thorny maze?  
*W.* Why that's the way our Leader trod; we love to keep his ways.
- M.* Why do you earthly joys forego, and love to sing and pray?  
*W.* All holy souls have acted so, this is the good old way.
- M.* To Zion we travel, nor intend short of that land to rest;  
*W.* Nor we, till in the sinner's Friend our weary souls are blest.

## *All united.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign; Saviour, we ask no more,  
 Hail the Lamb of God for sinners slain, whom heaven and earth adore.

# 447. *The Dying Saint.* *Tune—Fiercy.*

- 1 WHAT is this that steals upon my frame?  
 Is it death? is it death?  
 Which soon will quench this vital flame?  
 Is it death? is it death?  
 If this be death, I soon shall be from every pain and sorrow free,  
 I shall the King of Glory see!  
 All is well! all is well!
- 2 Cease, cease to weep, my friends, for me,  
 All is well! all is well!  
 My sins are pardon'd, I am free;  
 All is well! all is well!  
 There's not a cloud that doth arise, to hide my Jesus from my eyes;  
 I soon shall mount the upper skies.  
 All is well! all is well!
- 3 My conflicts they are nearly o'er,  
 All is well! all is well!  
 I now am stepping on the shore;  
 All is well! all is well!  
 My hope is full, my title clear; and best of all, the Lord is near;  
 My soul is freed from every fear.  
 All is well! all is well!
- 4 The sweat of death is on my brow,  
 All is well! all is well!  
 My feet are in the river now;  
 All is well! all is well!  
 The monster he has lost his sting;  
 I feel the victory while I sing;  
 My happy soul is on the wing.  
 All is well! all is well!
- 5 My faith it centres in the blood;  
 All is well! all is well!  
 I've victory through the dying God;  
 All is well! all is well!  
 Jordan's cold river rolls before, but faith discerns the further shore;  
 When Jesus beckons, I'll pass o'er.  
 All is well! all is well!

6 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,

All is well! all is well!  
And I'll rehearse the pleasing story;

All is well! all is well!  
Bright angels are from glory come;  
they're round my bed and in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home.

All is well! all is well!

7 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls me;

All is well! all is well!  
I shall see his face in glory;

All is well! all is well!  
Farewell, my friends, adieu! adieu!  
I can no longer stay with you,  
My glittering crown appears in view.

All is well! all is well!

8 I soon shall sing beyond death's flood,

All is well! all is well!  
And shout with millions bought with blood,

All is well! all is well!  
Then I my Saviour's face shall see,  
and range yon land of liberty,  
And my eternal theme shall be—

All is well! all is well!

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

448. *Song of the Factory Children.*  
*Tune—Canaan.*

1 'T WAS kind to send the news of grace

Throughout the British nation,  
To tell the humble cottage race  
Of Jesus and salvation;

Too long the balm of life ye bore,  
With zeal your heralds flying  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Whilst we in sin were dying.

*Chorus.*

Salvation, salvation, we now enjoy salvation

From sin and guilt, sin's love and power—a present, free salvation.

2 But, now, we feel its healing power,  
And the dear boon receiving,  
We bless the happy, happy hour,  
Rejoicing and believing;

Thank God, we now our sports for-sake,

To seek a Saviour's blessing,  
We leave the ale-house, fair, and wake,

Superior joys possessing.

Salvation, salvation, you all may have salvation, &c.

3 The fact'ries and our dwellings ring  
With hymns, where oaths re-sounded, [shall sing,

No more those songs our tongues  
With which they once abounded;

Oh ye, who love your country's weal,  
Will ye not pity others,

And still for factory children feel,  
Your sisters and your brothers?

Salvation, salvation, our Jesus is salvation, &c.

4 Stay not, till all our factory band  
Your kindness have recorded;

In streets, courts, alleys, take your stand,

And be your zeal rewarded.  
To God, who hears the humblest cry,

The lowly spirit raises,  
Who casts on us his gracious eye,

To him be endless praises!  
Salvation, salvation, do you enjoy salvation? &c.

5 If we are faithful to the end,

We then shall reign in glory,  
And all eternity we'll spend,

Shouting redemption's story.  
We'll leave the loom and tune the lyre,

When safe o'er Jordan's river,  
And sing with the immortal choir,

For ever and for ever.  
Salvation, salvation, in heaven we'll

sing salvation,  
From sin and death, sin's love and power—eternal, full, salvation.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

449. *For a Revival.*

*Tune—Come, Brethren, can't you rise and tell?*

1 ALMIGHTY God, in persons three,

We now present our prayer to thee:  
And in thy name we all agree

To pray for a revival.

Regard, O Lord, our humble cries,  
Let ev'ry place i' the circuit rise;  
And pour salvation from the skies,  
And send us a revival.

*Chorus.*

All glory be to the Lord most high;  
Hosanna! the preachers and people  
cry,  
We'll praise him till the day we die,  
And after death sing glory.

- 2 O hasten, Lord, those days again,  
When sinners by the word were  
slain;  
And mourners too cried out amain,  
'Lord, save us, or we perish.'  
When Christians sung the conquer-  
ing song,  
And felt the glory all day long;  
The weak cried out, 'Behold, I'm  
strong,  
And bound for endless glory.'

- 3 We all cry out, How dead we are;  
May each one learn Habakkuk's  
prayer,  
And cry, 'O Lord, thy arm make  
bare,  
And send us a revival.'  
Oh send conviction like a dart,  
And pierce and wound the sinner's  
heart;  
And may he now this moment start,  
To seek immortal glory.

- 4 Bless ev'ry preacher on the plan,  
Make each a holy, happy man,  
And then he'll do the best he can  
To forward a revival.  
Let each his own appointments take,  
And preach the word for Jesus' sake;  
Old Satan's kingdom now does shake,  
Amid the great revival.

- 5 May ev'ry leader, clad with zeal,  
The weight of his own office feel,  
And pray aloud for Zion's weal,  
And for a great revival.  
Tho' devils tempt and men despise,  
Jehovah will regard your cries,  
And you shall see your classes rise;  
And shout in the revival.

REV. R. JUKES.

**450.** *The Macedonian Cry.*  
*Tune—Scots wha hae.*

what cry arrests my ear?  
what accents of despair?

'Tis the heathen's dying prayer,  
Friends of Jesus hear!  
Men of God, to you we cry,  
Rests on you our tearful eye;  
Help us, Christians, or we die,  
Die in dark despair!

- 2 Hasten, Christians haste to save,  
O'er the land and o'er the wave;  
Dangers, death, and distance brave;  
Hark! for help they call.  
Afric bends her suppliant knee;  
Asia spreads her hands to thee;  
Hark! they urge the heaven-born  
plea,  
Jesus died for all.

- 3 Haste, then, spread the Saviour's  
name;  
Snatch the fire-brands from the  
flame;  
Deck his glorious diadem  
With their ransom'd souls.  
See! the Pagan altars fall;  
See! the Saviour reigns o'er all;  
'Crown him, crown him Lord of all!'  
Echoes round the poles.

REV. A. SUTTON.

**451.** *The Lovely Name of Jesus.*  
*Tune—Bright Canaan.*

- 1 COME, children, come, and let us  
sing  
About the blessed Jesus;  
He is our prophet, priest, and king,  
From endless death he frees us.  
He suffer'd once upon the tree,  
That we might be forgiven;  
He rose again to set us free,  
And then went up to heaven.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, my Jesus, I love the name of  
Jesus,  
It sounds melodious in mine ears,  
The precious name of Jesus.

- 2 He now before the throne appears,  
For us he's interceding;  
He shows his wounds and spreads  
his hands,  
His precious blood he's pleading;  
From thence to judge the world he'll  
come,  
Revealed in flaming fire;  
He'll take his ransom'd people home,  
To join the heavenly choir.  
Jesus, &c.

we all arrive at home,  
 All the pleasing story,  
 As sav'd and wash'd our  
 us fit for glory.  
 all join our friends above,  
 eath from us did sever;  
 ite to praise the Lamb  
 and for ever.  
 as, &c.

*Heaven is my Home.*  
*Land of Glory.*  
 stranger here,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 desert drear,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 i sorrow stand  
 on ev'ry hand;  
 my father-land:  
 Heaven is my home.

gh the tempest rage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 r pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 wild wintry blast  
 e over-past;  
 ch home at last:  
 Heaven is my home.

y Saviour's side,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 glorified,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 the good and blest,  
 'd most and best;  
 I soon shall rest:  
 Heaven is my home.

I murmur not,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 e my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 I surely stand  
 y Lord's right hand;  
 my father-land:  
 Heaven is my home.

's this vain World to me?  
*Tune—Robin Adair.*  
 this vain world to me?  
 ty and drear:  
 ought I wish to see,  
 to hear.  
 noise and mirth,  
 hort heaven on earth;  
 phantom grasp,  
 despair.

2 What made the assembly shine?  
 Jesus was there;  
 Showing his mercy mine,  
 Hearing my prayer.  
 What, when the hour was o'er,  
 What made me long for more?  
 Oh, it was heaven's dawn  
 Cheering its heir.

3 Faithful and true the love,  
 Sent from the skies;  
 Luring my heart above,  
 Showing the prize.  
 Thou who lov'st me so well,  
 Deign in my heart to dwell;  
 Till up to thine abode,  
 My spirit flies.

#### 454. *The Last Day.* *Tune—Holy War.*

1 THE great decisive day  
 Is at hand;  
 The great decisive day  
 Is at hand.  
 The day when Christ will come,  
 To take his people home,  
 And seal the sinner's doom—Is at  
 hand.

2 We shall see the Lord appear  
 In the clouds;  
 We shall see the Lord appear  
 In the clouds.  
 We shall see the Lord appear,  
 And all the world draw near,  
 And rise to meet him there—In the  
 clouds.

3 The graves will open wide  
 On that day;  
 The graves will open wide  
 On that day.  
 And death and hell resign  
 The millions they contain;  
 These all shall come again—On  
 that day.

4 Those who made his crown of thorns  
 Will be there;  
 Those who made his crown of thorns  
 Will be there.  
 Those who smote him with a reed  
 Upon his sacred head,  
 And made his temples bleed—Will  
 be there.

5 Where will the guilty hide  
 On that day?  
 Where will the guilty hide  
 On that day?

'Twill be in vain to call,  
'Ye mountains on us fall ;'  
His mind will find out all—On that  
day.

- 6 The saints of God will meet  
At his throne ;  
The saints of God will meet  
At his throne.  
The saints of God shall stand,  
Approved at his right hand,  
And then at his command—Fly  
above.

455. *The Minister and his People.*  
*Tune—The Tired Soldier.*

- 1 **T**HE godly pastor leads his flock  
Towards the mercy seat ;  
And on the never-failing rock  
He strives to plant their feet.  
See how he warns, as if his breath  
Should not be spent in vain ;  
He 'll soon be in the arms of death,  
And never preach again.

- 2 The careless hearer sits unmoved,  
While others pray and weep ;  
Nor does he hear himself reprov'd,  
While mocking God asleep.  
'Thou fool,' dread injured Justice  
saith,  
'Thou long hast heard in vain :'  
He sinks into the shades of death,  
He 'll never hear again.

- 3 But who have prayed, and who have  
wept,  
Where sin and misery meet ;  
Rejoiced (while others heedless  
slept),  
At their dear Saviour's feet.  
Come, sweetly sounds that Saviour's  
breath,  
Ye have not wept in vain ;  
They rest within the arms of death,  
They 'll never part again.

P. W. CAISTOR.

456. *A Youth leaving all for Christ.*  
*Tune—Oh ! no, they never  
mention her.*

- 1 **W**HEN for my Saviour I was  
called,  
From all my friends to part,  
I thought the ties of nature would  
Have broke my youthful heart.

My father's sighs, and mother's tears  
Caused me deep regret ;  
My anxious hopes and gloomy fears  
I never can forget.

- 2 But leave them all, my Saviour cried,  
I dared not disobey ;  
But flesh and blood at once defied,  
And hastened on my way.  
They called, and cried, and sigh'd  
in vain,  
And did me sore beset ;  
And how they struggled to regain,  
I never shall forget.

- 3 I 'm on my way to worlds on high,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
All mortal charms I now defy,  
And Jesus I adore.  
Oh, may his love increase within,  
'Till life's bright sun shall set ;  
Then in a climate free from sin,  
I never shall forget.

E. GAIGER.

457. *A Missionary Hymn.*  
*Tune—From Greenland's icy  
Mountains.*

- 1 **W**HEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along !  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And him who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign.

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly ;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply.  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujah swelling,  
In one eternal sound.

458. *Soldier's Hymn.*  
*Tune—Mariner's Church.*

- 1 **C**OME, soldiers, can't you arise  
and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel ?  
Yes, bless the Lord, we can rise and  
tell  
The wonders of Immanuel !  
Chorus.  
All glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who purchas'd us with atonement  
blood !

on shall pass o'er Jordan's  
lood,  
n the saved in glory.

is our captain 'mid war's  
darms,  
our hearts with cry to arms;  
e the field with waving palms,  
in peace triumphant.

a earth and hell their war  
nay wage,  
osts of foes may storm and  
age,

h Christ we dare them all  
ngage,  
ht our way to glory.

ptain conquered, tho' he fell,  
rld and sin, and death and  
ell;  
liers, now the chorus swell,  
arch along to glory.

en and officers arise  
in our route to the heavenly  
prize;  
rist our Captain loudly cries,  
vary march to glory.

march, ye troops, in heaven's  
ampaign,  
diers, in this conflict slain,  
nount above with Christ to  
eign  
ear the crown of glory.

we our conquering palms  
shall wave,  
who died our souls to save;  
ch a victor's pension have,  
we get home to glory.

*The Preacher's Hymn.*

*Tune—Ela.*

Y God, and hast thou sent  
fe here to preach to-day?  
ptize my soul with fire,  
point me out the way.  
I draw the gospel bow,  
s, let thine arrows fly;  
ome sinner feel just now  
thou for him didst die.

ve have assembled here,  
ear what thou wilt say;  
ome from east and some from  
rest,  
north and south, to pray.

If I'm sent to preach thy word,  
Holy Ghost, display thy power;  
May we have a Pentecost,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

3 Lord, here are backsliders too,  
Who 've left the narrow way,  
Oh, my God! shall they be lost?  
Shall they be Satan's prey?  
Come, display thy saving grace,  
Now assert reclaiming power;  
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

4 Here are some who 're justified,  
But still there 's inbred sin;  
Now, for perfect love they cry,  
And pray to be made clean!  
Oh! for sanctifying grace,  
Oh! for purifying power;  
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,  
A sweet refreshing shower.

**460.** *The Suffering Saint  
Encouraged.*

*Tune—Weep not for me.*

1 CHRISTIAN pilgrim, wandering  
stranger—Look to the Lord.  
While exposed to fear and danger  
—Look to the Lord;  
Men may frown and disrespect thee,  
But their wrath shall not affect thee,  
Heaven will from harm protect thee  
—Look to the Lord.

2 In temptation's darkest hour—Look  
to the Lord.  
If thou 'd thwart the tempter's  
power—Look to the Lord.  
Hell is nigh; but God is nigher,  
Circling thee with hosts of fire;  
Jesus shall thy heart inspire—  
Look to the Lord.

3 Does the world and church deride  
thee?—Look to the Lord.  
God the Spirit he shall guide thee—  
Look to the Lord.  
Though by earthly friends neglected,  
This from them thou ne'er expected,  
But however much dejected—Look  
to the Lord.

4 Though deprived of earthly trea-  
sure—Look to the Lord.  
He 's thy soul's eternal pleasure—  
Look to the Lord.



All the white-rob'd host in glory  
 Pass'd this dreary road before thee;  
 If thou'd sing with them the story,  
 Look to the Lord.

- 5 When in sickness, fainting, dying,  
 Look to the Lord.  
 When expiring nature's sighing,  
 Look to the Lord.

And when safe o'er Jordan's river,  
 Thou shalt weep no more, no never!  
 But for ever and for ever—Gaze on  
 the Lord.

- 6 Then from fountain unto fountain—  
 Led by the Lord.  
 Resting on yon flowery mountain—  
 Fed by the Lord.

Then with heavenly wings of fire,  
 Rising higher and still higher,  
 And eternally admire—Safe with  
 the Lord.\*

JOHN STAMP.

#### 461. *Redemption.* *Tune—M'Lean.*

- 1 YE ransom'd sons of glory,  
 The songs of Jesus sing,  
 Rehearse the pleasing story,  
 And make his praises ring;  
 He is your full redemption,  
 Your Saviour he will prove,  
 He'll bring you to the mansion  
 Of everlasting love.
- 2 His grace is all-sufficient,  
 To bring you safely through;  
 Believe, and rest dependent  
 On him who died for you.  
 He is your mediator  
 Before the throne on high,  
 And you shall reign hereafter,  
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 We long to see the hour  
 We look for with delight,  
 That we away may tower  
 To yonder world of light;  
 To all that sorely grieve us  
 We then will bid adieu,  
 And praise our blessed Jesus,  
 Who brought us safely through.
- 4 Ten thousand hallelujahs  
 Shall swell the heavenly theme,  
 And all our loud hosannas  
 Shall be to Jesus' name.

\* Dedicated to W. P., Dunstable,  
 Beds.

Our songs shall sound like thunder  
 Throughout the heavenly plain;  
 And angels shall with wonder  
 Repeat their loud Amen.

JOHN LAWLEY.

#### 462. *An Address to Preachers, Leaders, and Members.* *Tune—Gospel Ship.*

'Every man shall receive his own  
 reward, according to his own labour.'  
 —1 Cor. iii. 8.

'O Lord, revive thy work.'—Hab.  
 iii. 2.

- 1 COME, ye Preachers, Leaders,  
 Members,  
 All unite, with heart and hand;  
 Live in love and work for Jesus,  
 Till you gain the promised land.

*Chorus.*

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
 We are servants of the Lord,  
 And if we but work for Jesus,  
 We shall have a bless'd reward.

- 2 Preachers, preach a present Saviour,  
 Preach salvation, full and free;  
 All mankind may share his favour,  
 Now, and in eternity.
- 3 Leaders, work, and work abundant,  
 Give advice, and live it too,  
 Never from your classes absent,  
 Here's important work to do.
- 4 Members, you must not grow weary,  
 You are in the harvest field;  
 Flesh and Satan cry, Be easy,  
 But you need not to them yield.
- 5 Jesus says, 'Go work' in earnest;  
 (If we strive in unity),  
 We shall soon increase in members,  
 A revival there will be.
- 6 Come then, brethren, come then, sis-  
 ters,  
 Love, and live in unity;  
 Think, and speak, and act for Jesus,  
 Labour for eternity.
- 7 Our reward is now in heaven,  
 Where we hope ere long to go,  
 Then to us it will be given,  
 Jesus Christ has told us so.
- 8 Hallelujah, we love Jesus!  
 What a mercy 'tis that we  
 Can believe and feel him precious,  
 And may soon his glory see.

**463.** *The Mercy Seat.*  
*Tune—Better land than this.*

1 **F**ROM every storm of wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads;  
 A place above all others sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
 Though sever'd far; by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
 Or how the host of hell defeat,  
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, as on eagles' wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense all seem no more;  
 And heav'n comes down our souls  
 to greet,  
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
 This bounding heart forget to beat,  
 If I forget the mercy-seat!

7 And when we cross death's swelling  
 flood,  
 And join yon army bought with  
 blood,  
 We'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,  
 And need no more a mercy seat.

**464.** *Rise! Immortal spirit, Rise.*  
*Tune—Bruce's Address.*

1 **R**ISE, immortal spirit! rise—  
 Spring from earth, and grasp  
 the skies;  
 Honour fades, and pleasure dies,  
 And riches fly away.

2 See the blight of beauty's bloom—  
 Glowing tints obscured by gloom—  
 All things rushing to the tomb,  
 And sinking to decay.

3 Native of a nobler sphere,  
 What so charming chains thee here—  
 Points thy hope, and prompts thy  
 fear,  
 And binds thee to the clod?

4 Art thou not of birth divine—  
 Form'd to spring, to soar, to shine?  
 Yes; eternity is thine,  
 And thou art heir of God.

5 Hark! a voice—'tis duty's call—  
 'To arms, to arms, and conquer  
 all;  
 Face thy foes—they fly—they fall—  
 Christian! the battle's won.'

6 Hark! 'tis duty calls again—  
 'Patient bear each passing pain;  
 Thy task attempt—thy cross sus-  
 tain—  
 Christian! thy work is done.'

**465.** *Children's Praises.*  
*Tune—I love Jesus.*

1 **C**OME, ye children, praise the Sa-  
 viour,  
 Sing his mighty power and love;  
 He deserves your highest praises,  
 Let them reach his throne above.  
 Blessed Jesus—hallelujah!  
 Blessed Jesus—kind and free,  
 Blessed Jesus—thou 'rt our Sa-  
 viour,  
 May we give our souls to thee.

2 From his throne he once descended,  
 To endure sin's heavy load;  
 On the cross he was suspended,  
 Our great sacrifice to God.  
 Blessed Jesus—hallelujah, &c.

3 Now in heaven's high court he  
 reigneth,  
 Crown'd with joy and clad in  
 light;  
 Yet his love it never changeth,  
 Still it burns as strong as bright.  
 Blessed Jesus—hallelujah, &c.

4 There he prays for our salvation,  
 Thence he sends his Spirit down;  
 There the bless'd in adoration,  
 Sav'd from sin his goodness own.  
 Blessed Jesus—hallelujah, &c.

*Teachers.*

5 Children, would you join those choirs,  
 Singing loud as bright they shine,  
 Bearing harps of golden wires  
 Tuned to hymns of love divine.  
 Bring, then, more than hallelujahs,  
 Bring your hearts, his right and  
 due;

## THE CHRISTIAN'S

Say, Lord take my soul and spirit,  
Seal and keep them to thee true.

### Children.

Blessed Lord, take thou our spirits,  
Seal and keep us ever thine;  
Let us joy and peace inherit,  
Sav'd and bless'd by grace divine.

Blessed Jesus, hear our praises,  
Blessed Jesus—kind and free,  
Blessed Jesus—thou 'rt our Sa-  
viour,  
Let us give ourselves to thee.

### Teachers and Children.

7 Lord, accept our hearts and voices,  
May we all be made thine own,  
Then, in heaven, when we behold  
thee  
Standing round thy glorious  
throne,  
We will sing sweet hallelujahs,  
For thy love so kind and free;  
And with angel choirs before  
thee  
Spend a long eternity.

BATEMAN.

### 466. *On the Death of a Young Christian.* S. M.

- 1 OUR friend and brother's dead,  
He's gone a while before;  
His blood-besprinkled spirit's fled  
To Canaan's happy shore.
- 2 He gave the parting sigh,  
He said, 'Dear friends, adieu;  
The chariots of my Lord are nigh,  
My crown appears in view.
- 3 'I've victory through the blood,'  
This was his dying song;  
And now he lives and reigns with  
God,  
And rolls the theme along.
- 4 He's fought the noble fight,  
He's conquered death and hell,  
And now he's clothed in spotless  
white,  
His bliss no tongue can tell.
- 5 He's crowned, and robed, and  
blessed,  
To him the palm is given;  
On earth he panted for his rest,  
He's found it now in heaven.
- 6 We've laid him in the tomb,  
And there he must decay;

But he shall rise again and bloom,  
In everlasting day.

- 7 Then let us dry our tears,  
And still our Jesus love,  
Press on through sorrows, griefs,  
and fears,  
And join our friend above.

JOHN STAMP.

[Composed after hearing of the  
death of a pious cousin, William  
Drewry; also the next.

### 467. *The Christian's Farewell to Earth.*

Tune—Canaan.

- 1 MY friends and old companions  
dear,  
My earthly tent is falling;  
The heavenly hosts are drawing  
near,  
Hark! do n't you hear them call-  
ing?
- 2 They cry, Dear spirit, come away,  
Forsake thy earthly dwelling;  
Though Jordan's flood is in thy  
way,  
We'll help thee o'er its swelling.
- 3 The pains of death are on me now,  
My heart and flesh are rending;  
The clammy sweat stands on my  
brow,  
But mercy's o'er me bending.
- 4 Dear wife and children, fare ye well;  
My feet are in the river,  
And victory over death and hell  
I soon shall shout for ever.
- 5 The pearly gates are open wide,  
I see the plains of glory:  
Where millions on fair Canaan's  
side,  
Sing Calvary's endless story.
- 6 My Jesus beckons me away,  
The glorious signal's given;  
My blood-washed spirit leaves its  
clay;  
Friends, follow me to heaven.

JOHN STAMP.

### 468. *Fading and Fadeless Things.* Tune—Green Leaves turn Yellow.

- 1 OH! false as fair the things of  
time,  
Like light from meteors streaming.

es which every joy combine,  
the hours of dreaming;  
nly shine to lead astray,  
rce the heart-felt sigh;  
ief as bursting dreams their  
ay,  
sweetest joys are fading.

ere are joys, substantial joys,  
never can be riven,  
ing all earth's pageant toys,  
I from harm in heaven;  
astness eyes have never seen,  
r has never heard,  
art conceived their beauty's  
heen,  
ight, unseen, unheard,  
weetness is not fading.

REV. J. YOUNG.

*God save the Queen.*

STAIN of life and light,  
rd of all power and might,  
Thou great Unseen I  
dwelling is on high,  
the meek art nigh,  
a nation's cry,  
God save the Queen.

housands meet to pray  
most holy day,  
With hope serene;  
n thy house they throng  
n themes peal along,  
the solemn song,  
God save the Queen.

in the private hour  
religion's power,  
By men unseen;  
n the still retreat,  
prostrate at thy feet,  
while we repeat,  
God save the Queen.

her from all foes,  
er interpose  
Thy child between;  
evenly gifts outpour,  
xhausted store,  
as her evermore:  
God save the Queen.

*Worthy is the Lamb.*

THY, worthy is the Lamb,  
orthy, worthy is the Lamb,

Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb that  
was slain.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 2 Stars of morning shout for joy,  
Sing redemption's mystery,  
Holy, holy, holy, cry, and praise the  
Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 3 God is man in very deed,  
Born to bruise the serpent's head;  
Sing the woman's promised seed,  
and praise the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 4 See in sad Gethsemane,  
See on tragic Calvary,  
Sinner, see his love to thee, and  
praise the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 5 Ethiopia, stretch thy hand;  
Come, ye tribes of every land,  
Countless as the ocean's sand, to  
praise the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 6 Saviour, let thy kingdom come,  
Now the man of sin consume,  
Bring the bless'd millennium, ex-  
alted Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 7 Bend thy bow, and whet thy sword,  
Send thy Spirit with thy word,  
Now revive thy work abroad, thou  
bleeding Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 8 In this place, and in this hour,  
Bare thy arm, exert thy power  
Show thyself the conqueror, thou  
reigning Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 9 Strike the stoutest sinner through,  
Force the cry, What shall I do?  
Bid him weep till born anew, to  
praise the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 10 Fill, believing spirits fill,  
Faith demands, it is thy will,  
All things now are possible! adore  
the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

- 11 'Tis come, 'tis come! we know the  
bliss,  
Heaven's eternal kingdom, this—  
Peace, and joy, and righteousness—  
adore the Lamb.

Glory, hallelujah.

# 471. *Hallelujah, Amen.* Spanish Chaunt.

1 JOIN now in praise and sing,  
Hallelujah, amen!

Praise to our heavenly King,  
Hallelujah, amen!

By love and gratitude,  
Still be our hearts subdued;  
Still be the song renewed,  
Hallelujah, amen!

2 Praise to the Lord most high,  
Hallelujah, amen!

Let every tongue reply,  
Hallelujah, amen!

Our father and our friend,  
On thee our joys depend,  
Thy love will never end:  
Hallelujah, amen!

3 Sing both with heart and voice,  
Hallelujah, amen!

Sing, and in God rejoice,  
Hallelujah, amen!

O Lord, each day we prove  
Some token of thy love;  
In thee we live and move:  
Hallelujah, amen!

4 Praise ye the Lord again,  
Hallelujah, amen!

Life shall not end the strain,  
Hallelujah, amen!

For, when this life is o'er,  
This dust thou wilt restore,  
Thy goodness to adore:  
Hallelujah, amen!

# 472. *Hymn for a Tract Society Meeting.*

Tune—Grace is like a flowing river.

1 HAIL, ye angels, hovering round  
us,

In your robes of glory bright!

Mark the way these winged heralds  
Take to spread their heav'nly light,

And attend them,  
As they now pursue their flight.

2 Go, o'er land and ocean wafted,  
To the heathen guide their way;

While to realms of thickest darkness  
They the truth of God convey,

And around them  
Pour the light of endless day.

3 Go in all your countless numbers—  
Go and dry affliction's tear—

Go and soothe the orphan's bosom—  
Go, the sorrowing captive cheer—

To the dying  
Speak of Christ, and hush their  
fear.

4 Go, restore the lost and straying—  
Go and shield the tempted soul—

Go, the light of life conveying  
Where the sightless eye-balls roll:

Thus in mercy  
Spread through earth, from pole  
to pole.

5 Then do ye, when time is ended,  
Your report of all things bring,

And from hosts of ransom'd spirits  
Heaven with shouts of joy shall  
ring:

Glory, glory,  
Be to God our gracious king.

REVIVALIST.

# 473. *What's the News?* Tune—Mercy's Free.

1 WHENEVER we meet, you always  
say,

What's the news?  
Pray what's the order of the day?

What's the news?  
Oh, I have good news to tell,

My Jesus hath done all things well,  
He's triumph'd over death and hell;

That's the news.

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary  
To set a world of sinners free;

For us he bow'd his sacred head,  
For us his precious blood was shed,

And he is risen from the dead;  
That's the news.

3 To heaven again the Conqueror's  
gone,

He's seated now upon his throne;  
Upon that throne he will remain

Until, as judge, he comes again,  
Attended by his dazzling train;

That's the news.

4 His work's reviving all around,  
And many have Messiah found;

And, since their souls have caught  
the flame,

They shout hosannah to his name,  
And all around they spread his fame;

That's the news.

5 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,  
I feel the witness now within;

And since he took my guilt away,  
And taught me how to watch and  
pray,  
I'm happy now from day to day ;  
That's the news.

6 And Jesus Christ can save you too,  
Your sinful heart he can renew—  
This moment, if for sin you grieve,  
This moment, if you do believe,  
A full acquittal you'll receive ;  
That's the news.

7 And then, if any one should say,  
What's the news ?  
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,  
That's the news ;  
That you have join'd the conqu'ring  
band,  
And now, at God's divine command,  
You're marching to the better land ;  
That's the news.

**474.** *The Sabbath.*  
*Tune*—Those Evening Bells.

1 **THE** Sabbath morn, the Sabbath  
morn,  
The day on which my Lord was born ;  
Not from the womb, but from the  
grave,  
He rose a ruin'd world to save.

2 Hail, holy day ! my brightest, best,  
My rest, my jubilee, my feast !  
Thy breeze, thy bells, thy sun, thy  
sky,  
Awake my soul to melody.

3 Welcome, those hallowing restraints  
Which bind and bless obedient  
saints,  
The gentler step, the softer tone,  
The eye that looks to heaven alone.

4 Oh, never let me cast away  
The bonds I had in infancy ;  
My country's fetters let me wear,  
The Sabbath customs still revere.

5 And when I join the thoughtful  
throng,  
That move with measured steps  
along,  
To worship at the hour of prayer,  
Oh, may I feel it Sabbath there.

6 Be mine the penitential dread  
Which bends to earth the humbled  
head,

The awe which checks the thought-  
less gaze,  
And veils with reverent fear the  
face.

7 As Moses, at the mount of God,  
The sacred ground with trembling  
trod,  
So may I tremble, yet rejoice  
To stay and hear Jehovah's voice.

8 And may he speak, and may I hear,  
And may I love, yet loving fear ;  
With favour cheer'd, with sorrow  
bent,  
An humbled, happy penitent.

JOHN MACLEAN.

**475.** *Worthy the Lamb.*  
*Tune*—National Anthem.

1 **COME**, all ye saints of God,  
Publish through earth abroad  
Jesus's fame.  
Tell what his love hath done,  
Trust in his name alone,  
Shout to his lofty throne,  
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears,  
Dry up your mournful tears,  
Join our glad theme.  
Beauty for ashes bring,  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing  
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Hark, how the choirs above,  
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name.  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crown'd,  
While all the heavens resound,  
Worthy the Lamb.

**476.** *Spread of the Gospel.*  
*Tune*—'I never shall forget  
the day.'

1 **THE** blessed work is rising still,  
Which first arose on Calvary's  
hill ;  
Jesus's empire now is growing,  
Tens of thousands are set free,  
Still the glorious stream is flowing,  
Sound, sound the jubilee.

2 The standard now is lifted high,  
And crowds to it are drawing nigh ;  
Oh ! 'tis pleasant, 'tis surprising  
Such a glorious sight to see !

Hallelujah, we are rising ;  
Sound, sound the jubilee.

- 3 With lifted banners we'll proceed,  
And Jesus shall our armies lead ;  
We'll proclaim the wondrous story  
Of his death upon the tree ;  
All may go with us to glory—  
Sound, sound the jubilee.

- 4 Ye heralds of the Lord, go forth  
From east to west, from south to north ;  
Preach through Christ the great salvation,  
Preach it present, full, and free ;  
Spread the truth through every nation,  
Sound, sound the jubilee.

- 5 We're looking forward to that day  
When all shall own God's righteous sway ;  
From the scriptures we have reason  
To expect that day to see.  
Oh ! that happy, happy season !  
Sound, sound the jubilee.

477. *Missions at Home.*  
*Tune—Sweet Home.*

- 1 'MID plans of exertion, which  
Christians invite  
With ardour of zeal in their aid to unite,  
There's one with its claims to our bosom should come,  
Which pleads for the welfare of country and home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
Oh, smile, dearest Saviour, on missions at home.

- 2 While mercy's fair banner by missions unfurl'd,  
In tokens of peace waves aloft o'er the world ;  
And Jacob's bright star scatters heathenish gloom,  
Shall we be regardless of darkness at home ? Home, &c.

- 3 The peasant of England shall share  
in our prayer,  
And missions at home have a part  
of our care ;

Soon, soon may the truth of the gospel become  
The joy of each village and hamlet  
at home. Home, &c.

- 4 Far, far as our country its bound'ry extends,  
May heralds of mercy be welcom'd as friends,  
And, wide as the sea laves our coasts with its foam,  
The gospel of Jesus be preached at home. Home, &c.

- 5 The nations afar, to the ends of the earth,  
Shall share in our prayers with the land of our birth ;  
Oh soon may the gospel, where savages roam,  
Be equally known as in Britain, our home. Home, &c.

478. *Latter-day Glory.*  
*Tune—Grace is Flowing.*

- 1 'TIS a joyful day we live in,  
God is doing wondrous things,  
Signs for good the Lord is showing,  
Hark, the ransom'd captive sings  
Songs of victory,  
Glory to the King of kings.

- 2 Though a hostile world oppose us,  
God's own cause will yet prevail ;  
He who reads the heart and knows us,  
Makes us strong while others fail ;  
Truth is spreading  
Far and wide, o'er hill and dale.

- 3 Heavenly consolations cheer us,  
In the dark and cloudy day ;  
God is with us, and will hear us,  
When to him we look and pray—  
Rise in splendour,  
Chase the darkness quite away.

- 4 Favour'd isle, the land we live in,  
Mercies in our lot abound ;  
Nor the least to us is given,  
To convey the joyful sound,  
News of pardon,  
To the nations all around.

- 5 Slaves of sin, accept your freedom,  
Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood ;  
Glad receive a proffer'd pardon,  
Turn without delay to God,  
Out of Babel,  
Come, to Zion ask the road.

- 6 Do not slight the invitation,  
Nor abuse the day of grace;  
Now accept the great salvation,  
Run with joy the heavenly race;  
Follow Jesus,  
Till you see him face to face.  
W. G.

479. *Will you go?*  
Tune—What's the News?

- 1 WE are travelling home to heaven  
above,  
Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love;  
Will you go?  
Millions have reach'd that happy  
shore,  
Their toils and sufferings now are  
o'er,  
And yet there's room for millions  
more;  
Will you go?
- 2 We are going to walk the plains of  
light,  
Will you go?  
To where there's neither death nor  
night;  
Will you go?  
The crown of light we then shall  
wear,  
The conqueror's palm we then shall  
bear,  
And all the joys of heaven shall share,  
Will you go?
- 3 We are going to see the bleeding  
Lamb,  
Will you go?  
In rapturous strains to praise his  
name;  
Will you go?  
Our sun will there no more go down,  
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,  
Our days of mourning will be gone;  
Will you go?
- 4 The way to heaven is free for all,  
Will you go?  
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,  
Will you go?  
Make up your minds, give God your  
heart,  
With every sin and idol part,  
And now for glory make a start;  
Will you go?

- 5 The way to heaven is strait and plain,  
Will you go?  
Repent, believe, be born again;  
Will you go?  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
'Take up thy cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see;'  
Will you go?

- 6 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,  
'I will go!  
I'll start this moment, clear the way,  
Let me go;  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let me go.'  
R. JUKES.

SECOND PART.

- 7 Yes, by the help of Jesus' grace,  
I will go!  
I'll travel to the heavenly place,  
I will go!  
My new companions are so kind,  
I'll leave the world and sin behind,  
With them the promis'd rest to find,  
I will go!
- 8 I feel I'm on the road to heaven,  
Let me go;  
I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Let me go;  
God's people they shall be my choice;  
I hear my Shepherd's cheering voice,  
Which makes my very soul rejoice;  
Let me go.
- 9 My soul is bound for endless bliss,  
Let me go;  
What hath the world to equal this?  
Let me go;  
My vain amusements all adieu,  
My soul has had enough of you;  
My father's house appears in view;  
Let me go.
- 10 Some of our friends have cross'd  
the flood,  
Let me go;  
They've joined yon army, bought  
with blood,  
Let me go.  
They now are looking out for me,  
Bearing their palms of victory,  
And I shall them in glory see;  
Let me go.



11 I soon shall wear my starry crown,  
     Let me go;  
 And on my father's throne sit down,  
     Let me go;  
 My race on earth is nearly run,  
 The battle it is nearly won,  
 My Saviour smiles, and says, 'Well  
     done!'

Let me go.

12 Hark! hark! my Master calls me  
     home,  
     Let me go;  
 Ten thousand angels bid me come,  
     Let me go;  
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,  
 The vale of death I 'm marching  
     through,  
 And when you come I'll welcome  
     you;  
     Let me go.

JOHN STAMP.

**480.**      *Gethsemane,*  
             *Tune—Shady Grove.*

'Then cometh Jesus with them unto  
 a place called Gethsemane, and being  
 in an agony, he prayed more earnestly;  
 and his sweat was, as it were, great  
 drops of blood falling down to the  
 ground.'—Matt. xxvi. 36; Luke xxii.  
 34.

1 **H**EAR him in the garden suffering,  
 Hear the man of sorrows groan:  
 'Tis the Lord, the appointed offering,  
 Come transgression to atone:  
 Turn, poor sinner, turn to sad Geth-  
     semane.

2 See, the streams of grief are flowing,  
 Bloody streams from every pore;  
 Now, his wounded head is bowing,  
 Now, his cup of woe runs o'er:  
 Turn, poor sinner, turn to sad Geth-  
     semane.

3 Ask ye, why he sorrows yonder?  
 Whence that agony of soul?  
 'Tis the law's tremendous thunder,  
 'Tis its curses on him roll:  
 Turn, poor sinner, turn to sad Geth-  
     semane.

4 Ye, whose harps upon the willow  
 Murmur notes of dark despair,  
*Say, if sorrow's roughest billow*  
*Rushes not impetuous there:*  
 Turn, poor sinner, turn to sad Geth-  
     semane.

5 Angel bands around are gazing,  
 One supports the head they love  
 Oh! 't was love, 't was love amazing  
 Brought him from the court  
     above:

Turn, poor sinner, turn to sad Geth-  
     semane.

**481.**      *The Swelling of Jordan.*

*Tune—The Voice of Free Grace*  
 'If thou hast run with the footmen  
 and they have wearied thee, then how  
 canst thou contend with horses? and  
 if in the land of peace, wherein thou  
 trustedst, they wearied thee, then how  
 wilt thou do in the swelling of Jor-  
 dan?'—Jer. xii. 5.

1 **P**OOOR Christian, look up to th  
     joys set before thee,  
 And haste on thy way to the region  
     of glory;  
 A crown and a kingdom thy faith  
     may discover;  
 Thy troubles are great, but they  
     soon will be over,  
 For Jesus hath suffer'd, thy soul to  
     deliver,  
 And light up thy passage through  
     Jordan's dark river.

2 The world, flesh, and Satan, their  
     forces are sending:  
 With footmen and horses thy soul  
     is contending;  
 But dost thou grow weary and faint  
     with thy burden?  
 Then what wilt thou do in the swell-  
     ing of Jordan?  
 Oh cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,  
 And he will support thee whilst  
     crossing the river.

3 Christ is a sure help to the children  
     of Zion;  
 But if thou hast any false props to  
     rely on,  
 Thy soul is deluded—think what  
     thou art doing—  
 Oh cast them away ere they sink  
     thee to ruin,  
 For none but Jehovah has power to  
     deliver,  
 And bear up thy soul in the midst  
     of the river.

4 The clouds gather blackness, the  
     night is fast coming,  
 The river swells high, and the w  
     lows are foaming;

On what wilt thou lean when thy strength is all wasted?

Thy reeds will all fail, and thy hopes will be blasted:

Oh cry unto Jesus thy soul to deliver,  
Or soon thou must sink in the midst of the river.

6 But in thy true character am I mistaken?

Hast thou, by thy conduct, thy Saviour forsaken?

Then come again to him for peace and for pardon,

And ask for his aid in the swelling of Jordan;

Thy soul from all danger he then will deliver,

And nothing shall harm thee in crossing the river.

6 But if on his mercy thy soul is relying,

Thou never need'st fear neither living or dying;

The footmen and horses shall fall down before thee,

And Jordan shall open thy passage to glory;

Then when thou art landed safe over the river,

When time is no more thou shalt praise him for ever.

## 482. *The Christian's Prospect.* *Tune*—Rousseau's Dream.

1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
And all thy midnight shadows flee;  
Ting'd are the distant skies with glory,  
A beacon light hangs out for thee.

### *Chorus.*

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee,

Thy name is graven on the throne;

Thy home is in those realms of glory,  
Where thy Redeemer now is gone.

2 Thy God is ever kind and gracious,  
He will direct thy course above;  
For thou art in his sight most precious,

*The object of his special love.*  
*Arise, &c.*

3 Though in the proud dark waves of ocean,

O'erwhelm'd thou need'st not, shall not be;

'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,

Thy God will still remember thee.  
*Arise, &c.*

4 Toss'd on time's rude relentless surges,

Calmly composed and dauntless stand;

For, lo! beyond these scenes emerges  
The heights that bound the promised land.

*Arise, &c.*

5 Christian, behold, the land is near-  
ing,

Where the wild sea storm's rage is o'er;

Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering—

See in what throngs they range the shore!

*Arise, &c.*

6 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,

Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;

The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory

Invite thy happy soul away.

7 Away! away! leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne;

Thy home is in those realms of glory,

Where thy Redeemer now is gone.

## 483. *Summer's Evening.* *Tune*—Orange Grove.

1 HOW fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that he run!

Though he rose in a mist when his race he began,

And there followed some droppings of rain;

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,

His rays are all gold and his beauties are best;

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretells a bright rising again!

- 2 Just such is the Christian, his course  
he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, when he  
mourns for his sins;  
And melts into tears; then he breaks  
out and shines,  
And travels his heavenly way;  
But when he comes near to finish  
his race,  
Like a fine setting sun, he looks  
richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope at the end of  
his day,  
Of rising in brighter array.

484. *The Suffering Saints Longing  
for Glory.*

Tune—Mount Zion.

- 1 LIFE'S conflict soon will reach a  
close,  
Then Christ will call me home,  
To yon bright land of sweet repose,  
Where sin shall never come.
- 2 Then with that bright and deathless  
throng,  
In loudest strains I'll sing;  
And this shall be my endless song,  
Salvation to my King.
- 3 I'll cast my crown at Jesus' feet,  
And be for ever blest;  
And all my sainted brethren meet,  
Where weary pilgrims rest.
- 4 I'll wave on high my conquering  
palm,  
With millions in the sky;  
And shout salvation to the Lamb,  
Where pleasures never die.
- 5 Dear brethren, here's my heart and  
hand,  
To meet you on the shore;  
On Zion's bright and better land,  
Where we shall part no more.

JOHN STAMP.

485. *Christian Soldiers Encouraged.*  
Tune—And a Begging we  
will go. C. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise and  
fight  
Against the world and sin;  
And you shall conquer through his  
might,  
You shall the battle win.

- 2 Take all the armour of your God,  
Then earth and hell must yield;  
Through faith in Christ's atoning  
blood,  
You're sure to win the field.

- 3 Millions have fought as now ye  
fight,  
And slain their latest foe;  
And you, if clad in Jesus' might,  
Shall on to conquering go.

- 4 Follow your Captain and be led,  
Until the vict'ry's given;  
Then when your latest foe is fled,  
Your souls shall rise to heaven.

- 5 Your captain then will say, 'We  
done,  
Come live and reign with me;  
The battle's fought, the field is won  
Shout, shout the victory!

JOHN STAMP.

486. *The Canaan Travellers.*  
Tune—'What's the News?

- 1 WE are bound for Canaan's happy  
land,  
Will you go?  
We march along at Christ's com-  
mand,  
Will you go?  
From Egypt's bondage we are free  
The waters fled, we passed the sea  
And now we walk at liberty;  
Will you go?
- 2 We sing along the heavenly way;  
Will you go?  
A cloudy pillar guides by day;  
Will you go?  
A shade by day, a fire by night;  
Our Joshua does our battles fight  
And we shall conquer through his  
might;  
Will you go?

- 3 There's manna all along the road;  
Will you go?  
Descending from the throne  
God;  
Will you go?  
From yonder rock life's waters flow  
For Israel's host while here be-  
They no decrease shall ever know  
Will you go?

Whilst pacing life's enchanted  
ground,

Will you go ?

A wall of fire does us surround ;

Will you go ?

No foes we dread, for God is near,  
And does our drooping spirits cheer ;  
Our souls are freed from every fear.

Will you go ?

If faithful we shall reach our home,

Will you go ?

Then we no more on earth shall  
roam ;

Will you go ?

Millions have reach'd yon bless'd  
abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God,  
And we, through grace, are on the  
road.

Will you go ?

Our pilgrimage ere long will close,

Will you go ?

And heaven afford us sweet repose ;

Will you go ?

There we shall join yon dazzling  
train,

On Canaan's bright and flowery  
plain,

And sing the Lamb for sinners slain :

Will you go ?

JOHN STAMP.

# **87. Heaven and Earth called to Praise God.**

*Tune—Oh, how he loves.*

**H** EAVEN and earth and rolling  
ocean,

Praise ye the Lord !

Strike the lyre with warm emotion ;

Praise ye the Lord !

Bird and beast, yea every creature,  
All ye wondrous works of nature,

Celebrate your great Creator.

Praise ye the Lord !

Hills and dales and lofty mountains,

Praise ye the Lord !

Rolling rills and sunny fountains,

Praise ye the Lord !

Evening vespers softly dying,

Every voice in nature crying,

Balmy breezes gently sighing,

Praise ye the Lord !

**3** Angel powers the throne surround-  
ing,

Praise ye the Lord !

With harmonious notes resounding ;

Praise ye the Lord !

Take at once your golden lyres,

Join the bright exalted choirs,

Warmed by heaven's seraphic fires ;

Praise ye the Lord !

**4** Come, poor sinners, bought by Jesus,

Praise ye the Lord !

He from sin and Satan frees us ;

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise him for your first creation ;

Praise him for your preservation ;

Hark ! he offers you salvation :

Praise ye the Lord !

**5** Followers of a risen Saviour,

Praise ye the Lord !

Ye who now enjoy his favour,

Praise ye the Lord !

While with enemies contending,

On his arm and grace depending,

He 's surrounding and defending :

Praise ye the Lord !

**6** When ye pass o'er Jordan's river,

Praise ye the Lord !

Then for ever and for ever,

Praise ye the Lord !

With the bless'd from every nation,

Chant the endless theme—salva-  
tion,

In yon high exalted station :

Praise ye the Lord !

JOHN STAMP.

# **488. Longing for Glory. Tune—Happy Land. D. C. M.**

**1** **M**Y fettered spirit longs to be re-  
leased from its clay,

Then fly on angel's wings of love to

everlasting day ;

I long to quit this world of strife,

this vale of ~~sin~~ and woe,

And dwell in everlasting life, where

sorrows none can know.

**2** My soul is panting to be free from

earth's delusive charms,

When Christ my Saviour I shall see,

and nought my spirit harm ;

I long to conquer every foe, and

from the field retire,

To heaven where living water

flow, to wonder and admire

3 I pant to reach the heavenly goal,  
and win the glorious prize,  
And share with every blood-bought  
soul those everlasting joys;  
My struggling soul it longs to be  
by angels borne away,  
Beyond life's rough and stormy sea,  
to everlasting day.

4 I long my Saviour's face to see, and  
on his brow to gaze,  
And range the plains of liberty, and  
sing perpetual praise;  
I pant the sinless throng to see on  
Zion's flowery mount.  
And gather fruit from life's fair tree  
beside the crystal fount.

5 The crown of life I long to wear,  
and in heaven's robes be  
dress'd,  
The victor's conquering palm to  
bear, and be for ever blest;  
I long to walk the golden street,  
and then with Christ sit  
down,  
To lay my honours at his feet, and  
claim them as my own.

JOHN STAMP.

489. *The Dying Pilgrim.*  
Tune—Strength of the Hills.  
S. M.

1 **W**HAT are those sights I see?  
Heaven's gates and sapphire  
throne;  
There Jesus stands and beckons me,  
To lasting joys unknown.

2 I see the angel throng  
Descending from above;  
All hail, ye bless'd ones, haste along,  
I pant to rise above.

3 Hark! what is that I hear?  
The heavenly harpers play;  
Their music does my spirit cheer,  
I long to haste away.

4 Farewell, vain world and sin,  
My wings are stretched for flight;  
I shall o'er death the victory win,  
Then soar to endless light.

5 Then will I strike my lyre,  
To favour'd Jesus' name;  
And chaunt with the immortal choir,  
The honours of the Lamb.

J. STAMP.

490. *Zion's Travellers.*  
Tune—Setting Sun.

1 **S**HOULD any ask the reason why,  
that we together meet,  
To each inquirer we reply, to bow  
at Jesus' feet;  
And if you will not with us go,  
don't evil us entreat,  
We're only marching through your  
town, our fathers' God to  
meet.

2 Pray what is this we've done amiss,  
the world should hate us so!  
We only meet to sing and pray, that's  
all the harm we do,  
If this be harm, we'll still go on, in  
spite of earth or hell,  
We mean to pray both night and day;  
so now, dear friends, farewell.

3 We may but meet a few times more,  
but we shall meet above,  
And then we'll shout our conflicts  
o'er, and sing of Jesu's love;  
We shall with Christ in paradise, to  
endless ages dwell,  
Then when our tears are wiped away,  
redemption's song we'll swell.

4 Shall Simon bear his cross alone, and  
all the rest go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one, so  
there's a cross for me;  
The consecrated cross I'll bear till  
from the cross I'm free,  
Then I shall go my crown to wear,  
for there's a crown for me.

5 Then fare thee well, poor sinner, thou,  
my heart it bleeds for thee,  
Except thou dost repent, believe,  
there is no crown for thee;  
But Jesus suffered on the cross, his  
grace for all is free,  
And if thou'lt go along with us,  
there'll be a crown for thee.

6 Then let us watch till Christ shall  
come, then go his heaven to  
share;  
He now is fitting up your home; go  
on, we'll meet you there;  
And when we walk yon golden street,  
on Zion's happy shore,  
And all the blood-wash'd millions  
meet, then we shall part no  
more.

ALTERED BY J. STAMP

*Dying Saint.*

Tune—Down in the Grave.

my heart and flesh are failing;  
Weep not for me,

beloved friends, bewailing,  
Weep not for me;

sent from thrones of glory  
my couch, bend smiling o'er me,  
ing to sing love's story,

Weep not for me.  
A stream I view divided,

Weep not for me,  
doubt and fear's subsided,

Weep not for me;  
will not leave me, never,  
I lead through death's cold

river,  
reign with him for ever,  
Weep not for me.

Drink at life's sweet fountain,  
Weep not for me,

O'er Zion's flowery mountain,  
Weep not for me;

Lamb be ever gazing,  
seraph ever blazing  
th millions ever praising;

Weep not for me.

ALTERED BY J. STAMP.

*The Christian Sailor.*

Tune—The Port of Sunderland. P. M.

launched my bark for glory,  
nd left the world behind,  
in'd for the harbour that's

out of sight to find;  
ft my worldly pleasure, like-  
vise my worldly fame,

ft my old companions, and  
with them my good name.

*Chorus.*  
ory, hallelujah, O glory, hal-  
elujah.

are all forgiv'n, which did  
s mountains rise,  
le's clear for heaven, yon

ountry in the skies;  
saints are my companions,  
'm bound for endless day,

ugh the storms are raging,  
ll sail along the way.

3 I'm now a Christian sailor, one of  
the noisy crew;

I shout when I am happy, and that  
I mean to do;

Some say I am too noisy, I know  
the reason why,

And if they felt the glory, they'd  
shout as well as I.

4 They sing and shout in heaven, it is  
their heart's delight,

I shout when I am happy, and that  
with all my might;

I've Jesus Christ within me, he's  
turned the devil out,

And when I feel the glory, it makes  
me sing and shout.

5 I sail o'er life's rough ocean, with  
glory's port in view;

And Calvary's royal Pilot will steer  
the vessel through;

The flag of victory's hoisted, though  
war ships they are nigh,

I stand beside my Captain and every  
foe defy.

6 The port of glory's open, my Master  
calls me home,

To walk the golden streets of the  
new Jerusalem;

I'll shout o'er death's dark river;  
but when I join the throng

For ever and for ever I'll roll the  
theme along.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

493. *We soon shall meet again.*

Tune—Mount Zion. C. M.

1 DEAR Christian friends, awhile  
farewell,

Though parting gives us pain;  
With hope let every bosom swell,

We soon shall meet again.

2 Though for awhile we're called  
away,

Yet, brethren, don't complain;  
But stand ye fast, and watch and

pray,  
Until we meet again.

3 Our souls are one, we loathe to  
part,

From tears we can't refrain;  
But this reflection cheers the heart

We soon shall meet again.

4 Though grief and sorrow be our lot,  
Affliction, toil, and pain;  
At mercy's shrine forget us not,  
There let us meet again.

5 And should we all no more unite,  
While we on earth remain;  
Oh, what a glorious pleasing sight,  
In heaven to meet again.

6 Then with the bless'd on Zion's  
shore,  
We 'll sing the Saviour slain;  
For ever and for evermore,  
But never part again.

J. STAMP.

**494.** *The Smile of Jesus.*  
*Tune—The Maid of Llangollen.*

1 I'VE no guide through this desert  
my footsteps to cheer,  
No guard to protect me from dan-  
ger when near;  
'Mid this waste howling wilderness  
where shall I flee,  
But to thee, blessed Saviour? Oh,  
then smile on me.

2 The rich may despise me, the  
worldling may frown,  
The proud may disdain, or with  
anger look down;  
To hurt or distress me how vain  
will all be,  
If Jesus, my Saviour, smiles sweetly  
on me.

3 Should affliction perplex me, or  
troubles be found,  
To harass my path, and my foot-  
steps around;  
Yet still, 'mid them all, thy kind  
hand shall I see,  
If thou, bless'd Redeemer, smile  
sweetly on me.

4 And through life's chequer'd scenes,  
should prosperity meet  
My efforts, and riches be laid at my  
feet;  
I shall gratefully own them as com-  
ing from thee,  
If thou, dearest Saviour, smile  
sweetly on me.

5 And in life's latest hour, when run  
is my race,  
My lamp is nigh out, and death  
stares in my face;

E'en that gloomy hour turned to  
glory shall be,  
If thou, dear Redeemer, smile  
sweetly on me.

6 To yon heavenly world where thy  
beauties abound,  
Where with glory immortal thy  
people are crowned;  
To that happy region of glory may  
we,  
Be brought by thy mercy, and built  
up in thee.

G. S. B.

**495.** *The Christian's Long  
Time Ago.*  
*Tune—"The days when we went gip-  
sying."*

1 OH! what hath Jesus done for me  
To save my soul alive?  
He led a suffering life on earth,  
That I in grace may thrive.  
He left his Father's throne above,  
And came to dwell below;  
And shed his precious blood for us,  
A long time ago.

2 And while on earth he sojourn'd  
here,  
He had to suffer pain;  
And preach to Adam's fallen race,  
You must be born again.  
From place to place he travell'd  
here,  
And wandered to and fro,  
And came from heaven to die for  
us,  
A long time ago.

3 He told them of his kingdom,  
Also from whence he came;  
That he himself should suffer,  
And for the world be slain.  
He pointed to his kingdom,  
And let them for to know,  
That he was with his Father  
A long time ago.

4 The Jews they crucified him,  
And nailed him to the tree;  
Sinners, behold your Saviour,  
This was for you and me.  
He cried, 'The work is finished,  
And I have done below';  
They pierced his side, and then he  
died,  
A long time ago.

Then from the cross they took him,  
And laid him in the tomb,  
Then down came an angel,  
And rolled away the stone.  
Then from the grave he rose again,  
Triumphant from below;  
And went to heaven to plead our  
cause,  
A long time ago.

Come on, my Christian brethren  
dear,  
And let us travel on,  
To that celestial glorious world,  
Where Jesus he is gone.  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not  
heard,  
The joys we are to know,  
Which he went to prepare for us,  
A long time ago.

REV. T. BATTY.

196. *The Gospel Jubilee.*  
*Tune—Canaan.*

WHEN I beheld on Calvary's  
mount,  
On that eventful morning,  
My Saviour bleeding on the tree,  
And beams of mercy dawning:  
The glorious news of jubilee,  
With liberty for Israel;  
It rolls along from sea to sea,  
With liberty to Israel.

*Chorus.*

Israel, blessed Israel,  
What people is like Israel?  
Redeemed from sin, and death, and  
hell,  
Oh happy, happy Israel.

When angels roll'd away the stone,  
The Saviour rose to glory;  
With bleeding feet, and hands, and  
side,  
And priestly garment gory.  
He shows his hands before the  
throne,  
Those hands once nail'd and  
bleeding;  
For every soul he did atone,  
For all he's interceding.  
The ransom'd host on Zion's land  
Are God's salvation singing;  
Before the sapphire throne they  
stand,  
While heaven with songs is ring-  
ing.

Oh, may we join the host above,  
Beyond death's icy river,  
And sing of Christ's redeeming love  
For ever and for ever.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

497. *The Penitent.*  
*Tune—'There's been no Luck  
about the House.'*

1 A H, whither, whither, shall I fly?  
My sins they press me sore;  
They tell me, near to Calvary  
A living fount runs o'er.  
Arise, my guilty soul, arise,  
And haste thee to that tree;  
See there the bleeding sacrifice,  
He bleeds, he dies, for thee.

2 But will he save a wretch like me,  
And pardon all my sin?  
They tell me mercy there is free,  
And God will take me in.  
Arise, my doubting soul, arise,  
And cast thy fears away;  
The bow of promise spans the skies,  
This beckons thee away.

3 I'll go, I'll go, this very hour,  
On faith's strong wings I fly;  
I feel the soul-restoring power,  
Salvation's drawing nigh.  
I run into his open side,  
And lean me on his breast;  
I feel my soul is justified,  
I feel that I am blessed.

4 Oh come, poor sinner, to the tree,  
And thou shalt pardon find;  
If Jesus saved a wretch like me,  
Not one need stay behind.  
Both sinners and backsliders too,  
Through Christ may be forgiven;  
And if to Jesus we are true,  
We all shall land in heaven.

JOHN STAMP.

498. *Song of the Pious Slave.*  
*Tune—'We won't go home till  
morning.'*

1 JESUS came from heaven,  
Jesus came from heaven,  
Jesus came from heaven,  
To save a fallen race.  
2 He was born in Bethlehem,  
And in a manger laid;  
3 Herod sought to slay him,  
And take his life away.  
4 Joseph fled to Egypt,  
And stay'd till Herod's death.



- 5 Jesus preach'd to doctors,  
And did them all confound.
- 6 The Jews, they crucified him,  
And nail'd him to a tree.
- 7 Joseph begg'd his body,  
And laid it in his tomb.
- 8 Mary, she came weeping  
To seek her blessed Lord.
- 9 Down came an angel,  
And roll'd away the stone.
- 10 Christ appear'd to Mary,  
And bid her soul be glad.
- 11 Go, tell my disciples  
I am risen from the dead.
- 12 Jesus rose to glory  
Midst shouts of angel hosts.
- 13 We feel that he is risen  
With healing in his wings.
- 14 Shout, shout the victory!  
We're on our journey home.
- 15 We soon shall meet in heaven,  
And sing when landed home.
- 16 Our friends have gone before us  
To that bright world above.
- 17 We shall wear a crown of glory  
With Jesus in the sky.
- 18 You'd better be converted,  
And go with us to heaven.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

**498.** *The Solemn Inquiry.*  
P. M.

- 1 **I**S there anybody here like weeping  
Mary?  
Call to my Jesus, and he'll draw  
nigh.  
Oh, glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory to God who reigns on high!
- 2 Is there anybody here like sinking  
Peter?
- 3 Is there anybody here like blind  
Bartimeus?
- 4 Is there anybody here like faithless  
Thomas?
- 5 Is there anybody here that wants  
salvation?

- 6 Is there anybody here that h  
backslidden?
- 7 Is there anybody here wants san  
tifying?
- 8 Is there anybody here will start f  
glory?
- 9 Is there anybody here that's le  
our Zion?
- 10 Is there anybody here will wa  
for Jesus?
- 11 Is there anybody here that's griev  
the Spirit?
- 12 Is there anybody here that's fill  
with glory?  
Shout hallelujah far and nigh.  
Oh, glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory be to God who rules on high!

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP

**499.** *On the Resurrection, &c., &c.,  
Christ.*

*Tune—'Ye banks and braes.'*

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners  
dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep  
around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies  
A sudden trembling shakes th  
ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or tw  
On the dear bosom of your God  
He shed a thousand drops for you  
A thousand drops of richer bloo
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree  
The Lord of Glory dies for man  
But lo! what sudden joys I see!  
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb  
Up to his Father's court he flies  
Cherubic legions guard him home  
And shout him welcome to th  
skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, an  
tell  
How high your great Deliver  
reigns—  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of  
And led the monster Death  
chains.

6 Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to  
save!  
Then ask the monster, Where 's thy  
sting?  
And, Where 's thy victory, boast-  
ing grave? I. W.

500. *Salvation to Jesus.*  
P. M.

[To be sung when a soul is pardoned or sanctified.]

1 COME, angels, seize your harps of  
gold,  
The song of love to man unfold;  
Assist our joys, exalt our praise,  
Another sinner saved by grace.  
Glory, glory, let us sing,  
While heaven and earth with glory  
ring.  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

2 A leper wash'd from every stain,  
Requires a louder, bolder strain;  
The Spirit stamp'd and seal'd within,  
The blood of Christ has cleans'd  
from sin;  
Satan feels his power is gone,  
He falls like light'ning from his  
throne.  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

3 Come, let us sing, and pray, and  
praise,  
For soon this warring strife shall  
cease,  
When lost in love, o'erflowed with  
God,  
With Christ we take our blest abode:  
Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,  
Hark! he comes while myriads cry,  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

4 We little flock, by all condemn'd,  
O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd, con-  
demn'd,  
With names traduc'd, and lives ab-  
horr'd,  
We suffer with our murder'd Lord;  
Yet, when the flames ascend the  
higher,  
We'll shout triumphant in the fire,  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

501. *Harvest Home.*  
*Tune*—If you see him. L. M.

1 THIS is the field, the world below,  
In which the sower came to sow;

Jesus the wheat—Satan the tares—  
For so the word of God declares.

*Chorus.*

And soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth! and is it so?  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Is every man a wheat or tare?  
Then, for the harvest, oh, prepare!

3 To love my sins—a saint t' appear—  
To grow with wheat and be a tare,  
May serve me while on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together  
grow.

4 But all who truly righteous be,  
Their Father's kingdom soon shall  
see;  
Shine like the sun for ever there;  
'He that hath ears, then let him  
hear.'

502. *Immanuel's Army.*  
*Tune*—Edward Hunt. C. M.

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters,  
They sound for volunteers;  
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount  
Behold the officers! [bright,  
Their horses white, their garments  
With crown and bow they stand,  
Enlisting soldiers for their king,  
To march for Canaan's land.

2 The armies now are in parade,  
How martial they appear!  
All dress'd and arm'd in uniform,  
They look like men of war.  
They follow their brave general,  
The great eternal Lamb,  
His garments stain'd in his own  
blood,  
King Jesus is his name.

3 The trumpet sounds, the armies  
shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell;  
How dreadful is our God in arms!  
The great Immanuel!  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
Th' eternal Son of God;  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.

503. *Suffering Saints.*  
*Tune*—Lonsdale.

1 WHILE in this vale of woe  
I suffer grief and pain

I must through fire and water go  
Ere I can Canaan gain.

2 The powers of hell surround,  
And men and friends oppose;  
My soul still treads on holy ground,  
And swiftly heavenward goes.

3 My Jesus leads the way,  
And whispers, 'Follow me';  
My spirit cries, 'I will obey,  
Yes, I will follow thee.'

4 Through water, fire, and flood,  
I follow at his word;  
And I, through Jesus' cleansing  
blood,  
Shall quickly see my God.

JOHN STAMP.

### 504. *The Old Ship of Zion—Negro Hymn.*

*Tune—Cliff.*

1 CAN you tell me what ship is a  
going for to sail?

Oh, glory, hallelujah.

Yes, the old ship of Zion.—

Hallelujah.

2 Can you tell me what is her captain's  
name?

King Jesus is her captain.—

Hallelujah.

3 Can you tell me what rules they  
have on board?

Oh, it is loving one another.—

Hallelujah.

4 Do you think she is well built? and  
her timbers, are they strong?

Why she's built of gospel timber.—

Hallelujah.

5 Can you tell me what cargo she has  
on board?

Yes, she is full of happy Christians.

Hallelujah.

6 Can you tell me the port to which  
she is bound?

She is bound for the port of glory.—

Hallelujah.

7 Can you tell me the fare that her  
passengers must pay?

Oh, the King has paid the passage.—

Hallelujah.

8 Can you tell me the flag that is fly-  
ing at her mast?

It is a bleeding lamb.—

Hallelujah.

9 Do you think she'll be able to land  
her crew?

Oh, she has landed many a thou-  
sand.—

Hallelujah.

10 Can you tell me what is her com-  
pass and chart?

God's word and Holy Spirit.—

Hallelujah.

11 Can you tell me how long she has  
sail'd life's sea?

Nearly six thousand ages.—

Hallelujah.

12 Can you tell who will steer through  
the harbour of death?

Oh, the Saviour is the pilot.—

Hallelujah.

13 Let the wind blow high, or the  
wind blow low,

'Tis a pleasant sail to Canaan.—

Hallelujah.

14 Can you find us a place if we come  
on board?

Oh, we've room for countless mil-  
lions.—

Hallelujah.

15 Can you tell me if this ship any  
pirates ever meets?

Oh, she's met and routed hun-  
dreds.—

Hallelujah.

16 Can you tell me if her sailors will  
get their bounty money?

Yes, an everlasting pension.—

Hallelujah.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

### 505. *Going to Glory. S. M.*

*Tune—Primrose hill.*

1 WE'RE on the good old way,  
To joys at God's right hand;

Oh, may we love and watch and  
pray,

And reach the better land.

2 It is a holy way,

And leads to a holy place;

Jesus will guide us lest we stray,

And we shall see his face.

3 It is a happy way,

With songs we onward press;

We feel the glory night and day,

Though in the wilderness.

This way is safe and plain,  
And glory's at the end;  
There we shall see the Saviour slain,  
And endless ages spend.

JOHN STAMP.

506. *Jesus' Boundless Love.*  
C. M.

I'LL carve his passion on the bark,  
And every wounded tree  
Shall droop and bear some mystic  
mark,

That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder when they  
read,

Inscribed in all the grove,

That Heaven itself came down to  
bleed,

And win a mortal's love.

E. ROWS.

507. *The Cleansing Blood.*

1 JESUS' blood was shed for sinners,  
It was shed for you and me;  
Jesus' blood was shed for sinners,  
When he died on Calvary.

2 Jesus' blood atoned for sinners;  
It atoned for you and me;  
Jesus' blood atoned for sinners,  
All may his salvation see.

3 Jesus' blood can cleanse poor sin-  
ners,  
It can wash both you and me;  
Jesus' blood can wash poor sinners,  
Now by faith my soul is free.

508. *I love the Name of Jesus.*  
An Indian Chorus.

Tune—'We won't go Home till Morn-  
ing.'

1 I LOVE the name of Jesus,  
I love the name of Jesus,  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Because he first lov'd me.

2 I'm glad I am converted,  
And on my journey home.

3 I shall wear a crown of glory,  
When I arrive at home.

4 I shall see the face of Jesus,  
When I arrive at home.

5 I shall join the blood-wash'd mil-  
lions,  
When I arrive at home.

6 I shall sing the song, Salvation,  
When I arrive at home.

7 I shall tune a harp in glory,  
When I arrive at home.

509. *The Ranter's Song.*  
Tune—'Come, oh, come, thou  
Vilest Sinner.'

1 BY chance it was the other day,  
I met a pilgrim on the way;  
We into conversation did enter,  
Soon I found out he was a ranter.

Chorus.

Shout the victory! shout the victory,  
We are on our journey home.

2 I ask'd him why they call'd him so;  
The church, he said, is a field, you  
know,

And if with all your heart you ven-  
ture, [ranter.

Then the world will call you a

3 My soul to them it felt inclined,  
And then I thought I would bejined:  
But I said, I dare not venture,  
Afraid the world should call me a  
ranter.

4 But God laid souls so near my heart,  
I felt with all things I could part,  
And said, with hand and heart I'll  
enter,  
And live a poor despised ranter.

5 I saw the fields already white,  
And some at work with all their  
might;  
Some were reapers, some were  
planters,  
But I thought they all were ranters.

6 Soon my Saviour I shall see,  
And hear him say, 'Come reign with  
me;'

Then through the pearly gates  
I'll enter,  
No more despis'd, no more called  
ranter.

7 When the icy hand of Death  
Demands my soul, my life, and  
breath,  
Then on Christ my soul shall centre;  
Farewell, world, and farewell, ran-  
ter.

510. *The Christian Soldier.*

1 WHEN you become a soldier, you  
must expect to fight,  
So always be quite ready, both mor-  
ning, noon, and night;

For, if a foe attack you, and you 've  
no armour on,  
Proud Satan will be boasting that  
he's the victory won.

2 But if the gospel armour is safely  
buckled on,

In spite of men and devils, the  
victory shall be won ;  
And when the battle 's ended, and  
you the pension gain,  
You 'll sing, with conquering mil-  
lions, the Lamb for sinners  
slain.

*Chorus.*

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joy-  
ful, joyful,

Oh, that will be joyful, to shout the  
victory.

ALTERED BY JOHN STAMP.

511. *The Joyful Day.*  
*Tune—* ' Mercy's free, mercy's  
free,' or, ' All is well.'

1 A GLORIOUS light hath burst  
around us ;

Joyful day, joyful day !

We cast away the chain that bound  
us,

Joyful day, joyful day !

No more the sparkling wine we  
crave,

'Tis thus the ills of life we brave,

We drink the fountain's crystal  
wave,

Joyful day, joyful day !

2 Our children they rejoice before us,  
Joyful day, joyful day !

We sing with woman smiling o'er us,  
Joyful day, joyful day !

A firm and dauntless host we stand,  
Ye millions, join our glorious band,  
And plenty then shall bless our land,  
Joyful day, joyful day !

3 The rich and poor come forth to  
hear us,

Joyful day, joyful day !

And isles across the ocean cheer us,  
Joyful day, joyful day !

We 'll spread the truth where man  
is found,  
Bear it to earth's remotest bound,  
Till every wind shall catch the sound,  
Joyful day, joyful day !

J. B. W.

LOVE-FEAST HYMNS.

512. *Asking a Blessing.*  
L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere ador'd ;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

513. *Returning Thanks.*  
L. M.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our  
food,  
We praise thee more for Jesu's blood ;  
Let manna to our souls be given—  
The bread of life, sent down from  
heaven.

514. *Bound for Glory.*  
S. M.

1 WE soon to heaven shall come,  
If we but watch and pray :  
Millions have now arriv'd at home,  
And we are on the way.

2 And when our journey's o'er,  
Then we shall Jesus see ;  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore,  
To all eternity.

515. *Parting Hymn.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy bless-  
ing,

Bid us now depart in peace,  
Still on gospel manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation,  
Up to thee our voice we raise,  
When we reach thy blissful station,  
Then we 'll give thee nobler  
praise.

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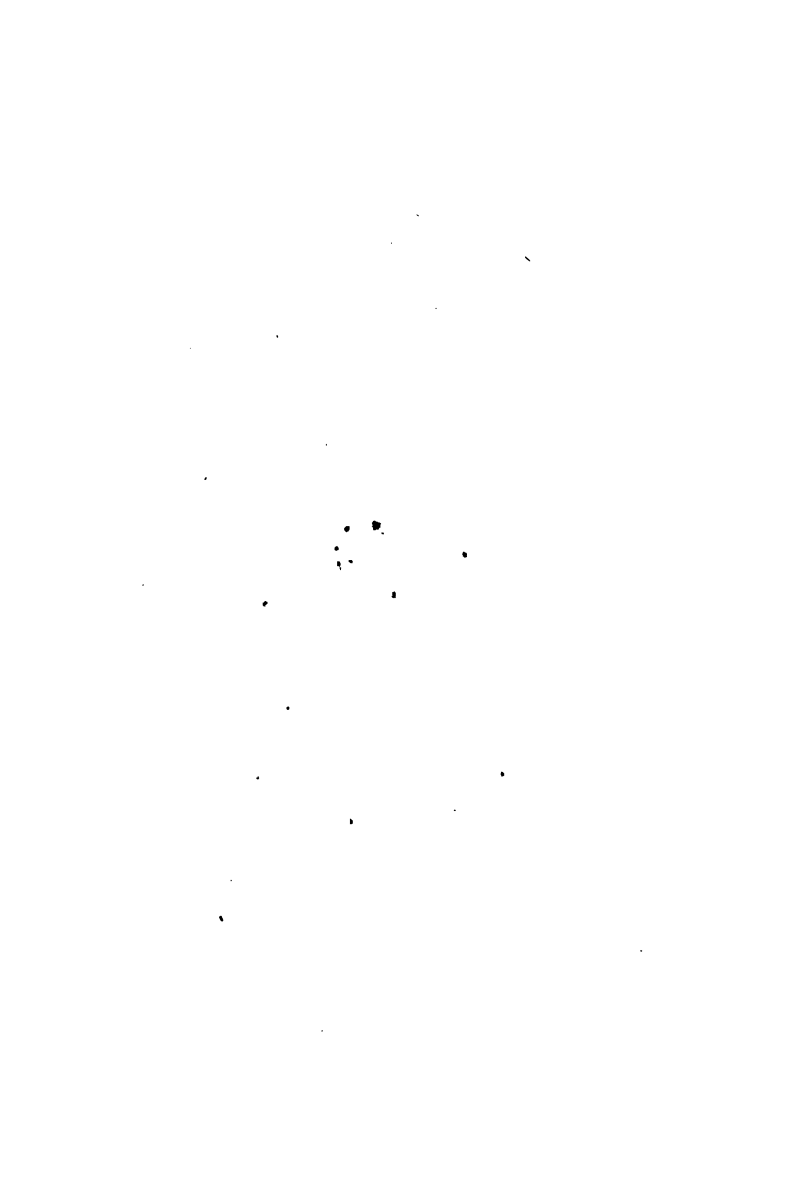
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